



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 25 – Number 18-19

February 2008

**Special Features This Issue**  
“Starvation” – “Comfort on a Dinghy Cruise”  
“Canoeing Québec’s Patapédia” – “Paddling with Charlie”  
“Kayak Pedal Propulsion” – “The Green Mountain Skiff”



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February 2008



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



By now you have all received your January 2008 issue and are aware of the major change we have made going to a monthly. In that issue's "Commentary" I explained the rationale behind this move. I did not announce it in an earlier issue as I wanted you to see the results first rather than speculate on what a monthly might be like.

Some of you did get advance notice, for everyone whose subscription renewal came up with the January issue was informed in the renewal notice of the change-over so there would be no recriminations when the January issue showed up revealing the schedule changeover.

Apparently a few did not note that the new 12 issue subscription would be for a dozen 68-page issues instead of two dozen 40-page issues. "You have doubled your price," cried one. "12 issues are not enough for the \$32," cried another. It appeared to these that we had cut in half what they would receive for their money and this did not look worth it. Both did renew nevertheless. I replied directly to such critiques clarifying what they would really be getting for their money.

At first it does not appear mathematical that 68 pages would replace 80 in reading content. But each 40-page issue carried about 12 pages of ads, a total of 24 per month. Eighty pages less 24 left 56 pages of reading content. The 68-page issue carries the 12 pages of ads only once a month. 68 pages less 12 leaves 56 pages of reading content. I lose the income of 12 pages of ads each month but readers lose no reading content. The single 68-page issue saves enough on production, printing, and mailing costs to more than offset the 12 pages of lost advertising revenue so I gain an edge again of income over costs enough to provide some sort of income to support my efforts. The scale and scope of this magazine has always made it beyond the pale of volunteer produced club newsletters.

I have in the past commented on the limited financial resources we live with. This is not a complaint, I enjoy what I do and as long as I can get enough income to cover our modest "retirement level" life style I will keep on. What I cannot do is lose a large amount of planned on income suddenly with no alternative source for our living expenses. The un-

anticipated huge jump in postage last June, which I identified as the last straw, did just that. It all came out of what had been the leftovers for us after paying for production, printing, and mailing. It was unaffordable.

One renewal remarked that this looked like the "beginning of the end" for *MAIB*. It was actually a way of forestalling that possibility. After six months of carrying an added unbudgeted \$1,000 a month in postage expense I knew it would be the beginning of the end if I did not act.

This February issue is the first in which we had a whole month to assemble a monthly issue. The January issue, as I mentioned in my "Commentary" in that issue, had to be put together in the two weeks following completion of the December 15 issue. Some delay ensued, compounded then by a whole week's delay at the printer when they failed to get our proof approval via the internet as usual. We had sent it off in timely fashion but a week had gone by when they emailed to inquire where it was. Having heard nothing we assumed they had it as had always been the case. A subsequent similar delay in their not receiving the mailing list led to an admission of their having had some difficulties with their email communications. Ah, technology!

So the January issue arrived late and some of you will have already called asking where your issue is. I discuss all this here to make clear that these delays are not going to be the new norm, we should be pretty regular monthly as we have been twice monthly over 25 years. The occasional delay arising from some problem or other cropping up in the whole production/printing/ mailing process will no doubt occur, that's built in to such low budget, small scale publishing.

Summing up all this hoofaraw about so major a change in how we function, I can say that I have no plans for giving this up as long as enough of you find it enjoyable enough to keep on subscribing. With two monthly issues now produced, I feel comfortable with the change here and look forward to continued enjoyment on my end moving on towards our 600<sup>th</sup> issue, September 2008. That's a pretty good run, I feel.

## On the Cover...

My major boating activity in 2007 was indulging in paddling outings with friend Charlie (16 all told) on inland fresh water lakes, ponds, and rivers. In this issue I sum up our year, mostly in pictures, and the cover photo leads off showing Charlie leading the way up another stream to be explored.

Running aground in calm weather is not a big deal. I usually do it once every season just for the sake of practice. You never know when you might need to get hung up on a rock at short notice. Occasionally I practice running a friend's boat aground to demonstrate my technique. After all, if we've been placed on Earth in order to learn, the evident corollary is that some of us were dropped off, perhaps on our heads, in order to teach. Running a friend's boat onto a shoal is just a way of showing you care about his, or her, education.

Getting off, well, that's something we all need to practice. I suggest beginning one's education with small craft. While almost any boat will eagerly go aground, those weighing more than a couple of tons may or may not cooperate when it comes to going afloat. With a little boat, as a last resort, one can always climb over her side, put your shoulder against her flank, and heave.

I'll quickly enumerate the commonest causes of going aground. Blindness, drunkenness, arrogance, ignorance, stupidity, stupidity, and stupidity. Blindness and drunkenness are often grouped together as co-existent afflictions. Arrogance and ignorance, insistence on ignoring the chart, for instance, run a close second. Stupidity covers a multitude of shortcomings; stupor, stupidity, and stupidiferousness. I suggest that rather than count the syllables in this last word you pay attention to your chart and scan the horizon for aids to navigation.

Last year I went sailing with a friend. I'll call him Bob because no matter how many times I shove him under, he always pops back up to the surface. We took his Able 20 out for a little jaunt to clean some marine growth off her bottom. We followed the shore of Fishers Island, inboard of the Clumps. When we pulled opposite the marker by West Clump, I fell off to round the rocks on the outboard side.

"Just come about," suggested Bob, "and pass behind West Clump. There's plenty of water if you keep at least ten yards off." Well, I came about and passed behind the rocks.

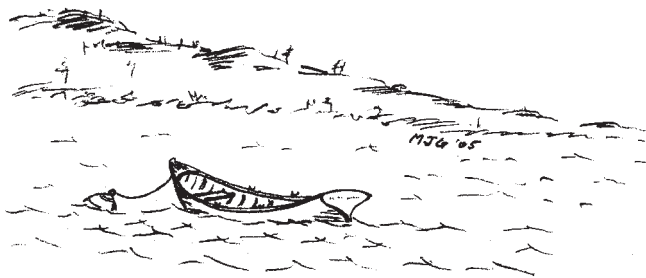
"A bit farther off," warned Bob.

"I'm pinching her now," I replied.

"You ought to just make it," he said, looking over the side. "Boy, look at those rocks down there. Maybe you ought to..." Crunch!

"Maybe I should have," I said. Fortunately, some judicious shoving with a 6' boat hook while Bob swayed *Dreamtime* by hanging off her shrouds sufficed to free us. Now we know our limiting factors exactly. A boat drawing 3'2" should keep at least 41'14" inches off the backside of West Clump when the tide is five-eighths full on a Tuesday. We dutifully entered all the pertinent information into his log. We even made a mark on his boathook for future reference. One can't be too careful.

There's something about West Clump that attracts small boats. Last summer we took out *MoonWind*, my son, his wife, little boy,



By Matthew Goldman

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

ourselves, and another couple. We sailed down to Seaflower Reef and returned between the Dumplings (or the Cupcakes, according to Paula). We ran alongside Fishers Island but north of the Clumps. East, Middle, and West Clump reside a mile or so apart and are marked by cans on the outboard side. Any two marks can be connected by a straight line at any time. Staying outboard of this line comes highly recommended. At high tide the Clumps are submerged and, on a calm day, scarcely a ripple betrays their whereabouts.

"Head away from the can," I warned my son. He lackadaisically moved the helm an inch.

"No, like this," I demonstrated. "See the next green can?" The problem was not with his eyes but with his mouth. He was busy explaining the newest innovation in wind technology and gradually resumed his former course.

"Fall off," I warned. "You're really close to West Clump."

"Okay, okay," he said. "I don't see any rocks."

"Not at high tide," I countered. "Fall off some more."

"You mean," he said, "like..." Crunch!

Doing two knots we didn't harm poor *MoonWind* but we startled the whatsits out of some napping barnacles. I dropped the sails, flipped the outboard motor into the drink, and yanked on the starter cord. Some days she starts on the second pull. This was not one of those days. As soon as I reminded that motor of the lovely young four-stroke languishing in the motor shop, hoping to replace her, she decided to humor me. On the fourteenth pull she started. I ordered the entire crew to come as far aft as possible. With six consenting adults in three square feet we were probably breaking most of Connecticut's Blue Laws. I threw the motor into reverse and we scraped our way clear of West Clump.

"Party's over," I hollered. "Raise the main!"

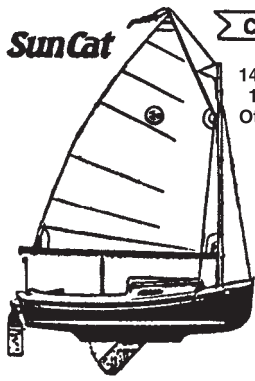
"More rocks!" shouted the crew. "We want more rocks!"

"Belay that, me hardies!" I hollered. "Raise the genny!" A mutinous crew can make for along afternoon. We straggled down to the stubby lighthouse at Latimer's Reef. This perches on a pile of quarry stone and hasn't had a proper landing since the light became fully automated. I had the helm now. Can't trust them kids, no how. Fifty yards off I prepared to jibe and head back to the harbor.

"Closer, Grampa," urged our three-year-old. "I want to climb on the rocks." Like father, like son. Needless to say, I jibed and hurried us out of there. *MoonWind* had no desire to climb the lighthouse.

The other couple, who had spent their afternoon on the foredeck snuggling, expressed their thanks for our invitation. "We must admit," they confided, "that going aground was the highlight of our excursion."


My son endured his flogging with scarcely a whimper.



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# You write to us about...

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Thanksgiving Hit

We really enjoy *MAIB* and hope it will continue to grace our mailbox for years to come. We had hoped to spot you at the Essex steam meet in October but no luck. That was a great meet and it inspired me to use my little micro-horsepower steam engine as a centerpiece on our Thanksgiving table. It was a great hit with the new generation who are growing up with computers.

Ned McIntosh and Terry Picard McIntosh,  
Dover, NH

### Hobie Mirage Experience

I enjoyed your article on the Hobie Mirage pedal powered kayak in the November 15 issue. I have an early version of the Mirage, bought used. I love it. I originally bought it as my kids like to pedal more than paddle.

You mentioned that you did not like the flippers hitting the bottom of the kayak on full pedal stroke. I was told by the local dealer that it is more efficient to use a shorter stroke, maybe half the full travel at most. This seems to work fine for me. There are only two problems with the Mirage for me. They don't work well in weedy lakes and I have only one, I could use three or four.

I have been wanting to try the sailing version, also, I just have not been willing to spend the money.

Joe Pouliet, Burnsville, MN

## Designs...

### More About Teaspoon

I'm glad you like my Teaspoon concept (January 2008). Over the years I have built two punts to Teaspoon's footprint. Neither had the superstructure. One I rigged with a square sail and used off Mt Desert Island, Maine. The other was used more sensibly as a rowboat in southern Mississippi. Both had only 12" sides and worked fine. The boats and photos thereof have disappeared over the years. I'll build another now and send you some photos.

Jeremy Eisler, Ocean Springs, MS

## Information of Interest...

### Preserving and Protecting the Maine Coast

Over the past four decades Maine Coast Heritage Trust has permanently protected more than 125,000 acres of land in Maine, including more than 270 entire coastal islands and hundreds of miles of shoreline. Today Maine Coast Heritage Trust continues to grow this legacy. We work with dedicated members, landowners, and other partners to protect the places that make Maine so special. We are the only organization focused on protecting the entire length of the coast from Kittery to Lubec.

Today our work is needed more than ever. Whether you live in Maine full time or love visiting here, you have seen the changes. Between 1980 and 2000 more than 1,300 square miles of rural Maine were developed, an area larger than the state of Rhode Island.

Since 2000 Maine has changed from a flat-growth state to one of the fastest growing regions in the country. As we add people we are building even more homes. This demand raises prices. Between 2000 and 2005 the median home price in coastal towns in Southern and Mid-coast Maine increased by about 56%.

That's why the work of Maine Coast Heritage Trust is so important today. Coastal land is disappearing and getting more expensive. Here are some examples of how the Trust makes sure Maine's very best natural lands are safeguarded forever.

**Protecting Acadia National Park:** Our founders knew that the only way to ensure the Park's long term protection was to use private land conservation to buffer Park lands. The result? Maine Coast Heritage Trust has protected more than 15,000 acres in the Mt Desert Island region, including nearly a dozen nearby islands, miles of shorefront access, and many favorite hiking trails.

**Providing safe home for seabirds:** With its towering, dramatic cliffs Jordan's Delight off Milbridge is a scenic landmark for boaters. Jordan's Delight is also one of Maine's most significant seabird nesting islands. Eider ducks, guillemots, storm petrels, and many other birds nest and raise their chicks here. When the island came up for sale Maine Coast Heritage Trust worked with a generous individual and the US Fish and Wildlife Service to acquire the island. Most of the island was returned to the seabirds and the people of Maine forever.

**Keeping Nature nearby:** With rapid growth in southern Maine natural lands in and near Portland are more precious than ever. Cow Island is a 26-acre gem in Casco Bay. Popular with boaters, it was also tempting for development. When Cow Island came on the market a local youth organization, Rippleffect, was eager to protect the island for adventure camps for area teens. Maine Coast Heritage Trust quickly stepped up to purchase the island in partnership with Rippleffect and keep it out of the hands of developers. Now Cow Island will forever be a place for youth to discover Nature and the public to picnic, hike, and camp.

If you would like more information about helping our long term preservation effort for our wonderful Maine Coast contact us today.

Maine Coast Heritage Trust, 1 Bowdoin Mill Island, Suite 201, Topsham, ME 04086, (207) 729-7366, [www.mcmt.org](http://www.mcmt.org)

### More About the Marietta Yawl

The November 1 issue of *MAIB* carried an article about the Marietta Yawl designed by Joseph C. Dobler. To keep everybody abreast of the outcome, one yawl was built about ten years ago under the direction of James Stephens and named the *Dobler* in honor of the designer.

The *Dobler* is used by the local YMCA every summer along with four other boats from the Marietta Rowing and Cycling Club as part of a youth rowing program. The program has grown each year as it introduces children to rowing and teamwork.

Peter Prigge, Marietta OH

### Row Away Fat

I have recently published a book (see photo) dealing with fat loss in which I advocate rowing with a sliding seat as the best of all possible exercises. The boat pictured on the cover is one of Steve Kaulback's Adirondack Guideboats (oar on gunwale).

Mark White, Box 391, Pelham, AL 35124, (205) 999-0416

## 50 WAYS



## to LOSE YOUR FAT

Mark White

### About Cedar Rib Canoes

In the December 15 issue Bradford Lytle inquired about information on the Peterborough Cedar Rib Canoes. I have e-mailed Brad directly with information on them, most of which came from Ken Solway's book, *The Story of the Chestnut Canoe*.

The Cedar Rib Canoe was invented by John Stephenson and patented on May 17, 1879. Stephenson himself made them for some time and then production was taken over by the Peterborough Canoe Company. In the 1918 Peterborough catalog they are listed in 20 models from 12' to 19' long.

I don't know when Peterborough stopped making them, from what I can see they must have been very labor intensive to build. Newer catalogs from Peterborough show more of the traditional cedar strip and canvas covered models.

Steve Lapey, Groveland, MA

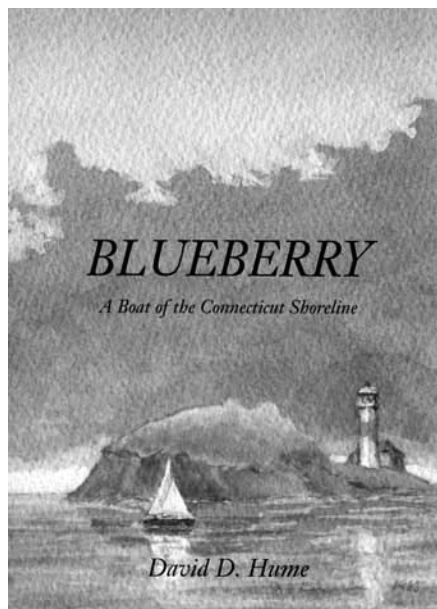
### Blueberry Available in Paperback

*Blueberry: A Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline* by David D. Hume is now available in paperback. After 13 years of successful hardcover sales, selling out over 2,000 copies, a demanding public wants more *Blueberry* and so they shall have it. With sales of the original edition up to \$50 on Amazon.com the new *Blueberry* comes in at a very reasonable \$15 and is available from Barnes & Noble bookstores, your local bookstore, and direct from Revolution Booksellers in Exeter, NH, (800) REV-6603.

Carol McCarthy, Revolution Booksellers, Exeter, NH



**Editor Comments:** We published excerpts from *Blueberry* serialized in the July 15, August 1, and August 15 issues in 1994.



## Information Wanted...

### Sandpiper 32 Information Wanted

I have enclosed my two-year subscription renewal. I've missed reading your delightful magazine. In the land of Katrina survivors, your magazine was a welcome escape.

I recently purchased a Sandpiper 32 sharpie schooner and am trying to learn as much as I can about it. If you could put me in touch with any readers or any references to this boat in past issues, I would immensely appreciate it. Perhaps I'll be able to write an article for you on the joys of cruising a sharpie on the upper Gulf coast, and with any kind of luck, trolling for speckled trout and redfish under sail in Lake Pontchartrain.

Jim Bates, 2970 College St, Slidell, LA 70458

### Budget Boat Potty Anyone?

About three years ago I invented a very nice camping and van toilet made from a 3 or 5gal plastic bucket easily found discarded by sheetrock contractors or restaurant pickle barrels. I use it in my basement shop in emergencies or take it along in my car on tent camping trips. It fits into a much smaller space than the famous Porta Potty that now costs several hundred dollars.

I'm thinking about putting together a detailed construction manual with photos, charging about \$10, and wonder if there would be any interest amongst small boat users.

Walter Head, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd, Vilas, NC 28692

### Warm Weather Getaway Wanted

My wife and I are looking for a warm weather getaway for a couple of weeks in February. We are wondering if any readers have, or know of, a small home for rent. We enjoy rowing, paddling, hiking, and biking so water access is a plus and rural is desirable.

Malcolm Hall, 651 Lion Rd, Cherry Tree, PA 15724, (814) 743-5258, smhall@pennswoods.net

## Opinions...

### Types of Locations to Seek Out and Enjoy

I was just reading *MAIB* numbers 13 and 14 and enjoying the articles as always but I see a problem creeping in. More and more I sense an underlying contempt for any enterprise which doesn't conform exactly to our ideas of small craft enjoying a slow-paced, inexpensive life style. I am well aware of the loss of accessible public waterfront and the less than beautiful vistas of miles of condos on the horizon. Reality is, they do exist and apparently appeal to more people than does our preferred lifestyle. All the complaints about the expensive food, dock fees, and irresponsible power boaters only serves to discourage others from getting out there. Ninety-nine cent hamburgers and five dollar overnight dock fees have been gone for a long time.

I wonder how many of the complainers are aware of the current tax assessments for commercial waterfront property? Which ones would walk away from offers to buy approaching, or even exceeding \$1,000,000 for land they paid \$60,000 for just 20 years ago? I have a next door neighbor here in Florida who lost the homestead exemption on her house on the water and in one year the taxes jumped from below \$2,000 to \$10,800 annually. That's \$900 monthly for residential property. Wouldn't most people protect it with "No Trespassing" signs? Imagine the commercial rate for taxes, let alone the mortgage note! If this were their overhead, how much would they need to charge?

With the rising cost of fuel and food (because of a misguided effort to convert corn into fuel instead of eating it) and all products requiring shipping there is no end in sight. Two years ago a hamburger or fish sandwich on Green Turtle Cay, Bahamas, was \$16 without a drink. We haven't quite reached that level here, although a draft beer at the New Orleans Airport was \$6.78 just two weeks ago.

Our interests would be better served if contributors would point out the areas that do offer what we are looking for and recommend that would-be messengers carry food and drink with them whenever possible, thus avoiding exorbitant prices.

Walt Donaldson's excellent article, "Chasing Walter Anderson," mentions the Chandeleur islands and other accessible areas protected as National Seashores along the Gulf Coast. I highly recommend the Turtle Mound area of the Canaveral National Seashore. There are also good areas for paddling and rowing in backwaters here in Port Orange, Florida. More later.

These are the types of locations we need to seek out and enjoy. Weekends almost always bring crowds but I have traveled weekdays, even in the busiest seasons, and encountered very little traffic. We can't change what's already there so let's work around it and let other messengers know where, when and how the best opportunities exist. We're all in this together.

Jim Sauers, Port Orange, FL

### Wouldn't Trade for New

I have subscribed on and off over the years but when Dan Roger's article, "Is the Golden Age of Sailboats Over" in the November 1 issue passed through my hands I

had to re-up. We sail a 1967 Pearson Lark and have a fleet of small hand launched boats here and wouldn't trade any of them for a new Hunter or MacGregor.

Rudy Seifert, Creekside Boatwrights, Pembroke, ME

## Projects...

### Old Guy's Fishing Boat

I only built one boat last year for use on my brother's four-acre pond. I am now 71 and find fishing from a canoe has become a dicey proposition. The pond has no shallow spots so even just getting into and out of a canoe was troublesome.

I started out to build a plain punt, square and straight sided but ended up with flared rounded sides. The boat builder in me couldn't produce a box. The end result is heavy with full frames and 2"x4"s on edge on the bottom outside. It's a wonderful boat for an old guy to fish from. My specs called for a boat that I could stand up in and pee out of and I got that.

I have read forever about using only the best materials for the hull and I say "phooey" where such small boats are concerned. I always used whatever cheap plywood I had around, galvanized nails and urea resin glue and house paint or turps and boiled linseed oil. I got eight to ten years out of each boat built this way. I usually got tired of each boat before it was used up.

Phil Hockman, Huddleston, VA

## This Magazine...

### Back Issue Articles Online

Recently I was thinning the fleet (four sailboats, two jon boats, four kayaks, one ski boat, and a very tired old Boston whaler) when a young man came by to buy my old Bronco and also took the ski boat. When I told him I preferred sailing he told me that his girlfriend's dad was selling a sailboat. Yes, I bought it, a Holton Marine Solo II.

An online search revealed a link to the *MAIB* archives where I found an article in Volume 11, Number 8 about this boat. Please send me a copy of the article. I hope to be led to *MAIB* for many years to come.

Billy Carter, Nashville, TN

### Lonely Eccentrics

I continue to enjoy *MAIB* going back to my first two-year subscription in those early days when you only hoped that I would get the full two years. You have helped to build a national community from an otherwise widely scattered body of lonely eccentrics.

John Stratton, Old Lyme CT

### Not Much Overlap

There isn't much overlap, at least that I can see, between the kind of boats I sell and work on (antique runabouts) and Phil Bolger's designs, but they've always still been of interest to me and the 80th birthday piece was a real delight. Robb White's death was obviously a big blow to the magazine but it seems just as strong as ever, which is a fine accomplishment.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

### Good to be Back in the Fold

When my wife and I returned from Massachusetts in July after visiting our son and his family, I was delighted to find in the accumulated pile of mail my first issue of *MAIB*, a gift from my lovely and forbearing wife of 60 years. Glancing quickly through the issue was akin to renewing an acquaintance with an old friend. I was first introduced to *MAIB* through a gift subscription from noted Wood's Hole Marine Architect, Jon Leiby.

Jon and I had twice sailed together as volunteer crew in the early 1990s delivering Tabor Academy's (Marion, MA) 92' schooner, *SSV Tabor Boy*, from Charleston, SC, to the Virgin Islands. We became friends and his gift was a way of sharing his love of boats and perhaps reliving our hours of conversation on the ten-day voyages. Unfortunately circumstances can alter situations, after a time I allowed the subscription to lapse. Now it's good to be back in the fold with other lovers of boats.

*MAIB* is, I think, much more than just messing about in boats. At the very least it is "change up" reading and news, a break from the hammering pressures of daily news and current events, a respite from the cares that press in about us from all directions. *MAIB* is simple, honest, direct, unaffected, refreshing. There is, I believe, nothing comparable in the world of boating.

So, in addition to thanking my wife, Beverly, and Jon, I want to congratulate you on 25 years of dedicated and successful publishing of *MAIB*. In a few words, *MAIB* is one of those little treasures without which the world would be a poorer place.

Here also I want to thank Mr Hugh Ware for his compilations in "Beyond the Horizon" where we find news of import and instruction that is somehow overlooked or ignored by much of the media. And congratulations also to Phil Bolger on his 80th birthday with thanks for sharing his bottomless well of design ideas and innovations.

Your readers are, without doubt, readers who seek out other written words on anything pertaining to boats. I propose here that readers share, on occasion, information about some particular book or magazine article that has ensnared their imaginations. To this end, I would recommend *Down to the Sea, The Fishing Schooners of Gloucester* by Joseph A. Garland, David R. Godine, Publisher, Boston, 1983. Garland takes us with sparkling prose and rare photos through the nearly incredible history of Gloucester fishery, the vessels and the men, from the early days through the decline and the final days of glory which saw the races between those immortals, *Gertrude L. Thebaud* and *Bluenose*. And anyone who has not heard or read of Sterling Hayden or Howard Blackburn should meet them in Garland's pages.

John Geil, Malabar, FL

### How to Increase Revenue

If you want to increase revenue, you have several choices; work harder, work longer, hire more help, spend more on advertising, etc, or just raise your price. Some subscribers will pay more, some will find the price of a cup of coffee at Starbucks is too much more. We can hope that the faithful will stay and that the increased revenue will offset the loss of a few stragglers. Can't guarantee it, though.

I confess to being a magazine junkie and may have a distorted perspective. I get two, three, or more magazines every day. Some I pay for, some are free trade journals. Some I read, some I don't. But *MAIB* is the first one I pull out when I find it in the mailbox and eventually I read every page, including the ads. Those who enjoy 40 pages of good reading every two weeks should do the following math:

$\$32/40 \text{ pages}/24 \text{ issues/year} = \$0.033 \text{ per page.}$   
 $\$40/40 \text{ pages}/24 \text{ issues/year} = \$0.042 \text{ per page.}$   
The difference is miniscule. Where else can we find that much pleasure, wisdom, and knowledge for about four cents? Not in a trade journal! In that spirit you will find a check for \$40 enclosed for a gift subscription for a sailing friend.

Thanks for doing what you do.

Sydney E. Chipman PE, Lenoir, NC

**Editor Comments:** Thank you for the bonus price gift order and your persuasive figuring. Since I feel my present 12-hour days (for all I do, not just the magazine) are hard enough, and I cannot work longer as I fall asleep late in the day, and there is no money to do any advertising (where?), and I just raised the price a year ago, I opted to go to a monthly to cut hours and costs to fit my physical and financial resources. I am pleased to see that the new per page figure for \$32/68 pages/12 issues/year = \$0.039 nicely conforms to your rationale. I have commented in the past that many people do not hesitate to pay a lot for a little plastic bag of stainless hardware but balk at paying for the information that inspires their enthusiasm for what they enjoy doing. Information should be free! It certainly can be cheap if it is subsidized by pages and pages of paid advertising.

### Regular Doses

#### Maintain Good Holding Ground

I vote with my old friend Elliot Wilcox, whose letter in the December 1 issue rings true. We shared many memorable cruises in our respective Dovekies and, as age and infirmities force ingesting of the anchor, regular doses of *MAIB* serve to maintain good holding ground. Phil Bolger's musings, unfailingly fascinating and so ably enhanced by Susanne, are topped by his recent autobiography, "short version." I await the long.

Keep 'em coming, just the way you've done for 25 years.

Lee Wight MD, Laguna Woods, CA

### Move to 12 Issues a Good Idea

Thanks again so much for *MAIB*. I think the move to 12 issues is a great idea. Of course, I'll miss that plethora of different colored covers all over the house. Seems like if I wanted to read something interesting I'd just look around for one, they're everywhere! I don't put things away much.

Bob Errico, Manehawkin, NJ

### Waiting Impatiently

I see that beginning in January we are now getting a single issue per month instead of two. I've often wondered how you could manage to put out two issues per month for so many years. Hopefully this change will cut your workload while we wait impatiently for the next offering. I only wish I had found *MAIB* many years ago.

Robert Parker, San Diego, CA

**Editor Comments:** The really important cut is in costs of mailing and printing two issues of 40 pages vs one issue of 68 pages. The latter still has about the same amount of editorial content as the two smaller issues as about 12 pages of ads now appear only once a month instead of twice. The workload is pretty much unchanged but it does indeed seem like a long time between issues going to press.

### Report More Meaningful

It was an honor to meet you and your wife face to face at the MASCF in October. I realize and appreciate that your attendance required over 1,000 miles of driving to be there. Your report on the event in the December 1 issue was more meaningful for having met you.

Robert A. Musch, Easton, MD

### The Real One

In your December 1 Commentary" you refer to "real" magazines as being unlike *MAIB*. True, but yours (ours) is the real one. While the material in the slicks may be good it is somehow remote. I experience the stuff I read in *MAIB* right along with the writer.

Hugh Groth, Richfield, OH

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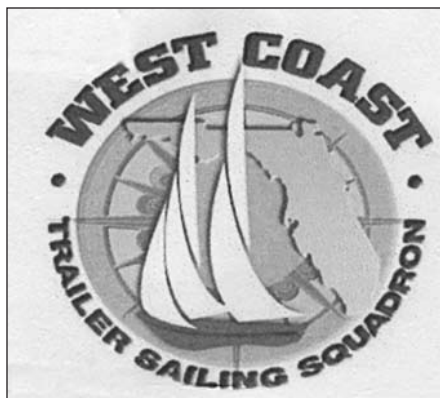
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United States Postal Service

**Editor Comments:** This service addresses our most common non-delivery complaints from those readers who move, either permanently or seasonally, or even temporarily on extended holidays, without letting us know. Unlike First Class letters, *MAIB* is not forwarded when such moves are made but is tossed into the local PO trash and in about four to six weeks we will be notified of an address change or that they are "temporarily away." Subsequently many want the missed issues (several already mailed to them once in many cases and tossed out) to be replaced, which costs us \$1.31 postage per issue above and beyond what we were paid in the subscription order for bulk delivery as well as the actual cost of each replacement issue. About 10% of readers move each year (around 400) so this is a significant (and costly) problem for us for those who do not trouble to inform us of their impending moves five to six weeks beforehand.





## Lake Harris Overnighter

By Ron Hoddinott

Reprinted from the  
*West Coast Trailer Sailer Squadron News*

After a very cool week quite a few of our Florida West Coast Trailer Sailer Squadron members decided to stay home and stay warm, but eight of us decided that the weather would improve quickly after the front moved through and we turned out to be correct. After a gas mileage efficiency test in which 55mph yielded 20.2mpg and 65mph yielded 16.1mpg towing *Whisper* up the Interstate, I arrived at Hickory Point Recreation Center about 8:40.

Stin Linkert was just arriving at the dock under power, having powered under the bridge between Lake Eustis and Lake Harris the day before. Jim Kidd and friend Fred pulled up behind me. Jim had his Drascombe Scaffie, *Folly*, and they began to set up as well. Dale Niemann called on his cell and told me that he was about 30 minutes out and to go ahead and launch *Whisper*. Stin told us that Curt Bowman and Bill Whalen had launched the day before and had overnighted in Horseshoe Cove. Stin said that Curt Bowman was sailing a boat with a yawl rig and tanbark sails. Curt had sent me some photos of a Drascombe Coaster that he was having built out of wood in Maine a few months ago and I hoped that this was the boat Stin had seen!

So the day was looking up! *Folly* and *Whisper* launched and headed east to look for Curt and Bill. Before long we spotted the tanbark sails out on the lake to the east of Long Island. Curt had his new Coaster rafted alongside Bill Whalen's Peep Hen, *My Little Chick-a-Dee*. The winds were light and they were just enjoying the sun and light winds, drifting along slowly. I briefly joined their raft-up to get a quick look at the fine workmanship done by the Maine craftsman who had built the new Drascombe Coaster, *Annie*, for Curt.

Curt re-designed the interior and moved the companionway to port to allow for easier entrance into the cabin. It was all done extremely well and is a big improvement over the fiberglass renditions of this boat built in England. Jim and Fred sailed up and admired Curt's new boat and a small skiff under power was soon sighted coming our way. It turned out to be Luke and Joy Lukowski from St Petersburg in their home-built *Little Gem* skiff with a 4hp outboard. They were enjoying the lake and taking some photos of the outing! Luke

has written an article for *Small Craft Advisor* about his Sakonnet 23, *Joyride*, which will appear one of the next few issues. Luke and Joy mentioned that they had seen Dale Niemann launching his Core Sound 17, *Lively*, and that he was headed out to join us.

Since all the boats that we knew were coming were already launched, we decided to head toward the well-known bike/bar/restaurant just to the north of Long Island. It was already late to mid-morning, and in the light air we thought it might take until lunch to get there. We were right. The wind was light and changeable, which was challenging, but it never quit completely. Most of our boats were able to beat up through the passage between the mainland and Long Island but Stin and Dale found some fresh air to the west of the island and enjoyed a sparkling sail.

We all arrived at the designated anchorage about the same time and Luke and I ferried everyone in to the docks. The owners had trimmed back some of the overhanging branches on the west dock and it made it easier to get boats in there. Even though the lake was down about two feet, we had no problem getting our shallow boats docked. Everyone was seated at the large white outdoor tables with the colorful awnings.

We beat the bikers to the bar, although a lot of them came in while we were dining. The music has also been upgraded from the "singing cowboy" to a fellow who actually played an electric guitar and sang some fairly well-known tunes. I don't think the menu had changed except for the prices, which is probably to be expected with the increase in property taxes, especially for waterfront commercial ventures. Burgers and catfish platters seemed to be the favorite items here. As we enjoyed our meals and relished cool beers from green and brown bottles we kept noticing the waters out on the lake. A nice westerly breeze was springing up and before long we were also springing up in response. We didn't want to waste away in Margaritaville while a decent sailing breeze was wasted on an empty lake!

Jim and Fred headed back to the docks saying something about an afternoon appointment while Stin, Dale, and I headed out to the west to find that elusive west wind we'd been watching. Bill Whalen stayed with

Curt Bowman who was having trouble with his centerboard. New boat glitches. Dale and I had a great beat and reach across the lake and arrived back at Horseshoe Island about the same time. I was doing better against Dale's Core Sound 17 than I had at Cayo Costa. Either the light winds or the adjustments I'd made to the goosenecks seemed to have helped.

As the wind died we drifted over to the cove at Horseshoe Island to settle in for the evening. All of us were solo sailors and we had dinners to fix onboard and cabins to set up. It all takes time but it's fun. I didn't need much dinner after the great fried platter of catfish that I'd enjoyed, but I spent the time watching a raccoon scamper around on the shoreline and enjoyed a beer while sitting on the bow and chatting with Dale, Bill, Stin, and Curt.

As the sun went down it became cooler quite quickly, but my sleeping bag was ready and I had a log to write and a good book to read. Spending 12 hours below deck on a SeaPearl is challenging, but you just have to get comfortable and have a few things to do if you get restless. I enjoyed reading *The Unlikely Voyage of Jack-D-Crow* for the second time and laughed aloud at several well-written passages during the evening hours. Barn owls were heard in the night calling back and forth with their "Mo-Cooks-For-You" calls.

The next morning we were all up early enjoying the sunrise. After breakfast Bill Whalen decided to head for home and the rest of us headed for Leesburg, about eight miles to the west. The wind was out of the north and fairly steady on Sunday and my GPS showed five knots occasionally. Dale's Core Sound wasn't too far behind on this day with the West Wight Potter and the Coaster staying fairly close together at some distance from us.

We made it more than halfway across to Leesburg before we decided that we'd better turn back unless we wanted to motor a long way as the wind was dying as the sun got higher in the sky.

Aside from a slight problem with a centerboard after Curt loaded his new Coaster, *Annie*, on the trailer (new boat glitch) we all got loaded up safely and made it home before dark. A great overnighter on a beautiful lake!

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John and Tom on big cat.



Jessie and Tanner with Beach Rocket.



## Starvation

By Jim Thayer

As reported elsewhere, and likely experienced by many readers, time flies. Even the Romans had a term for it. It is not widely known but the effect is accelerated by altitude. To make matters worse yet it is increased exponentially by age. All this by way of explaining why there was no Starvation report last year (or was it the year before?). I was expecting a flurry of letters noting the omission but haven't seen any so maybe it's not all that important.

I would relate some of the events of the past meet but advancing FOG (forgetful old geezer) syndrome pretty much precludes that. Anyway, you know the drill; incredibly nice weather, beautiful people, elegant boats, sumptuous food, flowing wine, and impeccably behaved children. Any serpents? Well, the camp fee was up two bucks.

Probably the biggest splash was made by newcomer Paul Breeding with his new Skiff America. The boat has a very nice shape enhanced by extensive brightwork. It is marred by the Honda engine hanging off the transom but Paul is going to put a box over it. It cries out for an inboard but that might compromise the photogenic wake. To his credit, Paul did the whole job himself except for help from Mississippi Bob with fiberglassing the bottom. Paul sent me a CD which makes a lovely slide show of the meet. A subjective critique suggests that there may be some weighting toward a particular boat. I'll try to get some shots into this article.

Of course, Ron Roberts was there with his entrant for boat of the year. From various canoe arrangements Ron has jumped to some

sort of plastic thing with fenders for stability. It was outfitted with his usual front-facing rowing rig but I must confess that I never got to examine it closely. Ron brought a friend with a somewhat similar set-up. It's scary to think that in the lovely but benighted state of Idaho Ron may have an outsize influence. But then, he's such a dear boy that all is forgiven.

Tom Gale, aka Mr eBay, had a new cat with massive sail. It went! Heather, the conservative better half, had her usual Girly Boat, the New York Whitehall. Little Willie was on the beach as his Grandpa Hicks had been uprooted from his longtime shop and couldn't make it.

Dewitt Smith, Mr Hors d'oeuvre, was back with the Frankenskiff. On its maiden outing it had taken water through the open transom. This year she (can a Frankenskiff be feminine?) was back with increased bottom thickness which allowed sitting aft. They also folded up the centerboard last year. I'm not pointing any fingers since one of my customers folded up a centerboard back in my early days. Consider that the load on the centerboard must approximate the load on the sail. Needless to say, the Nicholson-Smith design team is learning and, judging from the bottom display in a breeze of wind, having fun.

Further out than any of the above was the lawn cart tub sponsored by the Thayer boys. Years ago, noting that the body of the neighbor's lawn cart lifted right off the frame, I borrowed it and took off a mold. I made several but never got around to the chassis part. One became a sled, the Snow Rocket. Recently I discovered the boys running one down the irrigation ditch behind their house, the Ditch Rocket. Whether this was their own idea or the result of their father's unstructured childhood, I haven't inquired. Dad had glued foam on the sides to make it seaworthy and, with his arm in a sling from recent surgery, it was hard to tell whether he was biting his lip or smiling crookedly as the grandfolds hauled kids and tub away to Starvation. Anyway, the kids had a ball. As long as they wear their PFDs, the wind is generally onshore, and you have a chase boat, anything that floats is fair game. Don't sweat it.

Another notable boat was John Graves' 23' shell in which he cut a fine figure out on the water. Heather tried it without incident.

John D had his latest acquisition, a bright yellow plastic outfit from Hobie. I asked several times what it was called but it keeps get-

Frankenskiff, Girly Boat, Urbanna Rocket.



Exploration 18 waits for captain.

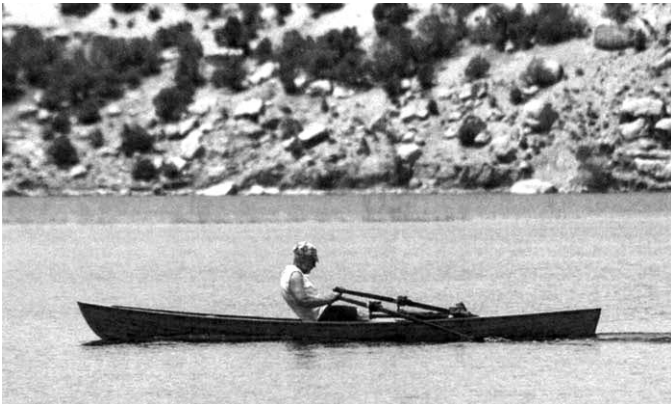




Dog sniffing for wind.



Nina with full complement.



John Graves' long shell.



John Denison with foot flipper Hobie.



Row or sail or... all are welcome at Starvation.



Plastic boat meeting.

Beach boats.



Paul Breeding's Skiff America.



ting lost in the FOG. It has two amas which are used when rigged for sailing. The central hull has one of those remarkable Hobie foot-powered flipper outfits which is truly a breakthrough development. You gotta try it to believe. John also brought some super fat pinon firewood, possibly to mask his cigar. John's smiling visage, nifty boat, and firewood are trivial compared to the acclaim earned by bringing along his lovely wife Cindy to grace the affair.

Chris, the Salt Lake City trimaran builder, brought no boat but did escort his lovely wife so we will cut him some slack. Our Grand Mesa Boat Works contingent counted ten souls, including three female leads and a girl child, so we held up our end. Case, Nicholson, Roberts, and Smith are to be censured for failure to bring their better halves.

Garrett Gilmore who, a couple of years ago (how to put this gently?), employed a modicum of lucre to separate an impecunious old man from his favorite boat, had the Urban-na Rocket outfitted with a sliding seat rig. The whole lash-up probably didn't weigh more than 50-60 pounds and sets a new standard for portability. L'artist had his little wooden canoe and Dwight, of course, had the Exploration 18. So, we had plenty of watercraft.

Sad to say, our friend Axon didn't make it. After 15 years on a wait list he elected to run the Grand Canyon and took his cohorts with him. You can make a case for him and we will have to consider it.

Saturday forenoon the Nina set off on an expedition to the beach some two to

three miles distant loaded with four kids, five adults, and towing four ducks. That's getting close to capacity for a 15-footer. The reach to the beach was pleasant and uneventful but clouds began to form and thunder was heard as we munched.

Ever the prudent mariner, I put a couple of rolls in the main before we debarked. We soon had plenty of wind, and then way more than we needed. However, we were well ballasted and if the boat doesn't heel the passengers are unconcerned. Soon enough the little tempest blew away to find other mischief. The wind falling light, the sailing master suggested rolling out the reef. This involves unlooping a line from a knob on the mast and the sail usually unwinds by itself. This project illuminates a common problem and one even more likely on a sailboat. Something that seems simple and obvious to the guy giving directions can completely mystify other intelligent people trying to follow the directions. We did finally make it and then pulled out the clew, a task which is completely unimaginable to someone unfamiliar with a clam cleat.

Back on land we were confounded by conditions at camp. The gazebo had blown 50 yards, vaulted over bushes and boats, and fetched up in the lake. The Palmer tent also bit the dust with a broken pole. Bystanders reported that it blew some.

Saturday night was the magnum opus. The gang continues to maintain a nice balance between eating, drinking, and sailing. The endless round of nibbles, goodies, exotic cordon bleu comida, and down home cookin' kept the troops employed well into a night lit by Dewitt's firewood.

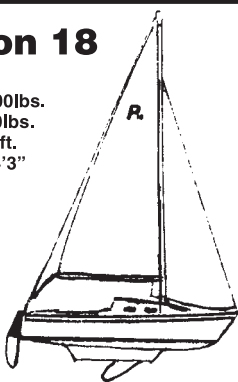
Sunday morn, sitting by the fire sipping a cup, my gaze was drawn to Big Mama trying to get out of her tub. Did you realize the those little dime store turtles of our youth can grow to 8"? At such times one, soaking up sun like a fellow reptile, can wax philosophical about ol' homo s and his right to lord it over a fellow mariner. I'll spare you the deep, profound musings that followed. Plopped in the sand, Big Mama headed for the lake and enjoyed a good swim under Sharon's watchful eye.

Reading over the foregoing one detects a perhaps supercilious attitude on the part of the writer. Rest assured it's all in jest. Still, on a deeper level one might detect a touch of envy on the part of the fast failing foggy foggy. They are a wonderful bunch, overlooking my foibles, treating me well, and offering plenty of help. They are a joy to be with and I can't thank them enough.

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When preparing Harry Mote's article in the last issue of the *Shallow Water Sailor* (see "Ardea's Journal" in the January issue-Ed), I was unable to print the following index of bygone Magnum Opus cruises due to lack of space. I studied this list with awe. So many cruises... count them. Quite a few SWS members have gone on most of them. The accumulated experiences they have enjoyed is what amazes me.

### The Magnum Opus Cruises

- 1980:** St John River, New Brunswick, Canada
- 1981:** Little Current, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1982:** Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 1983:** Cape Charles to Chincoteague and Assateague Islands, Virginia
- 1984:** Rideau Waterway, Ontario, Canada
- 1985:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
- 1986:** Florida Keys, Florida, in February
- 1986:** Party Sound, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada, in August
- 1987:** Party Sound, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1988:** St John River, New Brunswick, Canada
- 1989:** Trent-Severn Waterway, Ontario, Canada
- 1990:** Maine Island Trail, Maine
- 1991:** Elizabeth Islands, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, Massachusetts
- 1992:** Waubaushene, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1993:** Snug Harbor, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1994:** Rideau Waterway, Ontario, Canada
- 1995:** Mattapoisett, Elizabeth Islands, and Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
- 1996:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
- 1997:** Moosehead Lake, Maine
- 1998:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
- 1999:** Little Current, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 2000:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 2001:** Elizabeth Islands, Massachusetts
- 2002:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 2003:** Lake Champlain, the Inland Sea, New York and Vermont
- 2004:** Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 2005:** Lake Champlain, the Inland Sea, New York and Vermont
- 2006:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 2007:** Cape Ann and the marshes behind Plum Island, Massachusetts

These two-week cruises were started by Peter Duff. They started as his own summertime cruise where he would simply state his plans and invite Dovekie and Shearwater customers along. And so began this annual event that has lasted 28 years!

Ten years ago was the last cruise that Peter arranged. Since then the frequent MO participants have kept the cruise going. But the planning has been hit-or-miss. No one SWS sailor wanted to take over, feeling that he or she could not fill Peter's shoes. As a result the pre-planning of the cruise has suffered and fewer boats participate.

## Magnum Opus Memories

By Ken Murphy, Editor  
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

I looked back over the old newsletters and in SWS #63 found the last letter Peter Duff wrote inviting SWSers to a Magnum Opus cruise. Here it is:

"Good morning, faire shoal water sailors. This is an invitation to join Maggie and me on our 1997 Magnum Opus Cruise. Dovekies, Shearwaters, and other cruising sailboats that can sail in a foot of water will be welcome. This year's cruise will be on the largest body of fresh water in Maine, Moosehead Lake. It's in west central Maine near the town of Greenville. We'll get underway after lunch on Sunday, July 20, 1997. We'll disband on Friday, August 1 or Saturday, August 2. This will allow us relaxed times on the highway.

Civilization has encroached only slightly on Moosehead since Henry David Thoreau tramped these woods, lakes, and streams but it is much less built up than most coastlines we've seen, even those in Ontario. There are only three towns, villages really, on the lake. This will be as close as one can come to experiencing the great northwoods as it was in America up to a century ago. Although it freezes early, hard and thick come November, it will be warm enough to swim and bathe in comfort when we're there. The warm lake water doesn't produce the fog that the cold seawater does on the coast, 50 miles away.

The lake is reputed to have uninhabited coves and islands to explore. The scenery ashore is spectacular. It's in the midst of mountains as high as 4,000'. Some over 3,000' rise right out of the lake. Although it can safely be described as "rural," I'm willing to bet that ice cream will be available. The biggest sign of civilization on the lake will be float planes serving residences and camps on the many nearby lakes that roads have not, and probably never will, reach.

Winds funneling around these mountains give the lake a mild reputation of blustiness about on a par with Buzzards Bay. The only cruising yarn I found about the place had two guys cruising in a 12' Beetle Cat, a kid's trainer/racer. Still, it may be a bit much for neophytes. Advanced beginners should prepare for this cruise by practicing reefing and sailing reefed in blustery weather. Also, teach yourself to keep an eye constantly on the water surface in all directions for signs of incoming gusts on blustery days. This is the mark of a good sailor and should be your normal SOP.

The lady I talked to at the local Chamber of Commerce said the place is packed during the "season", which begins on July 3 and ends on July 5. So two weeks parking and use of any of the three major public ramps will be uncrowded and free. The lake is big enough to satisfy our desire to explore yet small enough to let latecomers find us and give the early leaver quick access to his car. The ramp at Greenville Junction is the one most of us will reach first so let's launch from it. Should an alternative ramp be required, let's use the one at Lily Bay State Park.


Since there is little, if any, commercial traffic on the lake, NOAA has not published a chart of the place. A private mapping com-

pany has published one that the two guys in the Beetle Cat reported to be adequate. The company is Delorme Mapping Co, Freeport, ME, (207) 865-1234. The map showing navigation of Moosehead Lake costs the princely sum of \$7.95 including postage. They accepted my plastic money. We'll be pleased to have you join us on Moosehead this summer.

Peter Duff, Mattapoisett, MA"

Peter's efforts (and those who followed on) are examples to anyone who might want to invite like-minded acquaintances to his or her own sailing waters. The planning is not hard. Some local knowledge, a bit of history, description of any challenges, what attractions there are and so forth. Give a date, a time, a location, and personal contact information. It's really not at all hard and if planned early others will mark their calendars and are likely to show up.

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King of the Restigouche. A former carpenter in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, who served the Klondike gold miners, André Arpin now owns a successful outfitting/guiding business in New Brunswick.



Free-flowing water lifts my spirits. First glimpse of the Patapédia River as it tumbles eastward toward its eventual confluence with the Restigouche.

A warning sign for fishermen. If apprehended, salmon poachers face a mandatory week in jail for illegal catches.



## Canoeing Québec's Patapédia

### The River the Explorers Left Alone

By Richard E. Winslow III  
For Kirk Wipper

"It seems as though we were on the river only yesterday," I said to my guide, Raphael. "But no, a year has flown by since our Kedgwick-Restigouche River trip." At our put-in for the descent of the nearby Patapédia River in Québec in mid-June 2007 the water level was almost in free fall. In another week a canoe trip would be much tougher and the route much more bony. Before me was a wild scene, continuous fast water cutting through a deep valley channel lined with steep forested slopes and occasional cliffs on both sides. Boulders, log piles, beaver dams, gravel islands, and slumped over trees had taken the brunt of the spring ice break-up. The savage surge of ice had smashed everything in its path and had blocked or diverted numerous channels from their previous routes. As we stood there, mesmerized, our shuttle driver turned around to head back to civilization via a rough logging road, leaving our party to deal with this roaring river.

"Dick, only about 20 or 30 people run the Patapédia every year," Raphael said. "It's a spring river all the way. Upstream above us is Lake Supérieur, the river's headwaters, but already the runoff is too low to attempt to run it from its source."

While the trip would last only two days and one night the river was indeed worthy of our attention. As a major tributary the Patapédia eventually flows into the Restigouche, the webbed waterway system noted for its prime salmon fishing. Other nearby salmon rivers include the Upsalquitch, Matapédia, Tobique, Nepisiguit, and Miramichi which, to a large extent, are cluttered with highways, logging roads, and railroads providing too easy access for fishing lodges, camps, dams, and even health spas. It was all too much intrusive civilization for me. The Patapédia had been basically left alone, even by the logging companies. While building a road they had ruled against cutting trees on the steepest slopes, considering it for the most part too dangerous, too remote, and too costly for ready profit.

Tipped off by the Native American Mi'kmaq variations of the word Patapédia or Patawegeok, translated roughly as "running through burnt land" or "place to peel birch bark and build a canoe," I sensed in advance that I was about to canoe the right river.

Just a week earlier Raphael, a student at the University of Newfoundland in Corner Brook, had arrived at Arpin Canoë Restigouche to resume his seasonal guiding duties. Summer classes, term papers, and student union chatter offered no appeal or fulfillment for him, Raphael longed to be on the rivers, relishing and reliving what his French Canadian and Native American ancestors had been doing for hundreds, even thousands, of years. Rivers kept him in top physical, mental, and spiritual shape. We often discussed the possibility of one day heading down some of Newfoundland's rivers. For every canoeist there is always the tantalizing river that has not been run. I am a librarian/historian, perhaps

a little too old for the most rugged demands of canoeing trips, but Raphael invariably anticipated and then helped me out of any number of difficulties. Thus I continued to dream about future places to paddle.

The others in our party were also veteran outdoorsmen. Gilles, the other guide, had just retired as an elementary school principal in Kedgwick River, New Brunswick. Having spent his summer vacations as a canoeing instructor and salmon fishing guide, he knew the local waters even better than the fish. Hendrick, Tom, and Angus, the other guests, were retired American military officers now living in the Washington, DC, area. After seeing the world from various duty stations, they now boarded their sailboats and explored the Chesapeake Bay. All of us loved water, whether swimming, fishing, paddling, sailing, or even just looking at it.

I reflected on a recent summer trip to the American West with its jagged mountains, deep canyons, and blood-red cliffs. For the first two or three days there I was captivated by the exhilarating scenery. That initial feeling, however, wore off quickly. Along with the Mamas' and the Papas' "California Dreaming," a lonely surfer wandering aimlessly through the streets of New York City, I suddenly realized how much I missed water, any water anywhere, whether the ocean, a lake, a river, even a swamp. With the Patapédia before us we would all have our fill of water.

I had also undertaken this trip fired up by the ideas of Kirk Wipper, a Canadian canoeist and conservationist. Just a week earlier I had met Kirk at a canoeing symposium. As a presenter, he led his class on a walking tour in the camp's surrounding forest, identifying trees and plants and expounding on his wilderness ethic philosophy. A picturesque sage, Kirk has devoted his career to promoting a canoeing lifestyle as well as the natural habitat in which to preserve it. His chief accomplishment had been the accumulation of 700 canoes, 850 paddles, and 2,500 artifacts which he donated toward the establishment of the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario.

Kirk's bluff, honest speech attracted me. "I wrote President Bush," he said, "and told him that since La Salle, the French explorer, discovered the Mississippi River (for New France/Canada) he, the President, ought to give the land back to Canada. I got no answer." The modern industrial world's unchecked greed in extracting and harvesting its natural resources has rankled his canoeing conscience. As an engagé militant, Kirk has led a crusade for clean, unpolluted, and undeveloped rivers for paddling, a cause that has stimulated this doughy old warrior to remain healthy and active.

"All of life is centered on the wilderness," he continued. "There are 53 mining companies in Nunavut. The elders want to keep it the way it was. The younger people want the jobs. So how do we keep it the old traditional way? I believe teachers can be educated to save the wilderness. I'm 84 years old so I tell the young people, 'Carry the torch.'"

Kirk also spoke at length about the voyageurs, the legendary fur trappers who worked for the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies during the exploration and development of Canada. "You know, the voyageur endured a horrible lifestyle. It was a grueling, dangerous occupation. Many died as young men. For company profits, they carried up to



eight tons of food, equipment, and cargo in their canoes." His descriptions reminded me of what I had read about the voyageurs' hardships, accidents, disease, drownings, broken bones, hernias, thrown-out backs, working with virtually no medical care during their months in the wilderness. On the lighter side, Kirk led the group, with his usual gusto, in some French-Canadian voyageur songs. Except for the black flies and mosquitoes that fabled voyageur era has gone, left to songwriters, novelists, and Hollywood filmmakers with their romanticized fantasies about the "spell of the North." Our trip would be a scaled-down recreational version of all that the voyageurs had endured.

Charged with Kirk's words, I wanted to see for myself how much the Patapédia had either avoided or succumbed to the onslaught of the modern industrial age. The stark reality of this wilderness-versus-development clash on other northeastern Canadian rivers I had canoed, Québec's Bonaventure, Cascapédia, and Coulonge and New Brunswick's Nepisiguit and Kedgwick-Restigouche, had been rationalized in half-hearted, lopsided compromises. The headwaters and middle areas of these rivers had been left essentially pristine while the downstream rivermouth sections had been built up with towns, highways, railroads, bridges, dams, hydropower plants, pulp and paper mills, fishing lodges, and vacation cabins. Every year, however, "civilization" kept creeping farther and farther upstream, advancing unchecked and leveling the forests to satisfy the demands of Toronto's Bay Street, Canada's counterpart of Wall Street. I greatly hoped that the Patapédia had been spared these anything-for-profit pressures.

But above and beyond Kirk's emphasis on environmental issues, I just wanted to get away. I recalled Jack Kerouac's explanation of why he wanted to spend a summer as a fire tower lookout in Washington's North Cascades, "I was sick and tired of all the... Times Squares of all time." For the same general reason Edward Abbey headed for his "desert solitude." For myself, I sought time away from my desk, telephone calls, junk mail, and honking automobiles.

As Raphael and I pushed off in the lead canoe we were in almost continuous Class II rapids. Our delegated job was to scout out the easiest leads. If we should dump, the other canoes in line obviously would backpaddle and avoid our route. Angus and Hendrick took care of the middle canoe while Gilles and Tom paddled the last (or sweep) canoe. The weather was cloudy with an occasional drop of rain and cool temperatures, just right for conserving energy instead of wilting under a scorching sun. The fresh air was exhilarating as we broke away.

Even though Raphael and I were moderately light in weight, we dodged, scraped by, or bounced off boulders and submerged sleepers. In another week without rain this same route would have been one vast rock garden. After Raphael and I had maneuvered through a channel, time and time again Angus and Hendrick would follow our exact path, only to get hung up. Angus in the stern, with his 240-pound football build, weighed down his canoe so he and Hendrick were forced to jump out frequently to extricate their canoe from its rock wedge. Each time water from their dripping pants and boots would collect in the hull floor, adding even more weight. Gilles and Tom, smaller and more compact,

glided through unscathed most of the time. It proved to be a long morning of hard physical and mental work trying to read the water and jumping out when we failed. Despite the strenuous workout I thoroughly enjoyed this ride down this deep forest chasm where I had to crane my neck to see the sky.

By early afternoon a tributary charged in from river left to raise the water level enough for us to override the boulders. Just below this confluence an iron fence with netting had been strung across the river and anchored with posts on either side. On river right a modest warden's cabin served as the law-and-order center of power in this remote place. We portaged around the fence, dragging the fully loaded canoes over the mud and slick grass.

"They erected this fence," Gilles said, "to control the poachers. Otherwise the salmon would migrate freely upstream where they would be caught. The province of Québec is very strict about violations of fish and game laws. Taking a salmon or a moose illegally brings a week in jail. One of my relatives took a moose, was caught, and served his week. Now he is so scared that he will never again be tempted to violate the law."

Over a Coleman stove Raphael heated up and melted a frozen chunk of fiddlehead soup for lunch. "I came back for this," I announced with not too much exaggeration. Served up hot, thick, and steaming, this longtime voyageur staple continues to provide an excellent meal for modern-day canoeists. Five minutes after we resumed our paddle Gilles spoke up, "Tom feels greatly energized by the fiddlehead soup. He is paddling much better."

I noticed a sign nailed to a tree, "Fosse 70" and in due time "Fosse 69." Each successive sign announced the location of a fosse (or pool), so I surmised, correctly, it turns out, that "Fosse 1" would be near the mouth of the Patapédia at its Restigouche confluence.

As the afternoon stretched on Raphael sought to recall the location of an elusive campsite he remembered from his previous trips. The countdown from Fosse 70 continued as we passed cliffs, gravel bars, and sweepers in this majestic river valley which swallowed us up in its vastness. The pattern was broken only twice, once when we passed a tandem canoe with two paddlers and then, a short time later, when we swung outside a fisherman and his fly line. From time to time Raphael would say, "The campsite is probably around this bend." So we would break clear around for a distant view ahead to the next bend. The province of Québec maintains no official sites on this rarely paddled river and the makeshift, pull-off-the-river campsites on the Patapédia are small and infrequent.

At 6:30pm (Atlantic time) we finally landed on river right at Fosse 37, a number that Raphael and I will never forget. Gilles was very familiar with the site, noting, "This is called 'Fisherman's Place Campsite.'" After ascending the slippery bank we reached the compact level site which featured a heap-of-rocks fire ring, a table, and enough room for two tents.

When I noticed the remains of a tree trunk with scattered shavings and wood chips, Raphael said, "This is where a tornado hit two years ago on one of our expeditions. We had landed and set up camp and when the sudden storm hit this huge tree came crashing down. Fortunately it was before we were in our tents because it landed just where our heads would have been resting." It was a favorite story of the Arpin Canoe Restigouche



"Let's push off before the storm hits." Anxious canoeists load their gear as threatening weather hovers over the valley.



An in-and-out Army Ranger style drill. After freeing the canoe from a rock jam, Raphael steps back into the stern.

Redistributing the weight. To lighten the load for a frequently grounded canoe, Raphael carries a heavy barrel to put on our hull floor.







Rocks 1, Humans 0. As the bane of canoeists, rock gardens delay the descent with much lifting and walking.



Nature's annual log harvest. A tangle of forest debris accumulates with every spring breakup, as the ice smashes everything in its path.

guides and drivers, photos of this near-tragedy were available for viewing back at base camp. "We cut off log billets from the narrow top of the tree on down each time we come here," Raphael continued. "Now the once long trunk has been reduced to little more than an uprooted, hacked-down stump."

With the only two tent sites already taken I was not particularly disappointed. I had learned long ago in my canoeing career that any tent site relatively close to the fireplace meant smoke, noise, and even animals prowling for food or garbage late at night. I trudged up the slope through the heavy forest cover, angling through breaks in the trees and bushes, and discovered a level area among the knobs. A short time later Raphael brushed out a few saplings. Shrewd, as all guides are, he recognized that this newly created site would serve well for future overflow camping situations. I now claimed the best tent site on the Patapédia, fresh air, no noise, and solitude.

Regarding campfires, I have always been acutely aware of their smoke. "We try to eat up everything at the last meal," another guide once told me. "In our early guiding days we would take home the leftover food but we quickly realized it wasn't any good. Everything smelled of smoke and we had to throw it away." That same guide eventually developed respiratory problems. After 20 years of leading 15 or so week-long canoe trips per season, making fires for breakfast, supper, and even for lunch during chilly spring and fall trips, those guides constantly inhaled the ac-

rid fumes. When a camp chef leans down on his/her hands and knees to serve as a human bellows, huffing and puffing on dying coals to regenerate the fire, the billowing smoke intensifies. Thus, like the voyageurs who had abbreviated lifespans, modern guides find themselves enduring the evils of woodsmoke as an occupational hazard. Alas, the great outdoors, supposedly synonymous with vigorous health, appears to be, at least in this regard, somewhat of a delusion and a myth.

An hour later, under a fly lit with Coleman lanterns, Raphael and Gilles served up baked chicken and rice, easily surpassing the cuisine in some of the best Montréal or Québec City restaurants.

Relaxing after the day's long paddle, my companions held forth with stories. "I have a father-and-son group, about 35 in all, coming in at the end of the week," Raphael said. "They will paddle on the Restigouche with one or two nights of camping. Without their mothers around the boys run wild. At night we sit around the campfire and I tell them stories about Native Americans, voyageurs, and moose. The kids get utterly bug-eyed with those legends and tall tales."

Our group tossed around other trumped-up fables used to bamboozle the cheechakos (the uninitiated), left-handed monkey wrenches, coiling up shorelines and contour lines, snipe hunts, and jackalopes and other mythical creatures that supposedly inhabit the vast American continent. "Have you heard about the sea bats?" Angus asked. I

hadn't. "Out in the Chesapeake Bay, or just off the Atlantic coast, sea bats often land on the decks of naval ships, fishing boats, and yachts. The deck crews during their clean-ups often catch these creatures and secure them in little cardboard boxes with air vents. An unsuspecting person walking by invariably would ask, 'What's that little box doing there on deck?' 'We have just captured a sea bat. If you want to see him, just crouch down, open the flap, and look inside. They are very shy and generally head for a dark corner.' When the curious onlooker gets down on his hands and knees and peers in, the crew members use their mops to give the unsuspecting person a whack on the butt. Even officers have been caught by this ruse." Fortunately no sea bats appear to be living along the Patapédia, probably too far north for them here, so I fortunately was spared that initiation.

That night we anticipated a sound sleep without intruders. "I have often been on Chesapeake Bay, anchored for the night in a quiet haven," Tom said. "Every now and then a party in a few boats would arrive late at night, anchor nearby, and then yell, drink, and carry on into the early morning." But unless a late canoe party landed here on this night, we'd have no such racket here.

The next morning, as we gathered at the riverbank for our final packing and loading, the murky sky appeared to be undecided whether to rain or to lift for sun. "When's the sun coming out, Gilles?" someone asked. Gilles undoubtedly had fielded that same

A warden's cabin and a chain net fence across the river tend to discourage would-be poachers.



After lunch, the canoeists brace themselves for a very long afternoon of paddling toward the downstream campsite and supper.







Gilles tends the fire at Fosse 37, "Fisherman's Place Campsite."

foolish question a million times during his years of guiding so he had an answer ready, "I am positive it will be 11:07."

"We ought to establish a betting pool," I suggested, "just like predicting the exact time of the spring ice break-up on Alaska's Tanana River. The winner of the Nenana Ice Classic, which has been held for 90 years, receives a prize of several hundred thousand dollars. Sometimes there are multiple winners so they have to share the prize."

With that, we backpaddled into the fast-charging water and swung into the current. As the weather steadily improved we enjoyed the first rays of sun by late morning. Gilles was right, even though he never collected so much as a dime for his accurate prediction. This paddling was a joy, abundant high, fast water, easy leads, and easy Class II rapids to keep us honest and alert. "That last Fosse sign," exclaimed Raphael, "translates from the French as 'Gates of Hell.' I guess that section was a little rough."

A short time later Raphael casually mentioned a river expedition he had led the previous year. "The Canadian Army sent some sol-



On canoeing expeditions, much time is routinely expended in packing, unpacking, loading, unloading, redistributing, and even searching for temporarily misplaced equipment.

diers to me for a trip down the Restigouche. They were part of a special bomb-disarmament squad headed for Bosnia, some probably for Iraq. Why they were here, and what their exact purposes were, I didn't ask."

"I know the military well through my own Army service and also through my research and writing as a military historian," I said. "In the interviews for my books I would often ask questions up to a certain point and then I would stop or would be told that I was asking about a confidential military secret, 'classified information.'"

Raphael and I both recalled Tom's comment the previous night about the American military contracting occasional trips with civilian outfitters and guides. "Sometimes it has a direct connection with a future military mission and at other times it is simply a recreational outing." Whatever the reason, I was rather startled to hear about a link, vague or otherwise, between this remote, idyllic Canadian river and the world's most dangerous war zones, thousands of miles away.



The spell of the Patapédia has apparently hypnotized three paddlers at water's edge.

In midafternoon, after lunch and a nap on a gravel bar, we were approaching the confluence of the Patapédia with the Restigouche. Ahead on the New Brunswick side was a massive, 50' high cutbank, looking as if it had been sliced by a gigantic meat cleaver. Each spring the dirt cliff face would be hit head on by the enormous ice out discharge of the Patapédia, battering and eroding its near vertical slope. A few broken trees clung at crazy angles like matchsticks, in time rainstorms, even plain gravity, would loosen and dislodge them and trigger little avalanches.

The mixing of the waters of the Restigouche and the Patapédia created the Million Dollar Pool, arguably the planet's most famous salmon fishing hole. Today, however, I saw no fishermen (or fisherwomen) as it was too early in the season for the migrating salmon. A few weeks later millionaire and billionaire sportsmen, and perhaps even a few common folk, would arrive to fish these legendary waters. For us, entering the Restigouche was rather like leaving a rough, unimproved dirt road and turning hard left onto a four lane highway. Suddenly we had plenty of water, plenty of space.

Always safety first, not safety last. As standard procedure, Gilles ties his wanigans and bags to the canoe's gunwales and thwarts to prevent loss in the event of a dumping.



Anyone home? With virtually no human habitation along the Patapédia, beavers retain a near monopoly on home construction.







Sweet music. In the bow seat, a canoeist hears the constant rush of water, the song of the river, and focuses on the view ahead.



The erosion process is constantly at work, whether by ice, rain, wind, or gravity. This near vertical cutbank on the Restigouche receives a savage direct hit every spring from the Patapédia ice breakup.

"Warden, we're just looking, not fishing." Sans fishing gear, Gilles and Tom survey the Million Dollar Pool.



Twisting my head backward I took one last nostalgic look at the mouth of the Patapédia. I loved this mercifully neglected river, one of the major reasons I came here. I doubt that years from now the Patapédia will be changed very much, if at all, since it's much more valuable as a pristine salmon fishing preserve than as a development project, which certainly would trash it. Exploitation of the Million Dollar Pool would be insane. By contrast, the Restigouche, even with its rather limited brush with bulldozers, was more of a big league, Google promoted tourist draw.

On the mid-afternoon paddle I passed scenes that were familiar from my 2006 trip; lodges, guides in their motorized canoes, designated campsites, and the white cross high on the mountain ridge erected in memory of long gone loggers and now watching over the fishermen and canoeists far below. Far downstream on river right, I spotted a solitary human figure. At first I thought he was a fisherman, even a poacher, scouting out a pool. As our canoe armada approached closer, however, the mystery man turned out to be André Arpin, the outfitter/owner of Arpin Canoë Restigouche, who was waiting to pick us up. People frequently contend that canoeing trips end at take-out, in my opinion, they really end when one is safe and sound in a bed or a sleeping bag.

Road access points on the Restigouche are few. By prearrangement André had driven his bus and trailer to water's edge at the end of a logging road. As Raphael had previously explained to me, "Provincial law requires that the logging companies maintain their roads and bridges in good condition for safe travel by the general public as well as by their own trucks. It is their responsibility to uphold such safety standards." Be that as it may, the initial uphill slope from the take-out was so steep and rough, with ruts and jagged rocks, that André asked us to meet him at the top of the hill in order to lighten the load. André gunned the accelerator almost like a stunt driver and the engine ground away and crept up the slope. At the top, where it was relatively level, we boarded the bus and were on our way.

Within a few minutes the rain began, followed by a totally unexpected thunderstorm that dumped buckets and turned the dirt road into a sloppy mess. André sloshed about for traction, the tires wiggling back and

Even when the trip is supposedly over, a guide's work never ends. Raphael and Gilles double as grease monkeys to mount new tires.



forth. Suddenly the bus lurched and took a hard tilt to the right. André stopped and he and his guides disembarked. He reported back, "Two tires are blown on the right side. Everyone will have to shift their weight to the left side seats." Raphael and Gilles, now doubling as a tire changing crew and obviously well prepared for such emergencies, mounted the spares and tightened the lug nuts. Despite working as fast as possible in the steady rain, they quickly became soaked.

Once we were underway again André waved his arm toward a completely clearcut forest site on road right. The clearcut had leveled an area equivalent to about four or five football fields. "That's what's happening to the Canadian forests," he lamented. "They are cutting all the hemlock for the textile industry in India."

That evening guides, drivers, and guests gathered at the Chalets Restigouche lodge for a farewell dinner. Although the restaurant had closed for business earlier that evening, the proprietors, the chef, and the waitperson generously reopened the place and set a table for us Patapédia latecomers. This kind gesture, going out of their way, was another example of the true Northern hospitality I have experienced universally throughout Canada and Alaska. Naturally I ordered salmon, one that had not been lucky enough to escape a commercial fisherman's net.

Back at my cabin I turned in, tired, sore, and grateful. In a sense the trip was now safely deposited like a valuable jewel in a bank vault under lock and key. No one could take it from me. The Patapédia was a keepsake gold nugget that I shall treasure for the rest of my life.

Before I pulled up the bed covers I reflected on a comment by Albert Camus, the French philosopher and literary figure, in his 1957 Nobel Prize acceptance speech, a quotation I have often pondered and frequently related to friends. His actual text reads, "Each generation doubtless feels called upon to reform the world. Mine knows that it will not reform it, but its task is perhaps never greater. It consists in preventing the world from destroying itself." Or, as I would paraphrase it, "People always want to save the world. Realistically, what's that? The even greater challenge today is to save what's left."

To me, the Patapédia is a classic example of "what's left," a relatively wild river symbolic of all that Kirk Wipperfurth has been promoting in his passionate zeal to save the remaining Canadian wilderness.

For me, for Kirk, and, indeed, for all canoeists, let the Patapédia continue to roll on, a river of hope, running free as it has for thousands of years. Flow on forever, Patapédia!

### Practical Information For The Patapédia River

For those who prefer a guided trip, one outfitter is currently available:

André Arpin

Arpin Canoë Restigouche  
8, chemin Arpin

Kedgwick River, New Brunswick,  
Canada E8B 1R9

Tel: (506) 284-3140

Toll-free: (877) 259-4440

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E-mail: [canot@nb.sympatico.ca](mailto:canot@nb.sympatico.ca)

Website: [www.canorestigouche.ca](http://www.canorestigouche.ca)

Most people use boats because they are fun. Many go to great expense and bother in order to achieve that elusive fun component and some are never satisfied with the results of their year's long quest. Last weekend I became reacquainted with an artifact from my youth that got me thinking about that Holy Grail of boating.

When I was a teenager my brother and I discovered, practiced, and mastered the ultimate boat fun activity. I had forgotten all about it until my dad said, "You know, I was looking for something the other day when I found your old rubber boat. I don't know if it's any good by now, but there it is." My brother Peter and I looked at each other and our minds went back in time.

My grandparents owned a place on Moody Beach. Moody Beach is the jewel in the crown of the South Coast region of Maine and my maternal grandparents had the foresight to realize the potential of the property back in 1929. Although there is little doubt that some thought it extravagant, they bought a 50' wide lot on the beach for \$150. The depth of the lot was variable. There was more land at low tide.

My grandfather built a summer cottage over the years and that's where my family spent vacation time. We grew up swimming in the ocean, surfing, clamming, fishing, and crabbing. There was nothing fancy about the house at all. It was the location that made it, along with the feeling of wonder that Grandpa would build such a place. He didn't seem to use the cottage for recreation. Watching his family have fun was apparently justification for all that work.

My brother and I are close in age and for some reason it never occurred to us that we should argue or fight. We discovered many things together, including the ultimate boat thing. Our fun was dependent on the location our grandparents provided, but some knowledge gained from practicing the basics was necessary. A built up resistance to hypothermia was important, too. The Atlantic Ocean is cold.

Before I go into detail about our maximum fun quest, I'll describe the boat and where we bought it. There used to be a big department store near our home called Spag's. Spag's was run by a self-taught retailing genius who lived by the creed "Pile it high and they will buy." Spag (his real name was Anthony Borgatti) would buy huge lots of merchandise and sell them quickly for cash at fire sale prices. No one knew what they were going to find for sale at Spag's on any particular day so impulse buying was rampant. One day, Peter and I saw a two-man inflatable rubber life raft on display. We had to have it.

Of course, we didn't have the money. So we raked leaves for anyone who would hire us, washed windows for relatives, and even replaced a whole house full of sash cords for one elderly couple in order to make the \$49.99 purchase price. That stack of money didn't include the price of the oars. We considered it a minor miracle that Spag's still had a few boats left by the time we raised the necessary capital in the late fall. We had just enough money left over for a pair of aluminum oars, but couldn't afford the pump.

All we could do was to think about boating all winter, and when we finally got to Maine the next spring we were flush with excitement. The first thing we did was addle our brains by blowing up the boat by mouth. It seemed to take forever and we were semi-conscious and dizzy when the inflation job

## The Most Fun That Can Be Had in a Boat

By David J. Hagberg



was finished. I laugh today when I think how easy it would have been to blow the thing up with the vacuum cleaner that was available.

Our only obstacle to using the boat in the ocean was parental objections. My mother suspected the boat wasn't, in her words, "seaworthy," so we had to use it in the salt marsh across the street for the first week. That was fun, but tame. During week two a great thing happened. My Uncle Gary, a Navy veteran, arrived. He took one look at the boat and declared it safe and unsinkable. We were ready.

Moody Beach is blessed with dependable pounding surf. The waves at Moody reliably form and break perfectly whatever the weather or tide. I have participated in science classes on wave mechanics and what theory I remember does not always agree with my practical observations. For example, the waves seemed to be same no matter what direction the wind was blowing. Science doesn't agree with that. I thought my observations were applicable to that location only but a recent trip to the Pacific coast found the same wave behavior.

Here are my observations, for what they are worth. First, all the waves that occur in any given time frame (say, a half hour) are not equal. There will be a cycle of middling quality waves, random in number, followed by three really good ones. The three good ones are followed by several inferior ones, followed by three more good ones, and so on. I don't know why that is, but it is.

Second, the good waves always break in the same place. Inferior waves are not quite as consistent. Surfing a wave, whether it's being done on a surfboard or a rubber boat, requires careful observation of that perfect place. Surfers have to accelerate ahead of the wave and being too late is, well, too late. If the surfer is in the right place he/she can accelerate ahead of the wave and catch it as it breaks. If the surfer misses the first good wave two more are sure to follow and the surfer can try again.

Third, waves that have already broken are useless. I have seen many people try to surf already broken waves and they are invariably surprised that it doesn't work. Again, surfing only works if the surfer accelerates ahead of the wave before it breaks, and if all goes well the moment of breaking propels the surfer forward and the wave can be ridden all the way to shore.

My brother and I knew all about waves long before we took the new rubber boat out. We had been surfing for years on Styrofoam

surfboards that my grandfather had reinforced with carriage bolts and grey painted plywood. He was into durability, not comfort, and durable they were. Rashes from those surfboards were an inevitable but acceptable consequence. We were in the water constantly, building our thermal tolerances and dreaming of bigger things. Our rubber boat exceeded expectations.

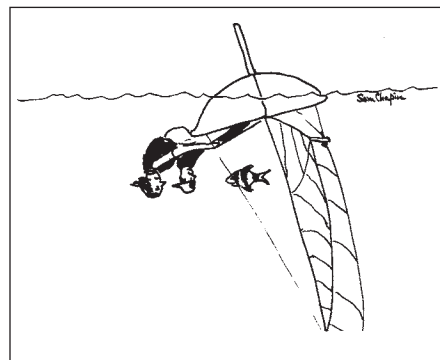
Rubber boats don't row all that well. That is acceptable if going fast isn't a priority or if there is some other magical source of propulsion. Our magical propulsion was the surf but we had to row in between waves. Hull speed in a rubber boat is a funny thing. A super-motivated teenager (a rare occurrence, but that's what we were when trying to catch a wave) can get a rubber boat up to hull speed in a short time. The boat quivers, the floor ripples up and down, the oarlocks deflect in response to the forces applied, but the boat goes right along until the power gives out.

The aluminum oars would sometimes bend under the strain so we took a leaf out of my grandfather's book and reinforced them with wood. The oars came apart in the middle and a handy 2"x3" could be ripped down by the nearest adult with a skill saw. That would yield two sticks that would fit into the oars, making them unbreakable. As a bonus the wood made the oars float.

Once the boat accelerated in front of a good wave it would rise almost to the crest and the craft would descend the slope of the wave and suddenly exceed hull speed and get up on a plane in roaring, frothy water. At that thrilling point we discovered it best to jettison the oars. We would just shoot them through the oarlocks and enjoy what we called a "Nantucket Sleigh Ride." I have never had boating experiences like those wild, exhilarating rides since. After each ride we had to find the oars. We would swim the boat back through the surf, pulling on a line attached to the bow, get back in, and repeat the process.

The last thing I should explain is what happened when things went wrong. Occupants of the boat got slammed, that's what. That was fun, too. Often the wave would break before the boat reached the sweet spot of the wave's breaking location. The boat usually capsized, sometimes end over end, and we would get driven almost to the sea floor. At that moment the extreme turbulence of the water was incredible. We invented a new word for the sudden violent hydraulic experience, "woogled." We loved to get woogled. Getting woogled was almost as much fun as a successful ride on the surface.

Now that I am old (50) I can sit in my rocking chair and give the next generation my maximum boat fun lecture. If they don't believe me, I'm ready to show them how it's done. Ultimate boating, anyone?



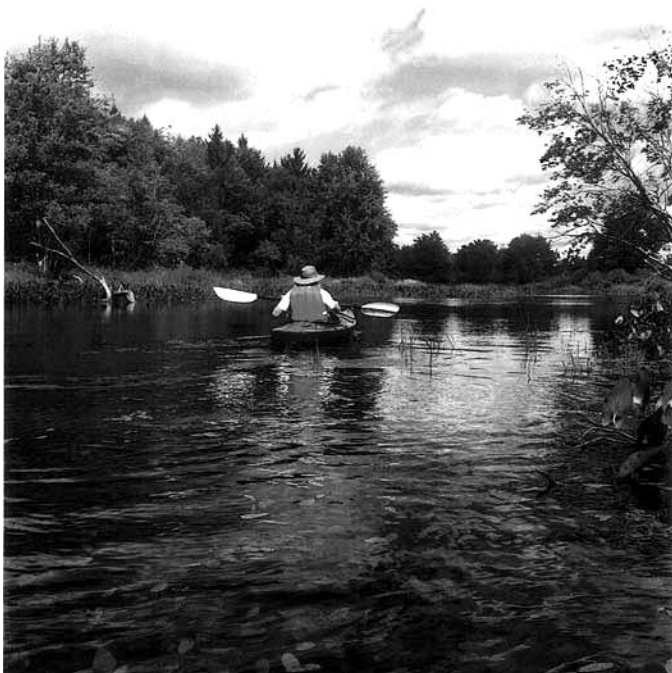




**Tango on the Cape**



**Up a lazy river**



## Paddling with Charlie



**2007**

By Bob Hicks

In my "Commentary" in the July 15, 2007 issue I made mention of some of my paddling adventures with my friend Charlie in our kayaks. Several readers subsequently suggested that they would like to hear more about this old guy and a disabled guy out paddling for fun. With our season closed with our last outing on a mild November 7, we have enjoyed 18 adventures on an assortment of ponds, lakes, flatwater rivers and one large saltwater bay. Charlie nearly doubled this total with outings with other friends. Next year 40 trips are his goal.

Our tales are not unlike those any of you could tell who indulge in such low level adventuring afloat. Basically, because of our physical limitations arising from age and disability, it just takes us longer to complete an outing. We stick to non-challenging locales enjoyed at a modest pace with much observing of the ambiance of each chosen venue. We have been pleasantly surprised to find so many lakes, ponds, and rivers within our eastern Massachusetts megalopolis with relatively undisturbed shorelines with quite a lot of interesting natural flora and fauna to be observed.

Our paddling for several years has been done in my 21' tandem Seda Tango kayak, but in 2006 and 2007 we reverted to mostly solo paddling, Charlie using a 10' Heritage fishing kayak offering great initial stability and I in my daughter's 13' Old Town Loon. Late in 2007 Charlie purchased a used 13' Old Town comparable to the Loon from the Massachusetts outdoor recreation program at a state park, upgrading his "speed" capabilities with the longer, sleeker hull shape while still retaining a high degree of initial stability to offer him a paddling platform he could feel comfortable in keeping balanced.

Charlie is a quadriplegic and maintaining body balance without the use of hip and lower torso muscles is a major issue. We have never dumped, either double or solo, but the possibility is there, aggravated if his boat were tippy. He is a good swimmer but re-entry could be a problem especially if we could not access nearby shoreline due to it being marshland or steep embankments.

During our season we enjoyed 15 different locations in eastern Massachusetts, with a couple of these getting second outings. No perilous adventure tales to tell; a couple of windy days requiring astute use of shoreline wind shadows, a one time rainy finish to a trip, and several dabbles into sailing, Charlie using an array of \$12 umbrellas bought at Sam's Club, I using a small fan-shaped polyvinyl battened rig I made up, as well as a taste of that Hobie trimaran reported on in the January issue. For 2008 we plan to enhance the sailing experience with, at long last, the fitting of a trimaran rig, taken from a former solo kayak, to the Tango. It oughta go! We'll see. There'll still be paddling though, lots more obscure Massachusetts waterways to look into.





**Concord Bridge in summer**



**Marsh, beaver dam, green scum**



**The new boat**



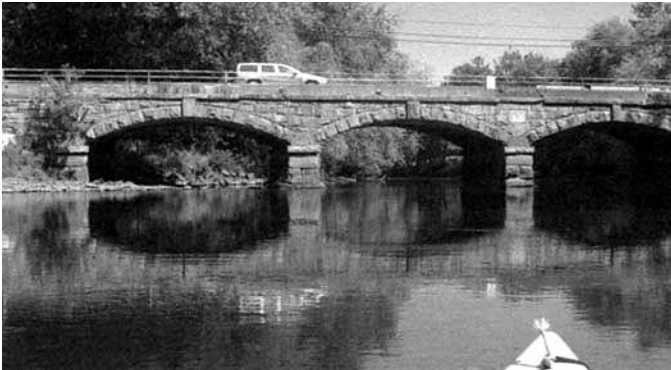
**Sailing, sort of**







**Stone bridges**



**Other forms of propulsion**



**And for our next act... a multihull Tango**



**There is a light at the end of the tunnel!**





# The Geezer and the Gimp

By Bob Hicks



Charlie and I in cycling mode.

I met Charlie Croteau about a dozen years ago when we were both volunteering for a Boston organization known as Outdoor Explorations which took inner city persons with disabilities (both physical and developmental) on outdoor adventures, hiking, bicycling, camping, canoeing, and kayaking. Charlie, despite being a person with a disability, was a volunteer group leader, not a client. When he learned that I was bicycling he approached me about the possibility of attaching a bicycle to the back of his hand-cycle trike to create a tandem so he could have company on his cycling outings, company that also would contribute additional motive power so he could get off the flat bike paths and onto country roads with rolling terrain. Out of this initial encounter came our still ongoing cycling adventuring using our "limo low-rider" rig pictured, the sixth permutation since the original hook-up we put together.

Charlie also did some canoeing with other friends and from this we decided to try kayaking in my Seda Tango double, something that we have been doing now for a half dozen years on protected ocean bays. A couple of years ago Charlie felt ready to try a solo kayak and I had a small rotomolded 10' Heritage intended for fishermen which provided the high degree of initial stability he would need to maintain balance on the water. He took to it immediately and our paddling expanded now to inland fresh water ponds, lakes, and flatwater rivers. In 2007 we enjoyed 18 outings, only one in the Tango, our on the water season opener on Cape Cod's Nauset Bay. Because we both can get out on weekdays we enjoy nearly private use of our chosen waterways.

During our bicycling outings we often interact with bystanders, such as when we stop at a sub shop for lunch. To overcome the PC outlook too many have when in the presence of an obviously disabled person we took to referring to ourselves as the Geezer and the Gimp which established our apparent self-image as not being one of being "special."

Charlie is a quadraplegic, a C6/7 to those who know the jargon. His 6th and 7th vertebrae were crushed in a trampoline accident in the early '70s. He has quite lot of use of his upper body, much of his back and chest muscles and his biceps, less of his triceps and no finger grip or dexterity but uses his hands pretty much as paddles with which he manipulates a surprising number of objects. Paddles, for one example germane to this story.

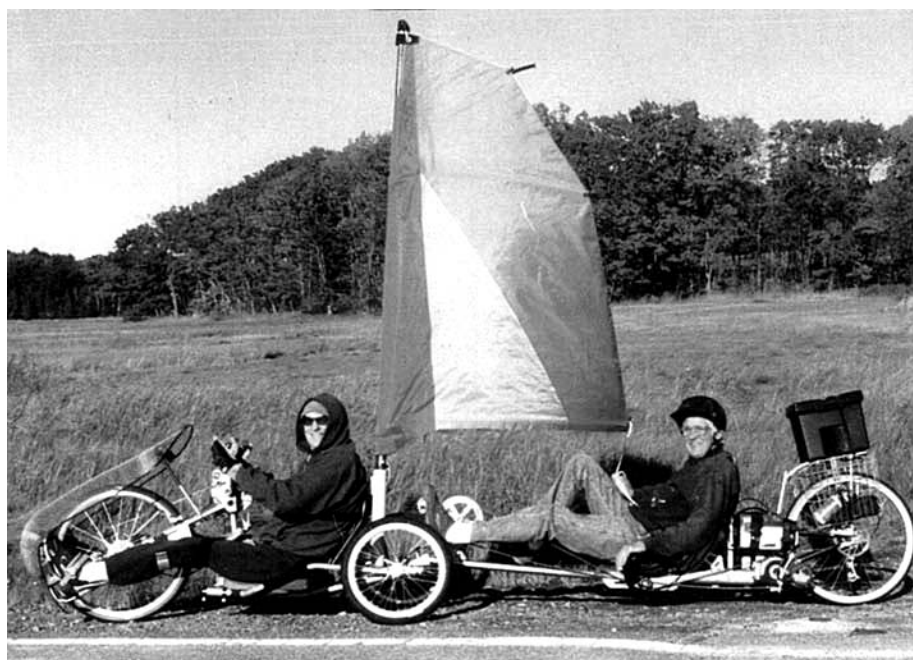


Charlie's paddle adaptation, enabling him to use a double paddle effectively.

Charlie solved the handling of a double paddle as pictured, making aluminum brackets which he clamped to the paddle shaft so oriented that when he wedges his hands beneath them the paddle blades are correctly positioned. He gets into and out of the kayak with conventional wheelchair bound "transfers," hoisting himself with arm and torso muscles out of his chair onto the rear deck, thence into the cockpit, reversing the routine (tougher) out of the cockpit and up onto the deck, thence to the chair at the end of an outing, something he does routinely every day getting into and out of his SUV to drive himself to work and play.

Our trips are always "round trips" as point to point downriver with shuttle cars cannot be easily arranged as the wheelchair cannot go along to be available at the far end. So we typically head out upstream so as to have whatever current assistance is there in our favor on our return. On ponds and lakes we tend to follow shorelines to observe the "coastal environment," "circumnavigation" best describes it. Typically trips run from three to eight miles lasting around three to four hours. Charlie is an avid well-informed naturalist and I get to learn a lot about what I am looking at along the way, on and adjacent to the water.

Our "limo lowrider" tandem cycling rig, here pictured with an experimental sail assist which worked surprisingly well on an open straight road with a strong (25-30mph) tailwind, 20mph reached with no assist from pedals or electric auxiliary drive. Not practical for road travel, of course, but great fun nevertheless.





### Background

After my grandmother Emily Currier died in 1983, my mother found a hand-written manuscript of this story in her papers. The handwriting is my grandmother's and my mother believes that she transcribed the story as Ham Bartlett told it to her. Based on the final sentence in the story, my mother thinks that this occurred around 1934.

According to my mother, Ham Bartlett was born in Harmony, Maine, and lived there for most of his life. He was my grandfather's uncle on his mother's side. Although he had married he had never had any children and his wife had died of cancer many years before. Because he lived to be quite old and had no other family, for the last several years of his life he spent the winters with my grandfather and grandmother and the summers with my grandfather's sister. My mother remembers him with great affection and says that she and her parents loved having him visit.

In the manuscript itself there are a number of cross-outs. My grandmother tended to speak very directly and concisely and my mother and I think that after she wrote down the story as he told it, she edited it. Where the manuscript is sufficiently legible I have transcribed the original content of the story so that it is in Uncle Ham's voice rather than my grandmother's.

### Ham's Story

I had been in business in Harmony, Maine, since 1858 and in the '70s I had, for several years, been going to Moosehead Lake in the fall of the year for my vacation.

I had early bought a canoe and gone to the lake to camp out for a rest and change, and I started in by myself without a guide and gradually got very well acquainted with the lake and later I had companions to go there on camping excursions with me. I had acquired a large tent with a canvas fly and a cooking outfit and a large woods blanket.

We sometimes employed Captain Cole, owner of a small sailing craft, who would take us round to different points in the lake, showing us the good fishing and camping grounds. And we would fish in the lake and when night came we would land and put up our tents and build a big fire outside for the purpose of creating a smoke to drive away mosquitoes. At the end of the season I used to make arrangements with one of the hotels at Greenville, at the foot of the lake, to allow me to store in their barn or stable my canoe and a box containing my cooking outfit and the tent and blanket.

In the fall of 1878 I was accompanied by a cousin of mine, Captain Azias E. Bartlett who was a captain of a company through the entire length of the Civil War. During the war he was captured and spent a long time in Libbey Prison. Following the war he served as chief mail clerk in charge of the mail on the train from Boston to Bangor. He made arrangements to meet me at Greenville with his son Harold, who was then 17 or 18 years old, for one or two weeks' outing.

We stopped at the hotel in Greenville overnight. In the morning on going to the stable for my canoe and camping outfit, I found the canoe missing. What to do was the absorbing question, which I finally solved by going to the general store of David Saunders and purchasing the largest canoe which he had in his stock. At the same time I added to the supply of provisions which I had brought

## River Rescue in Maine in the 1870s

By Ham Bartlett  
Submitted by Theo Ewers

from my own store at home, such things as were necessary for camping out.

After my various experiences I had become quite familiar with the handling of a canoe and also had acquired considerable knowledge of the ins and outs of Moosehead Lake.

Both Azi (as we called him) and Harold were familiar with boats and were unafraid in the water so we decided to start up the lake in our canoe, visiting various points and camping by night. While I had never been at the Outlet I had heard very much about it and had a great desire to visit it. So we planned to take that in at the end of our vacation.

Finally after several days spent in and around various parts of the lake we landed one afternoon on the shore near the Outlet. We made our camp at some distance from the hotel there and spent a day or two about the Outlet fishing and becoming acquainted with the dam.

None of us had had any experience in handling a canoe in running water. Two of the gates at the dam were hoisted allowing the water to pass freely through it. There was good fishing below and above the dam. We learned from Mr. Wilson, who was the proprietor of the small hotel, that parties often went down the river fishing in canoes. One person could safely run the canoe down through the open gate and land on the shore below the dam, his companions walking down along the shore. Both Harold and I were eager to try the fishing below the dam and I, being the more experienced, ran the canoe through the gate and we left it on the shore of the river below. Two being all the canoe could hold in swift water, Azi stayed at home in the camp and Harold and I took our luncheon one day and went down the river a piece and fished, returning at night with a little string of trout, finding the running water and eddies good fishing ground.

As an anchor to hold the canoe at different points we had a rock tied to a long rope. We did not venture very far down the river the first day, thinking to make another trip another day.

We had learned through Mr. Wilson that there was a farm between the Outlet and Indian Pond where fishermen might spend the night if they wished and we talked over in our tent that night with Azi the possibility of making a trip down river and staying at this farm, but without making any definite plan to do so.

The morning of the following day proved to be a little rainy and Harold and I, knowing that the fish bite better on a rainy day, decided it would be a good time to continue fishing down river. So we prepared a lunch and set out, leaving Azi in camp. We wore rubber coats and rubber boots, we each had our fly rods and a paddle and we carried in the canoe a pick-pole, a long pole with an iron point at end, to help in coming upstream.

We made a fairly early start in the morning with the idea of returning to camp at night. I sat in the stern and Harold in the bow and we let the current carry us down, and when ready to stop I would sing out to Harold to throw the anchor over.

We fished along slowly down the river and thought we would go a little farther down than we did the day before. We had been going and stopping for perhaps an hour and had passed beyond the lowest point of the previous day, and soon we saw ahead a stretch of rapids, a little swifter and rougher than any we had yet met. We had our best success by casting our flies down in the heads of rapids. At the proper distance above the rapids I called to Harold to throw out the anchor. He picked up the stone and threw it over and as it left his hand I saw it slip out of the rope which held it! Harold, I suppose, saw it at the same instant. We were in swift water and the first thing we knew we were being carried down into the rapids.

Harold at once dropped the rope into the canoe and caught up the pole and stood up to try to push towards the shore. This act put us in great danger of upsetting and I shouted to him to sit down in the bottom of the canoe. We were both entirely inexperienced in handling a canoe in swift water and therefore utterly unable to act together. We didn't know what to do, and before we could do anything, we were being swept along in the rapids, the canoe swinging sidewise as we went.

Suddenly we caught sight of a log ahead of us and realized that we were heading directly for it. It was a long double length log lying balanced on a partly submerged rock in the middle of the current and as we neared it our canoe struck it sidewise, Harold's end reaching it first. He at once jumped up and stepped out onto the log his pole in hand. This lightened his end and my end dropped. The canoe at once began to fill with water and I had just time to throw myself across the log when the canoe was drawn down and pinned under the log against the stone. Had I remained sitting for an instant, so that the water had caught me as I sat, it would have forced me into the bottom of the canoe pinning me there with the force of tons of water. I should have been completely helpless and I should have lost my life then and there and I should never have been able to tell this story.

We were there on the log, the length of the canoe apart and we drew up together at the point where the big rock had caught the log. We could stand with one foot on the rock and one on the log, and with the pick-pole stuck into the log we could steady ourselves by it as we stood. During the time we were floating down in the current my fishing net, which was lying across the thwarts, bounded off into the water and disappeared. We saw that our canoe was lost to us but Harold was able to reach down into it and rescue a small camping axe and he stuck it in the log where it remained. We also caught and saved our two paddles and the rope end, which we tied around the log. Lunch and fishing tackle and the rest were lost.

We began to discuss the possibility of one of us getting in some way to the shore. Our position was nearer the left bank as we faced downstream, which was the same bank as that on which were the hotel and our camp. If we could find a rock to which we could tie our rope and use as an anchor to keep from being swept away, one of us might be able to make his way to the shore. We judged the water to be about 4' deep and the distance not too great to get across. Harold, who was tall and had long arms, let himself into the sort of sheltered eddy formed by the boulder and below it, and reaching down into the water brought up a rock of suitable size. But after

considering and discussing we gave this plan up as impracticable.

Then we thought we might use the pole as a vaulting pole and jump from the end of our log beyond the middle of the stream and scramble somehow to the shore. Harold, who was fearless in the water, proposed making this attempt, but I being older felt myself responsible for our predicament and said that if anyone was to do it, I should be the one. I decided to take off my rubber boots as they would hamper me in my attempt. I took one boot and standing on the log and on the rock tried to throw it across to the shore. But it fell far short and was carried away downstream.

With the remaining boot being of no use, I made a more strenuous effort to throw it across but with no better result. I saw that the distance to the shore must be much greater than I had at first thought. Then I went out on to the end of the log with the pole and thrust it down to try to measure the depth of the water. But the current was so swift that it drove the end downstream so that it was impossible to stick it down straight. And then I saw that it would be utterly impossible to use it as a vaulting pole. I went back and told Harold of the impossibility of carrying out that plan.

When we found that we couldn't get to shore by our own efforts we began to hope someone would come to our rescue. But as we had not planned to return before late afternoon, we knew that Azi would not miss us until that time had passed. Our hope was that someone walking along the bank or fishing the water above might catch sight of us. But as the foliage was very thick along the shore, a passer-by might not see us, so we began taking turns in shouting at the top of our voices. We had left our watches in camp we could not judge much as to the time as there was no sun, but time was going by as we talked.

After a while we noticed that our canoe was being buckled around the rock under the log. Its position had served for a while to dam and raise the level of the water at the point of intersection of log and stone. But as it buckled it served less as a dam and more of the stone protruded as a foothold. It occurred to us that no one might see us or miss us until night and that it would be highly desirable to have some sort of a light to attract attention. We determined to cut our canoe in two and let half of it float away and from the remaining half, made more easy to handle, try to strip the birch bark and make a fire with this for I had a watertight match box in my pocket. We could not use the hatchet to much purpose as the canoe was under water. We had to use our pick-pole and we went at it. It was slow work for canoes are strongly made. We finally managed to get it apart and one half was instantly washed away down through the rapids, the other half remaining tied by the rope but it was swung down below the rock by the rope's length.

We saved every little piece of bark we could tear off and catch and crammed them into our coat pockets. But it was not long before the tugging water tore the remaining half of the canoe away down the stream. We were stricken with despair by this calamity. Our hearts sank and a feeling of hopelessness descended upon us. The afternoon was going by and we had saved only scraps of fuel for our intended beacon. Now what should we do? What could we do?

The removal of the canoe from above the rock which had dammed the water and caused it to rise about our perch, lowered it

a little leaving more of the rock exposed giving us a little more foothold. The water was left high enough to just splash over the top of the log at the center where we were. The two ends of the log were less covered than the middle.

We decided that we could with our hatchet chop some chips out of the log and point them with our jack-knives, driving them into the surface of the log and so make a little bridge standing above the surface of the water, out of reach of the splashing. On this we meant to build our fire.

Harold sat on one side of the rock, I on the other, the bridge to be built between us. It was slow work getting the material for this bridge. First one then the other would turn and face his end of the log and with the hatchet cut from it the chips we needed. We had to chop with one hand and seize the chips with the other, losing the greater part of them in the swift water. Finally we had a little bridge built up and we started a little fire from the bits of bark in our pockets as it was growing dark and we wanted to catch the eye of any searching party or casual passer-by. The little stock of birch bark we soon found would be exhausted in a very short time and we began to discuss what to do when it should be all gone. We made up our minds to continue to cut out chips from our log and split them up into pieces as fine as matches and stack them about our birch bark fire to dry them out and we burned them as they became dry enough to burn.

By this time it was quite dark, no stars, no moon, and we sat alone in the midst of those rushing waters with our tiny fire between us. We made up our minds that even if we were missed no one would try to rescue us in the night. If we were rescued it wouldn't be until another day dawned. The little fire which we had built became to us our most precious possession. It seemed as if its rising smoke carried upward our prayers for rescue. The cheerful little blaze was a real expression of hope or was like the hand of a friend reaching out to us from the shore. It was the only bit of warmth in the chilly night and kept our hands and our hearts warm. We felt that we must make every effort to keep it all through the night. It was a friend to whom we could talk.

It needed the work of both of us to supply the wood, to dry it out, to feed the flames. We had to sit astride the log, the fire between us, and each in his turn had to turn his back to the fire and reach out in the darkness and chop out of the log as many chips as possible, quite by feeling (his own shadow cutting off all light) and not one chip in six could be saved so many of the pieces being carried away. The chips were passed back to the other and were cut and stacked for fuel. I frequently caught Harold nodding and feared he might fall asleep and lose his balance and drop into the water.

I was a member of the Old Iron Clad Temperance Club and I began to adapt one of its songs to our state:

"Pull for the shore, Harry, pull for the shore.

Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar.

Safe on this old log, Harry, think of home no more.

Bend your back, keep your nerve, and pull for the shore!"

I felt I was keeping up his courage but all the time the waters roared and I doubt very much if he really heard me. Our frequent

changes of work and position were what kept him awake.

After losing my boots, during all this time I was in my stocking feet and my feet were down in the water. The hours dragged, how they dragged, but no doubt keeping up our fire made them seem much shorter than they otherwise would have done. All through the night we promised ourselves that there would be searching parties out as soon as morning came. Therefore, just as soon as daylight appeared we gave up our little fire and let it go out. Then we were both on our feet fearing we'd not be visible sitting down. Anxious to attract attention we tied a handkerchief to the end of our pick-pole and each one of us with a hand on the pole we searched every inch of the stream and the bank looking for our rescuers. I never once thought of food but Harold was very hungry. The sun rose clear but the trees on each side of the river kept it from reaching us for a long time, probably not before nine or ten o'clock.

When it finally shone on us I sat down facing it, pulled off my wet stockings, and began rubbing my cold feet trying to get up the circulation. I wrung out the stockings and laid them across one knee. The first thing I knew I caught sight of them on the surface of the water drifting beyond my reach and I thought it might not be long before their wearer followed them!

There I was bare-footed. Fortunately I had on an all-wool undershirt and I told Harold to take out his jack knife and cut off a part of the sleeves. I pulled these on my feet and wore them in place of my stockings so they protected my feet from the rough log.

The sun rose higher and higher and still we saw no sign of our rescuers. Nobody had yet missed us. Azi must have settled on the idea that we had carried out the plan we had spoken about, of going down river to the farm to spend the night and in that case he wouldn't look for us until towards night of this day.

The only hope was that someone from the hotel might come down fishing and catch sight of us and we MUST see them if they did. And one or the other of us looked up the river every moment in anxious desperate lookout. We knew we couldn't stay on that log another night for we had no way to start another fire as we had lost all the birch bark which we hadn't burned. We planned, if no one came, to chop the log in two in the middle, cut the rope in two pieces and each tie himself to half the log and each take a paddle and trust ourselves to the rapids and ride down stream. If we did that we must do it in daylight. We began to chop and the log was nearly cut through, only a few more blows and it would break apart.

All through the day, one or the other had been shouting to catch the ear of any passer-by. Not one minute passed, but what either Harold or I was looking up the river or scanning the banks. But as the sun sank lower I was pretty sure that the time had passed for any fisherman to appear. I thought the time had come to move. I had reached down for the axe. All at once Harold sang out, "There they are!" No sound I ever heard made sweeter music than those three words, "There they are!" We were saved at last!

I looked upriver and caught sight of the flash of sunlight on a fishing rod. They were not rescuers looking for us, they were two fishermen anchored in a canoe some distance above us. I knew at once they had not seen us. All was



darkness again! It would be a miracle if they caught sight of us with the water whitened by its roughness all about us making our little signal flag well nigh invisible. We began waving it vigorously back and forth. We were desperate lest they should miss sight of it and go away and leave us, our last hope of rescue gone.

All at once I saw one of the men snatch off his hat and wave it. When I saw that hat swinging in air it was the finest sight I ever saw. It meant life in place of death. For we knew the desperate attempt to ride the rapids meant almost certain destruction. It was like a condemned prisoner awaiting death who, hearing the step of the jailer coming to take him to die, sees suddenly that he comes bearing a pardon.

Immediately we saw the canoe make for the shore, landing one of the men, and then it came down the river nearer us. When the man who had landed walked down the bank opposite to where we were we saw it was the landlord of the hotel, Mr. Wilson. He began to call out to us but we couldn't hear a word he said. He realized this and began to make gestures and signs which we understood. All our shouting for these many hours had been utterly useless! He signed to ask where our canoe was and we could only point down river to tell him it was gone.

Then he went back to his companion and got into the canoe and they came out into the stream as though to come to us. But soon they turned and went back to the shore seeing that

the current was too swift. He came down to us again making signs that they would go back to the hotel to get help. And they walked away disappearing among the trees. Then we were rejoicing and feeling happy! And we sat down for the first time that day for there was nothing to do but wait. And not withstanding the fact that the slow passage of the night had seemed interminable, the waiting for their return seemed longer still. It was days, not hours.

But at last we saw three men coming and one of them was Azi. They came with a long thick logging rope and stood opposite us and they signaled that we were to make two loops in the rope large enough to pass around a man, six to eight feet apart. We had supposed that we were to be rescued one at a time and failed to understand why we were to be taken both together until later on.

After they were satisfied that we understood their directions they took the rope some distance up river and tied it by one end to a large stone on the shore. Then putting the rest of it into the canoe, two of them paddled out into the current. Mr. Wilson handled the canoe, the other man flung out the rope to be floated down within our reach, then they paddled back to shore. We went out onto the end of the log and managed to catch the rope as it came down under us. Then we began to pull it in and made the loops and passed them over our heads and under our arms. In doing this, it required all the strength of both of us to pull in the slack of the rope. Then we

saw we were to go together because one man alone could not have done it.

Mr. Wilson, with his woodsman's skill and experience had understood and foreseen this and had planned accordingly. He had signaled that they three would go back to the rock where the rope was securely tied and would pull with all their strength so that we should be swung in toward the shore a little more rapidly.

When everything was ready and the rope was in place, we dropped off the log at the same time and we were at once caught by the current and carried violently downstream, the rope pulling suddenly taut and holding us. We were both good swimmers and could hold our breath under water, and we had planned our actions for the difficulties. We drew a deep breath each as we dropped into the water. I was at once underwater and I hoped to strike bottom with my feet and so stand and get another breath. My head came out once and I saw we were nowhere near shore so I drew in another breath and went under again. As this breath was about exhausted I felt my feet strike the rocky bottom of the river and at once I struggled to my feet. Harold got his footing at the same time and using all our strength we scrambled to the shore. The jagged rocks cut my shoeless feet and it was with great difficulty I could walk at all. I found my shirt sleeves which had served as stockings had been washed away.

Harold could walk more easily in his boots. The men thought I was staggering from weakness but it was only the sharp rocks, disturbing my balance for I felt just as strong as I ever did in my life. As we neared the shore we looked up and saw the men still hauling on the rope at the boulder, so they couldn't come down to otherwise help us ashore. At last we reached the shore and they rushed down to us, and we found Mr. Wilson and Azi and a man named John Hall.

When Azi learned of our perilous position on the log for over 36 hours he was horrified. When we failed to return the night before he had taken it for granted that we had gone down to the farm and had decided to spend the night. And he expected us back at the end of the second day, just as we had finally concluded.

The men had brought down some food and a bottle of some kind of spirits. I took a swallow or two of the spirits. John Hall, seeing my lacerated feet, pulled off his boots and gave them to me to wear. I started off and hurried along the path to the hotel, about three-quarters of a mile away, leaving the others to follow. Arriving at the hotel I asked the cook to make me a bowl of gruel. I ate this and nothing more. Someone must have given me dry clothes and I was allowed to go to bed.

I never felt any wish for food from the time we struck the log until I reached the hotel. I had a good night's sleep and woke the next morning feeling as well as ever. I never even took cold. When I got up next morning and dressed I went out to the shore of the lake where I found ice half an inch thick. That was the coldest night for that date which had ever been experienced in New England. We heard later that apples were frozen on the trees.

Harold had a good hot supper before he went to bed and woke next morning with a heavy cold, which hung on for a good long time.

I said that I should never forget that experience if I lived to be a hundred and I am sure I shall not for I am already 96.

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The dock went up the third summer my grandparents owned their house at the Cape. After installing concrete steps made by his company into the seawall, my grandfather had the wooden dock go out straight into the water from the base of the steps about 40 feet. At the end of the dock was a raft with a connecting ramp that floated up or down with the tide. This enabled an easy walk from the house to the float no matter where the tide was. We kept a dinghy tethered at the dock in all tides so we didn't have to wade or swim out to an anchored skiff. Just as good, once we'd fetched one of the big boats we could pull up to the lee side of the dock and tie up for a while. Then elderly or very young passengers could board more easily and safely. Loading cargo was much easier, too, as we passed the burden down into the boat instead of up. Anyone who has ever felt the strain on the shoulders from lifting a loaded cooler from the deck of a dinghy up over the high gunwales of a boat riding high at its mooring will appreciate a dock's value.

My Uncle Don spent much of the summer before he entered the Marines painting the dock. He was proud of his innovation of mixing beach sand with the paint to provide traction for the walking surfaces. During this project he lost his watch into the water. He dove for it dozens of times but never recovered it.

My sister Jill and I went fishing off the dock one cloudy day. We were used to catching scup or puffers off of it. Scup were bony but they tasted deliciously sweet. If we hooked a large one we would keep it for supper. Otherwise we would toss it back. We never kept puffers of any size as the adults told us they were inedible. We had fun with the way they would inflate, though. If we stroked their bellies they would fill themselves with air to make it harder for them to fit down a predator's gullet. They were quite easy to catch as they were curious. Once I even caught one on a naked lead weight without any hook.

That cloudy day, though, I hooked a large American eel that put up a surprisingly vigorous fight. When I finally pulled it onto the dock I marveled at its size. It was over a foot long. I'd never caught one before. Its sides were a smooth, deep green darkening to black on top and white on the bottom. Unfortunately it had swallowed the baited hook and I couldn't get it out. The eel's wild writhing made it hard to get a good grip on it. Rain started falling torrentially, which was distracting and uncomfortable. My sister left for the house. I kept trying to get the hook out of the eel but made no progress. Then the thunder and lightning started. I decided the life or comfort of the eel was less important than getting myself to safety so I left the whole rig on the raft, making a half-hearted effort to jam the fishing rod's handle between the ramp and the raft to prevent the eel's wriggling from pulling it into the water. I hoped the eel would free itself while I was safely inside having my lunch.

The squall raged while we ate the tomato soup and sandwiches my grandmother had made. I looked out at the dock halfway through lunch and couldn't see over the tall *rosa rugosa* hedge so I went upstairs. Even at that distance I could see that the eel was still wriggling bravely. The rain was letting up by the time we finished lunch. When we got back out on the dock the eel was gone and the hook was clean. The rod remained where I had left it. Not only were we glad for the eel, I was relieved that I wouldn't have to wrestle it again.

## Cape Cod Harbors

### Grandie's Dock

By Rob Gogan

Swimming off the dock was a big improvement over swimming off the beach. My grandparents' beach was mostly rocks and seaweed with cold freshwater springs chilling the feet. The dock enabled us to walk out on the clean warm planks and set our towels down dry without getting them sandy. Best of all, it offered the opportunity to jump and dive. Jill got to be an excellent diver from practicing off the dock all that summer. I improved too, I haven't done a belly flop since, although I did more than my share while learning to dive.

One day that summer Grandie and I decided to go for a sail in his Herreshoff 12½, the *Hippen*. I was ready to go before Grandie, who was busy with some yard work I knew would take him a while to finish, so I went down to the beach alone. I decided to surprise my grandfather by bringing the boat up to the dock on my own. I was kind of green as a sailor although I had done a couple of dock landings under Grandie's supervision. I rowed out to the *Hippen's* mooring and started rigging up. I decided not to bother with the little jib as I was only going downwind to the dock. I tied up the rowboat, shoved off and sailed for the dock. The brisk wind carried me towards the dock faster than expected and I came up to the raft too far towards the shore side. The boat lost momentum shy of the raft. I needed to head up on the opposite tack to make progress to windward.

Now my troubles began. I pulled in the main and headed upwind. Without the jib, though, the sloop couldn't point well at all. The highest I could get was perpendicular to the wind. I made the mistake of pointing too high and luffed, slowing so much that I got into irons, immobilized by the headwind. I managed to catch the wind again and headed back towards the dock but now I had slipped 10' closer to the shore. I was scared that I would hit bottom with that big keel and damage the boat. I was also afraid of losing momentum and being blown aground. So I tore along on a quick beam reach. My speed seemed faster than it was due to my being so close to the shore. By this time my grandfather had come out, joined by the eldest son of our neighbors, the Dowlings. He had been a teacher at the Buzzards Sailing Camp and he took control of the scene.

"Can you raise your jib?" he called out in a commanding voice.

"If I stop to do that I'm afraid I'll run aground," I shouted back.

"No, you won't. You need the jib to get upwind. Just try it," he said. My grandfather didn't say anything to the contrary. He probably didn't know himself about the necessity of raising the jib to make the boat point higher. So I let go of the tiller and sprang forward to raise the jib halyard. I got it cleated and pulled in the sheet, then cleated that, too. Amazingly the boat started pointing at its wonted angle high into the wind and the boat climbed offshore.

"Thanks!" I shouted to Mr. Dowling on the beach. I'm sure Grandie had some private

words of thanks for him as well. I glided up to the dock and my grandfather caught the forward stay cable and climbed aboard. We shoved off again with me still at the helm.

I am grateful to our neighbor for talking me through my crisis. From that day forward I have always appreciated the importance of the jib in heading upwind. I am also grateful to my grandfather for not scolding me about the incident. I apologized for almost running the *Hippen* aground. "All's well that ends well," Grandie said. Both of these men were dead within a few years but my memory of their role in getting me to Grandie's dock safely will stay with me forever.

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At certain times of the year sailing conditions on a desert lake can be highly unpredictable, even when armed with that rarity, an area weather forecast that is reliable. Elephant Butte and Caballo Lake, reservoirs on the Rio Grande in the deserts of Southern New Mexico, are even more unpredictable than most because they border precipitous mountain ranges. Heavy air has a way of swooping up, around, and down the steep slopes, sometimes creating an unpleasant surprise for the unwary sailor. A short time ago I was testing a new set of reef points and a new hiking stick on my O'Day Daysailer, *Sea Biscuit*, for that very purpose when I ran into some of those aforementioned conditions and found myself in trouble.

It wasn't long after launching at just before noon on that day that it became clear it had not been a very smart thing to do. My friend, Foster Adams, had planned to join me but was unavoidably detained. That should have been taken as an omen. The forecast had predicted light winds for the early afternoon so the fact that the 2hp Johnson was in the shop for repairs didn't concern me, there would be plenty of wind. The 10mph breeze had drawn us gracefully to the center of the lake but it wasn't long before strong winds started popping up out of nowhere.

*Sea Biscuit* began to feel nervous and twangy like the thin strings on a guitar. The reach of the new hiking stick felt wrong, just not long enough for this kind of swiftly building wind. Hiked out to windward I felt the boat surge under me almost out of control. The sails, trimmed down tight with the new reef tucked in, drove the big Daysailer with formidable power. For some time the boat skimmed the now darkening waters like an inebriated Pelican, slipping around from wave to wave, possessed of its own strange dynamics, its human pilot barely able to stay aboard.

Sailing on this big New Mexico Lake was always a thrill when the wind came howling up and down the mountains, but this was rapidly becoming more than I had bargained for. Still the wind increased and the lake twisted its lead-colored face into something that made one wish to be someplace else. I had just decided to call it quits when Bang! That loud noise scared the wits out of me, had I lost the strange-looking rig or run into river pirates? Instinctively heading up I stumbled down into the cockpit, trying to find whatever had caused that terrible noise. The mainsail flogged like a rodeo bull as I slipped further down into the cockpit. When it became clear that the boat wasn't sinking

## Two Are Not Enough

By J.J.Bohnaker

or about to be boarded, I regained control of the tiller and fell off on a broad reach to reduce the flogging.

And there it was, the new reef line of the main had blown out, leaving the belly of the sail looking like an overcooked sausage. The un-reinforced reef points had started to tear at the same time the thin lacing had failed and the tack had ripped free from the mast. To be out in such a wind (I had believed the weather forecast) was too much for such a flimsy rig. I had miscalculated the forces involved.

Releasing the halyard, I frantically pulled the sail down by the luff while trying to keep the wildly bouncing boat under control. The damaged reef points were tied in again with a much heavier line (old pieces of line kept on board for such an emergency), making a firm bundle against the boom. But then it proved impossible to raise the reefed main because of the awesome pressure on the luff. *Sea Biscuit* tossed crazily, thrown around and up by the nasty little waves and she couldn't keep headed up, even with the tiller temporarily lashed.

With no other options the sails remained down and we ran before the wind towards the nearby opposite shore under bare poles. A small piece of sail was still up giving some control and I looked very hard for a cove or inlet to leeward. It had become one of those days when the ocotillos, a plant with tall, thorny, stick-like branches that can give you a nasty bite, whipped wildly on the desert ledges just above the lake shore. The sun and the now billowing dust began turning the sky into a depressing bronze veil. My watery world now looked more like a Martian landscape.

Control was less than perfect. We ran up on a rock strewn landing that had looked so inviting from just a few yards out. How easily one is tricked by the backs of those nasty waves. The gear was overhauled quickly as she was being pounded on the rocks. Pulling *Sea Biscuit* (she could be awful heavy at times) head to wind with much grunting, cursing and lots of flogging, I raised the sail with the damaged reef tightly tucked in. The little waves were just full of evil enthusiasm and pushed the hull viciously against grinding knots of baseball-size rocks.

It was difficult to shove the old girl off and free her from the bashing. But we did it, and once free speed gathered quickly in the

demon wind and I knew it would be a good trick to beat offshore with almost no board showing and without capsizing. That would be all I needed. A prayer was sent up hoping there were no big rocks lingering just under the surface. Thanks to a canyon arroyo feeding into the lake and the sleek Uffa Fox hull, deeper water was reached and down went her board. I pinched the bow towards the cove across the lake where we had launched.

The forecast had called for a cold front passing through with high winds building in the late afternoon, gusts to 45mph. My plan had been to get off the lake long before those gut-busters arrived. I should have known better, thinking one could beat the weather. It was all done just to test the new hiking stick and the reefing line with unfinished reef points (the grommets were just lightly tacked in place) to see if that greatly reduced sail area would give sufficient drive. The day had been so clear and warm and the wind had been so nearly perfect at noon...

As we neared the friendly shore I wanted to celebrate the end of this odyssey and was reaching for a bottle of Corona beer when the tiller turned to mush and just as suddenly the boat was running before the wind, again out of control. I looked for the problem over the transom over which, unfortunately, the bottle of Corona promptly tumbled. I sighed as the full bottle disappeared in the waves. Wonder of wonders, the rudder was only hanging from the upper gudgeon with a very weird twist. Somehow, when leaving the beach, the rocks must have knocked the pintle off the lower gudgeon and the upper pintle held until the force of the overpowered rudder twisted it. Trouble was coming in bundles.

The sail was yanked down once more to ponder this new woe. It seemed that running under bare poles was called for again as it was not possible to do anything with the pintle or rudder in the wildly tossing boat. The rudder couldn't be freed so the useless tiller was strapped down and I steered with a paddle. How calm things seemed with the sail smothered and the boat drifting before the wind. Luckily, there was time to ponder how to avoid making a third mistake...

This time luck prevailed and *Sea Biscuit* was brought up on a sandy shore. I had no tools with me so, after some deep thought, the upper pintle was straightened by bashing it with a handy rock. It looked pretty sad but I ventured it would hold. The boat was resting in a small shallow curve in the beach so I too rested for awhile and opened another bottle of Corona and tore into a cold green chili bur-

The lake and the Daysailer on a calmer day.



Sometimes the shore can be wicked.





One of those "Bronze Veil" days. Notice how low the water level is.



At high water, the lake view extends to the horizon.

rito lunch to calm the nerves. It's not good to be hungry when you're probably going to face more big problems.

Over my head rose some rugged, sharp peaks bordering a nearby pass. In earlier times the pass had been used by the Apache people to gain access to the river from the eastern slopes of the mountains. Earlier the invading Spanish explorers had used the same pass to load their barrels with water and chase pre-Geronimo Apaches as had the US Cavalry later when chasing or being chased by Geronimo's Apaches. The Apaches put up an awesome fight using raids, ambush, and terror tactics that frightened the wits out of the settlers hereabouts and caused much hatred. The settlers and the US Cavalry (many were the famed Buffalo soldiers) fought bravely against this implacable foe. The Apaches were fighting to keep their freedom and resisted all efforts to put them on reservations. They were nomads and the reservations provided nothing they needed for their culture to survive. Eventually, around 1880, the rebel Apaches under Geronimo surrendered and were sent to camps in Florida. Those were troubled times.

Of course the lake didn't exist then but the river was much wider than it is today. The river bank was then miles wide and heavily wooded with tall cottonwoods and thick stands of river willow. There are still a few small stretches of river bank left where this ancient landscape can be enjoyed, but not here. If you sit here quiet for awhile and think of what happened you can hear the thundering hoofbeats, gunshots, and terrifying shouts and screams of people engaged in a life and death struggle.

I waited for that maniac Aeolus to calm himself, but his fury only grew. The swirling sand blowing in from the desert stung my skin. Patience was lacking to do something really sensible, like staying put, so most of the beer was polished off, the rudder rehung on both gudgeons, and *Sea Biscuit* was launched once more into the endless rolls of mud-colored breakers.

Again she broke free from the shore and started a new duel with the wind and waves as we headed for the cove. It was great fun for awhile, lots of adrenalin, but it wasn't long before sheets of rain swept in and the wind turned cold and gained the day. The front had arrived. No one, it seemed, could sail a boat that size that day (certainly not me). I'd be overpowered by any size sail trying to beat up to the other shore. We ran once more, hoping a small piece of luck would hold,

but it didn't, the wind turned on us rounding a point, pushing the boat towards another rocky lee shore.

Heading up as best I could I tossed over the small Danforth but it might as well have been a rubber duck. It didn't even reach the bottom. She was tossed up on a rocky landing again. This time the rocks varied between basketball and footlocker size. It was a rough go fending off the worst of it.

Hours later (it seemed like hours) the wind blew off its angry huff and the front swept off, dragging the dust with it. Wet and shivering with cold I pushed *Sea Biscuit* off the rocky shore and sailed back across the lake in the now moderate breeze to the small bay where we started. I dropped sail and just collapsed on the already dry, warm sand, letting the old heart get back into normal gear. After a while I tethered the wild water bronco to a half-submerged desert bush and examined the torn sail and damaged bottom. It would all probably take some serious fixing so the best thing to do was open a fresh bottle of beer.

Sitting on the beach was inviting, much better than trying to deal with any more problems. Unfortunately my beer cellar was dry. I had brought only my usual two bottles and

was fresh out of beer. The breeze was soft and light now and the sky, coming out of hiding from the cold front, bravely displayed an unusual desert sunset brilliance. The air around me seemed to glow and shimmer in waves of beautiful deep purple. It was hard to believe such extremes could come and go so quickly. A pretty red-winged black bird perched overhead in a salt cedar, sang to the lowering sun, and then eyed me suspiciously as I drank the last warm drops from my previous beer. Jealous, no doubt. I wanted to ask her how she handled all this wind stuff but she flew off, unconcerned about my problems.

It had been really just another sailing day on a desert lake but the mechanical failures had made it much worse. I knew one thing, the reefed sail was good for driving the boat but some professional advice was needed to sew in and reinforce the new reef points, assuming the old sail could be repaired. And there was that wind and weather forecast, the plan to be off the lake before the bad stuff arrived, but the forecast timing had been way off. Do we ever learn? And even a daysailer could use a small set of tools, perhaps a larger anchor, and at least one more bottle of Corona beer in case one falls overboard. Sometimes two are not enough.

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Didja hear the one about the two California finish carpenters? Well, if you did, don't say anything because I'm gonna tell you again. Anyhow, these two California finish carpenters are in a coffee shop. One of 'em goes out to the truck to get something and comes back in the restaurant white as a sheet. The guy's in shock. "Joe, I just can't believe it! Somebody's stolen HALF our tools!?" His companion, equally in disbelief, asks, "Wow! Was it the house jack or the chain saw?" I was those guys once.

I had this almost new, really quite nice, Cal 2-27. She wasn't more than a couple years old. I was the second owner. Everything worked. She sailed well. In fact, the original owner had raced the boat around Puget Sound. As a result she was well regarded and people I would meet at various anchorages and guest docks would recognize the boat even after I had renamed her. Somewhat unusual for a stock standard production boat.

There was really not much, if anything, actually wrong with the boat. And I didn't, really, actually have any particular skills that would compel me to mess with a capable design from the venerable board of Bill Lapworth. Nor did I have any quarrel with the overall craftsmanship or execution by Jensen Marine/Cal Boats. I really didn't have much in the way of tools, or money, to make any particularly extensive modifications.

So it was with this somewhat dubious mandate that I proceeded to "improve" my almost new, really quite nice, Cal 2-27. Would it make any difference if I told you that I was actually living aboard the boat at the time? Or that it was the dead of winter, with snow on the deck and ice on the dock, when I proceeded to remove the entire interior of this poor vessel? There must have been some reason that I pulled the berth flats, hull stiffener shelves, and forward bulkhead out of the hull. I must have had some sort of plan when I removed EVERYTHING from the inside of the boat except the compression post, ice box, and engine. There must have been some sense of elation at a difficult task accomplished when I braced myself in the floating equivalent of a fiberglass drain culvert and proceeded to grind the residual glass tabbing and residual upholstery cement from the devoid-of-furniture hull. Nope.

For this sailor, at least, the vision of the Great Land (you know, ALASKA) is one of midnight sun, aurora borealis glowing, orcas breaching, pristine coves, and a zillion miles of tree-lined salt water. And the only way I can imagine going there is in a sailboat. Not that it makes any sense whatsoever, mind you. There is a sign on the public wharf in Ketchikan that says in moss-stained letters, "Ketchikan, Alaska, home of 144" of rain per year." One hundred and forty-four! Hey, that's 12 FEET of rain. I guess it takes that kind of precip to grow all those trees and keep all those water falls falling. And from what I have had occasion to observe, the surrounding municipalities have taken their cue from Ketchikan and allow that kind of liquid sunshine to interrupt their local beach volleyball tournaments as well.

Some of us don't exactly equate the pleasures of sailing to a far off and exotic destination with cold water steadily dripping from the main boom onto our heads, down our noses, and thence down the inside of our shirt collars. And most of us, wimps that we should admit

## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### I Can't Believe I Did That

By Dan Rogers

Well, the idea was to get the boat ready for a trip to Alaska. And I had this notion that the boat, as designed, as built, as raced, as purchased (by me) just wasn't up to the task. Just about my entire tool suite would barely fill those two hapless carpenters' Christmas stocking. Yep. I had a tired old Skilsaw with a rather dull combination blade, a cheap saber saw, and a couple of plug-in quarter-inch drill motors. With the exuberance of youth, I carried sheets of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood down the long pier. I carried two sheets at a time. Nowadays I feel lucky if I can get help and haul one sheet about half as far.

I visited one of the local lumber yard/mill operations and ordered a station wagon load of cedar and spruce 1"x2"s. They were, of course, planed to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x  $\frac{3}{4}$ ". I paid for the full size, the mill kept the shavings. The mill "relieved" the corners just a bit. And, of course, I soon discovered that two of these boards on edge would equal one on its side. Real handy, if you aren't completely facile with the tape measure.

In those days you might say I was more intuitive than systematic about my design schemes. You might say I tended more to the "visual" than any of the other psychometrically determined cerebral constructs readily available to describe this lunacy. Why measure when you could "visualize?" But I was determined that I was going to Alaska and the boat would have to be, well, stronger. Did I really know how much stronger was strong enough? Did I actually have a final design concept for the new, "improved" interior? Nope.

The snow stopped falling. The ice melted. Spring turned to summer. Other boats on my dock were getting underway regularly.

### I Can't Believe I Did That, Again

By Dan Rogers

to being, would rather be able to actually bend our fingers now and then without resorting to blowing on them and rubbing them against some of the warmer parts of our anatomies at least in July and August. At least that was what I was thinking when I bought this perfect boat for an Alaska trip. Yep. Just perfect.

Ever seen a Yorktown 35? They sort of resemble a boat built by a committee. Lots of different notions of an ideal boat all wrapped into one hull. The parts don't really align with any sense of design coherence. But what's that got to do with it? All a guy has to do is change stuff more to his liking. That's all a guy has to do. So anyhow, I bought this Yorkie 35 from a friend who used to buy and sell boats on a very regular rotation. The interior was pretty much complete. "Owner com-

pleted" complete, that is. I figured out later that was the way of all these boats. And, for a time I had a unique perspective into the type. Somehow five of the genre had coalesced on one dock right here in Chula Vista, California. Five of 'em. All at least a quarter century old. One still awaiting a couple "finishing touches," like an engine and rigging. One recently returned from extensive cruising down south, no internal combustion for that guy either. Two getting ready for a Sea of Cortez run. And yes, the one I bought to sail off to the land of the tall timber and cold salt water. What a small community of dreamers and doers we made up.

These days a boat of that length has all the features of an auditorium, cafeteria, dormitory, and English gentleman's club. But back then small boats were a bit less pretentious. Not mine though. Well, not in my vision of mine, that is. This poor little girl was destined to have an enclosed head, fold-down Murphy-style bed, hanging locker, diesel fireplace, dinette, dish cabinets, and other "innovations" before it was all over. She also got hull stiffeners that included vertical 1"x2" "ribs," Styrofoam sheets glued between, and covered over with,  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood.

Then there was the 1"x2" ceilings attached to the plywood. The foredeck wasn't quite stiff enough as originally designed. So I fixed that "oversight" with the addition of another TWO layers of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood and the ubiquitous 1"x2" boards. The main cabin bulkheads and overhead got the 1"x2" spruce and/or cedar treatment for insulation, stiffness, and, of course, beauty. Yessiree. My boat was certainly going to become something that would emulate any of the more "traditional" boats I had seen.

This poor little boat ended up with a thousand or so board feet of Pacific northwest trees stuffed inside. She eventually got an Edson wheel and radial drive steering system. She got a fully-enclosed dodger. All that insulation sure kept it warm in the forward cabin and enclosed head. The main cabin with that fireplace was cozy as a hunting lodge. The zip-up dodger was a great place to sit out of the rain. About the time I got her back to sailing condition, I got sent to New Orleans. I eventually sold her to a guy I met and he shipped her to San Francisco.

Did she ever go to Alaska? Did I ever go to Alaska? Nope.

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And, for a time I had a unique perspective into the type. Somehow five of the genre had coalesced on one dock right here in Chula Vista, California. Five of 'em. All at least a quarter century old. One still awaiting a couple "finishing touches," like an engine and rigging. One recently returned from extensive cruising down south, no internal combustion for that guy either. Two getting ready for a Sea of Cortez run. And yes, the one I bought to sail off to the land of the tall timber and cold salt water. What a small community of dreamers and doers we made up.

Turns out every one of these boats varied in the shape of "minor elements" like cockpit layout, transom rake (or no rake), where the galley or head or sleeping accommodations or steering device was placed. Such a plethora of individuality. My kinda group. Oh yeah, there was one other minor design inconsistency in these "35-footers." Seems they were all different lengths, too. By actual tape measure determination my "35-footer" worked

out to just under 11 yards as the football field is laid out. But what's a couple feet shorter than you thought it was, when it's soooooo big inside? What's a couple feet shorter when the boat is so obviously overbuilt? So ready for the raging sea? Sure.

All I was going to have to do is design and build a suitable pilot house. You know, for sitting inside and looking outside at all the dripping and puddling that happens on a regular basis in waters contiguous with the Land of the Midnight Sun. Just a pilot house. And, of course, new sails, and running rigging, and standing rigging, and maybe a repaint while I was at it. And a proper three-blade screw for the little Perkins 4-107 down there under the slightly delaminating engine box next to the galley counter top showing a bit of delam... Just a few, relatively minor mods and it was off to the great and mysterious Northland. I could just imagine the unbroken quiet of a small cove, the fishy smell of an abandoned eagle's nest, the...

Yep, I had the "vision thing" pretty well in hand. That was until I went looking for the source of a couple of "minor" leaks. This boat had a '57 Chevy style headliner of perforated vinyl over thin foam over 1/8" ply held to the cabin overhead and side deck undersides with wood screws and 'thwartships teak strips. The rest of the interior was 1/4" plywood paneling. I think it was originally oak, but with decades of staining and oiling the color more resembled ebony. OK, it was a bit dark down there. But, it was sooooooo big. Really big in there.

I traced one of those minor leaks to an oddly-placed 14" diameter teak deck pad on

the coachroof just aft of the mast step. The boom vang was attached to this huge wooden orb with an enormous pad eye and shackle arrangement. I told you that the boat was nothing but STRONG. With no fasteners showing from above the obvious thing was that it had been attached from below. Probably from the very beginning by another man of vision and imagination such as myself. Yeah. Above all that fancy '57 Chevy headliner stuff. So off came a few acres of headliner to reveal, well, lots of water stains, mold, and ABSOLUTE-  
LY NO FASTENERS.

Oh yeah, and signs of a break in the deck that could have come from one of John Paul Jones' last volleys just before he had ceased to "Not Yet Begun to Fight." I could stick my head through the break in this deck. The wooden manhole cover placed so charmingly over that minor blemish had been sort of stuck down with the last couple squirts of silicone left in the tube. Of course it leaked. Also of some note, the entire plywood core of the deck for feet in every direction was the consistency of wet graham crackers. And those charming faux bulwarks and unique hidden stanchion bases lining my gigantic ocean-going fortress' "distinctive" sheerline?

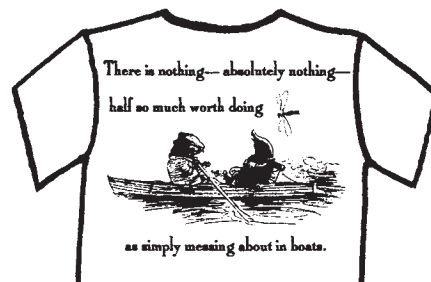
Well, if you have ever broken chunks of 3/4" plywood off with your very own trembling fingers, then you have some appreciation for the joy of comradeship I felt for the old world craftsman who had lovingly installed all those holes through MY deck without condescending to such modern frivolity as caulking. Ah yes, the comradeship felt toward an unmet fellow traveler through a common bond of craftsmanship and atten-

tion to quality. Yeah, comradeship.

OK. I admit to a certain sense of irritation. But getting mad wasn't going to get this boat any closer to thrashing bravely northward. All I had to do was, well, simply rip everything out of that moldy, leaking, cavernous cabin. And simply START OVER.

Two years and thousands of dollars worth of epoxy, fiberglass, oak lumber, light-veneered plywood, sawdust, and sweat later, I traded that miserable old dream-quenching barge off for a motor home. But that's another story.

Can't believe I did that. Again...



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### The International Scene

Super-sized container ships (13,000 teu) may use the same engines being used in existing 8,000-teu box ships, 26-27kt container ships are going as slow as 22kts and look for even lower speeds, all because forecasts call for fuel costs to increase from the current \$500 per tonne to maybe \$1,300/tonne. Therefore, it will take more ships (using more fuel producing more pollution) to carry the world's goods

Container ship sailings between Asia and the US East Coast will be fewer due to lessening US prosperity.

German ship owners can now hire non-German speaking masters for German flagged vessels because retirements have outpaced influx of young masters. The ruling is temporary but next year masters from other EU countries may be hireable if they take an introductory German law course in English.

The US head of homeland security stated that 100% inspection of all US-bound containers is not feasible even if Congress did vote it be done.

The Panama Canal set a monthly transit record for ships exceeding 900' in length by passing 164 of the big ships. The previous record was 159.

The National Transportation Safety Board found that fault for the boiler explosion on the giant *Norway* belonged to both the owner and the classing society. And mysterious copper nuggets were found near the fracture.

France rejected a request by the *NYK Antares* for port entry after that ship lost dozens of containers overboard.

### Thin Places and Hard Knocks

During very bad weather in the Kerch Strait and nearby parts of the Black Sea, perhaps as many as ten Russian ships ran into trouble. The *Volganef-139*, a large river tanker, broke in half and spilled 1,000 tonnes of crude oil, two vessels loaded with sulfur sank while two other tankers were reported as lost and two oil-carrying barges ran aground, luckily without spilling. The Turkish cargo ship *Ziya Kos* also ran aground.

The bauxite carrier *Endeavour River* managed to be speared by a navigation buoy as it ran aground in Gladstone, Queensland. It was under control of tugs but was pushed out of the way to make room for an oncoming much larger coal carrier and strong winds didn't help much.

In Norway, both the container ship *Anja* and the general cargo vessel *Havsand* ran aground, as did the tanker *SC Sara* in the southern end of the Dardanelles Strait.

In the Far East, the small Russian fishing vessel *RSH-4499* left port in stormy weather despite a port control ban and ran aground on Sakhalin Island, one crewmember died of hypothermia.

**Ships collided:** In Kerch Strait, the anchored cargo vessels *Volgo-Don 5076* was hit by the cargo vessel *Nika*. Both were holed above the waterline.

In Nigeria, the container ship *MSC Pilar* was on its way to Tin Can Island Port when it ran into the gypsum-carrying *Jusco Suzhou* which was discharging at Berth 19. The *MSC Pilar* lost steering and it was either the parked vessel or an oncoming ship.

In the Red Sea at night the container ship *MSC Prestige* and the VLCC *Samco Europe* collided. No dire results, just "hello!"

A 10,000-ton Chinese cargo ship collided with a fishing boat in the Yellow Sea, killing 11.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

**Ships sank or went missing:** In Kerch Strait, the cargo ship *Nakhchivan* sank while the crew was boarding a life raft during a storm.

The cargo vessel *Kamust-1* disappeared on the Caspian Sea.

The iron ore-carrying *Mezzanine* sent out a distress call, then capsized and sank in rough seas off Taiwan. Only one of 27 crewmen was saved.

The anchor handling supply tug *Setia Mega* sank en route to the Dulang B Oilfield off Malaysia.

In the South China Sea, the Philippine fishing boat *805900* sank, carrying with it 50 of 80 fishermen aboard.

The six crewmen on the *Lakshadweep* were saved by Indian fishermen after floating in lifeboats for five days.

The log carrying *Inaba Pride* sank east of Zhejiang Province and a local fisherman was the first to arrive on-scene. He saved all 23 on board.

A Chinese fishing boat saved 20 off a Panamanian freighter that also sank off Zhejiang Province.

In thick San Francisco fog, a bewildered pilot managed to direct the container ship *Cosco Busan* so it sideswiped a support for the Bay Bridge and that ripped open three bunker fuel tanks, dumping 58,000 gallons into San Francisco Bay and triggering an all hands orgy of recriminations and explanations, hearings, investigations, license suspensions, and proposals for federal laws, most of which reflected little nautical knowledge and would be unworkable.

Iranians rescued the crew of the Panamanian-flagged *Absoal* after it caught fire off the port of Busheir.

The reefer *Duncan Island* lost nine containers overboard in the North Sea and Terschelling islanders found their beaches littered with green bananas

While anchored, the tanker *Aleksandr* suffered a boiler room explosion that killed two.

A fatal accident that crushed a longshoreman closed the Port of Oakland for the day.

Off Lands End the car carrier *Figaro* lost power less than five miles from Wolf Rock lighthouse. The rescue tug *Anglian Princess* got a line aboard but it broke. The carrier with its 2,500 vehicles then regained power and made it into Falmouth safely.

Fire on the drill ship *Noble Roger Eason NS-15* off Brazil forced evacuation of its crew and injured seven, and the wellhead was shut to prevent bigger problems.

### Gray Fleets

Norway got nervous about the re-appearance of Russian Navy vessels along the Norwegian coast and moved more subs to the Barents Sea area for intelligence purposes.

New Zealand will help fund a Japanese led project to dismantle decommissioned Soviet nuclear submarines in the Far East.

The Russian Navy signed a purchase/sale agreement for the first of a new line of corvettes. The *Streregushchy* (*Guardian*) took six years to build and the next won't be available for at least four more years. Cost of the first item jumped from 1.8 billion rubles to seven billion.

Thailand wants a ten-year program to modernize its military and the proposed program includes two submarines.

South Africa, caught by a critical shortage of trained personnel, can operate only one of its two modern subs and may cancel the order for a third German-built sub.

India's efforts to develop stealth warships fell behind due to integration and weapon problems but deliveries of missile destroyers and *Shivalak*-class frigates will be "per revised schedule."

Brazil plans to build a nuclear submarine to defend the five to eight billion barrels of oil in its newly discovered and massive offshore Tupi oil field.

The South Korean Navy joined with eight other navies in Australian led submarine rescue drills.

Iran boasted that its new, home-built *Ghadir*-class submarine could not be detected, could fire torpedoes and missiles simultaneously, and was better than any warship built "before the Islamic Revolution" (1979). Also displayed was the new destroyer *Jamaran*.

Relations between India and Russia are cooling and the US may replace Russia as an arms source. An exceedingly slow and expensive acquisition of the Russian aircraft carrier *Gorshkov* and failures of 200+ *Klub* anti-ship cruise missiles to perform satisfactorily are major Indian worries. The US has supplied Vulcan Phalanx weapon systems and recently transferred the amphibious support ship *USS Trenton* (LPD 14), now renamed the *INS Jallashwa*. Interestingly, Indian parties have been discussing the possible acquisition of the aircraft carrier *USS Kitty Hawk* after it is decommissioned by the US Navy. (The Yokosuka-based *Kitty Hawk* is not currently on the Navy's official decommissioning list. In 2008, however, the *USS George Washington* will replace *Kitty Hawk* as the forward deployed aircraft carrier).

China deliberately canceled at the last minute a long planned access to Hong Kong by the carrier *Kitty Hawk* task group for the Thanksgiving holiday, denied port entry to two US Navy minesweepers during bad weather, and committed other slights, all because of the US reception at the White House of the Dalai Lama and arms sales to Taiwan. Ironically, at the same time a Chinese destroyer was making that nation's military's first visit to former foe Japan.

An explosion on the missile cruiser *USS Lake Champlain* injured six maintenance workers at a San Diego shipyard.

Maersk Line, a US subsidiary of Danish shipowning giant A.P. Moller-Maersk, would like to design and build the proposed Joint High Speed Vessel (JHSV). Its proposal is for a hybrid of a twin hulled catamaran and a SWATH (small waterplane area twin hull). A JHSV would be about 450' long, draw 25' or less, and have speeds up to about 40mph.

The structure of the UCAS-D (Unmanned Combat Air System Demonstrator) the US Navy's stealth robot carrier plane is complete and it is being fitted with subsystems while software is being developed. First flight is planned for 2010 and the first carrier landing in 2011.

### White Fleets

The luxury life wasn't always easy: A man was badly injured when he fell aboard the *Norwegian Majesty* off Key Biscayne, alcohol may have been involved.

A Dutch woman disappeared from an unnamed cruise ship off Florida and her body soon washed ashore on a beach at Hollywood.

An elderly man disappeared from the *Carnival Fantasy* while the ship was in the mouth of the Mississippi River. The man's cabin door was locked from the inside and a half-empty bottle of vodka was near his balcony.

An adrift barge ran into the *Norwegian Dream* at Montevideo and it missed its next two ports of call.

Tropical cyclone *Daman* blew the small cruise ship *Lycianda* onto a reef at Rotuma, a Fijian dependency.

Two hundred birders eager to spot pelagic species were disappointed when their cruise to the Mozambique Islands on the *Razmatazz* (a vessel of many former names) was cancelled, probably due to legal problems.

More than 400 passengers on the *Pride of Hawaii* were sickened, probably with gypo tummies.

Grenada is getting increasing uncomfortable about having gay cruise ships stop by and may ban such exhibitions.

Passengers on the *Artemis* were not allowed to land at Tripoli because their passports did not carry Arabic translations so the ship went to Malta instead.

Off the Greek island of Corfu, six passengers were injured during a lifeboat drill on the *Oriana*.

On the Nile, five Egyptian crewmen died when fire broke out on a three-story river cruise boat but all 43 French passengers made it ashore safely.

Farther south, in South Africa, a floating restaurant on a "booze cruise" capsized, perhaps due to hitting rocks or perhaps due too many people congregating on one side. All 42 aboard made it to shore safely.

Breaking a tradition that the British Queen dedicates Cunard liners bearing the name of a queen, Cunard's latest, the *Queen Victoria*, was christened by Camilla, the Duchess of Cornwall. The first machine-triggered bottle twice failed to break but a second bottle shattered satisfactorily when swung by a human. Some viewed the failures as omens of potential bad luck.

The veteran expedition cruise ship *Explorer* sank off the South Shetland Islands in the Antarctic some hours after its hull was penetrated by a small piece of ice. All 154 aboard were rescued after spending time in various life boats, life rafts, and Zodiacs. Questions immediately arose about watertight compartmentation, the rate of water influx through a fist sized hole that would cause an ultimate sinking, ice strengthened hulls, and the perils to Nature of cruise ships in Antarctic waters. Incidentally, the location of the sinking was remarkably close to where explorer Ernest Shackleton started his epic voyage after his *Endurance* sank in 1916.

Several cruise lines announced fuel surcharges of \$5 a day per person or \$70 per voyage and upwards.

#### Those That Go Back and Forth

At least 23 died but another 147 people were rescued when a ferry capsized and sank on the Chindwin River in Myanmar.

The Faroe Islands ferry *Norrøna* began to roll after losing power in high winds and vehicles were badly damaged. Photos showed lorries tilted over onto badly crushed cars.

The ro-pax ferry *Rio Paraguacu* ran into the tanker *Pirajui* in Brazil's Todos os Santos, injuries were minor,

In Sulawesi, two ferries ran onto coral reefs at the same time. The *Sagori Express* and *Superjet 15* were running in tandem. None of the 450 passengers were hurt.

At the Greek island of Aegina, the ferry *Giorgios* struck rocks and all 410 passengers were safely evacuated.

Searchers for a woman missing from an Isle of Wight ferry may have found her at home. She was last seen at a gaming table ten minutes before arrival.

In China, a ferry (name unspecified) carrying passengers and flour and cement capsized between Chando county and Peng-lai City. At least ten died but the ferry's master, Tian Deshun, who was rescued, hadn't made a head count and had let some persons on for free.

Elsewhere in China, a collision between a sand loaded barge and ferry No 128 cost eight their lives but 26 were saved. The barge sailed on unharmed.

The number of Egyptian ferries crossing the Red Sea has halved (from 23 to 12) since the sinking of the ferry *Al-Salam Boccaccio* in '98 killed nearly 1,000. The number of people per ferry has been more than halved too. But nine new ferries will go into service soon, including ferries donated by Qatar, Libya, and Saudi Arabia. Safe passage for pilgrims heading for Mecca is important to all Moslems.

Hawaii's new high-speed superferry *Alakai* restarted service after legal injunctions were lifted and the state legislation passed special enabling laws. Conditions included mounting whale lookouts, restrictions on areas of operation, and prohibition of carrying logs, cut trees, dead coral, or human bones, or discharge of wastewater. Environmental groups continued to oppose service citing co-existence of a high speed ferry and humpback whales as a major problem. The Coast Guard announced strict security at Kahului Harbor, where protesters had kept the new ferry from entering, and created both fixed and moving no enter zones for the ferry.

#### Illegal Imports

People in a desperate search for a better life, a perpetual problem nowadays:

Bangladesh authorities searched for about 50 people from a people-smuggling boat that sank near Myanmar waters. Another 50 swam ashore.

The Royal Australian Navy saved 16 from a sinking ten-metre boat off Western Australia.

Off Yemen, about 80 out of an estimated 126 died when their boat sank while fleeing from Somalia. The previous week another 65 Somali died in the Gulf of Aden.

In the French Indian Ocean off the island of Mayotte, ten died when their boat collided with a coastguard vessel and capsized.

At least 20 Africans died when a boat carrying 50 caught fire and capsized off the Gambian coast.

Off Ecuador, 14 died when a boat sank; one survived.

Two hundred illegals, mostly Iraqis, were found on a cargo ship off Crete.

The cargo ship *Fairpartner* collided with an outboard motorboat in the Mediterranean and rescued two passengers, thought to be Algerians trying to reach Spain, another nine were missing.

Off Turkey, more than 140 Africans died in three immigration incidents.

Greek police found 80 kilos of cocaine worth US\$5.3 million on a ship carrying lumber from Ecuador. Authorities in Greece, Croatia, Bosnia, and Macedonia had been tracking the shipment for weeks.

#### Nature

The Chinese VLCC *Hebei Spirit* was at anchor at Daesan in South Korea when a crane carrying barge broke away from two tugs in high winds and crashed into the tanker. Three of five tanks on the port side were breached and about 15,000 tonnes (66,000 barrels or 2.7 million gallons) of crude oil spilled, creating Korea's biggest oil spill. The ensuing events demonstrated that the nation wasn't really prepared for a major spill. For one, the owner of the tugs and barges, one of Korea's largest firms, refused to participate in meetings or accept any responsibility and it also took much wrangling and negotiation to arrange for oil in the tanker or recovered to be discharged to a refinery. Only the tanker master's actions before (he tried to contact the tugs and then tried to move his anchored ship out of the barge's path) and after the barge's contact met high standards.

Greenpeace feared that oil spilled in recent incidents in the Kerch Strait could destroy rare fauna but a Russian lawmaker shrugged that the damage was no worse than that caused everyday industrial pollution.

The Spanish port of Valencia finally agreed to allow Greenpeace's *Arctic Sunrise* to dock, just in time for a conference of the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change.

The Sea Shepherd's *Steve Irwin* (ex-*Robert Hunter*) left once more for the Antarctic to give Japanese whalers a hard time.

Norway arrested the Russian fishing vessel *Tynda* with 169 tonnes of illegally caught fish on board.

An American university operated research vessel ran onto a coral reef in Florida's Biscayne National Park and didn't report the incident. Look for a sizable fine.

The State of Washington said surface-water runoff is generally the largest contributor of toxic chemicals in Puget Sound. Oil spills were a relatively small source of toxins compared to oil in the runoff.

The Coast Guard sought the source of oil spilled off Puerto Rico. This was the second incident in the last few months.

The German freighter *Beluga* will fly a software controlled kite the size of a football field to save up to 50% of fuel costs under ideal conditions and reduce emission of greenhouse gases. The kite's maker hopes to have kites on 1,500 ships by 2015.

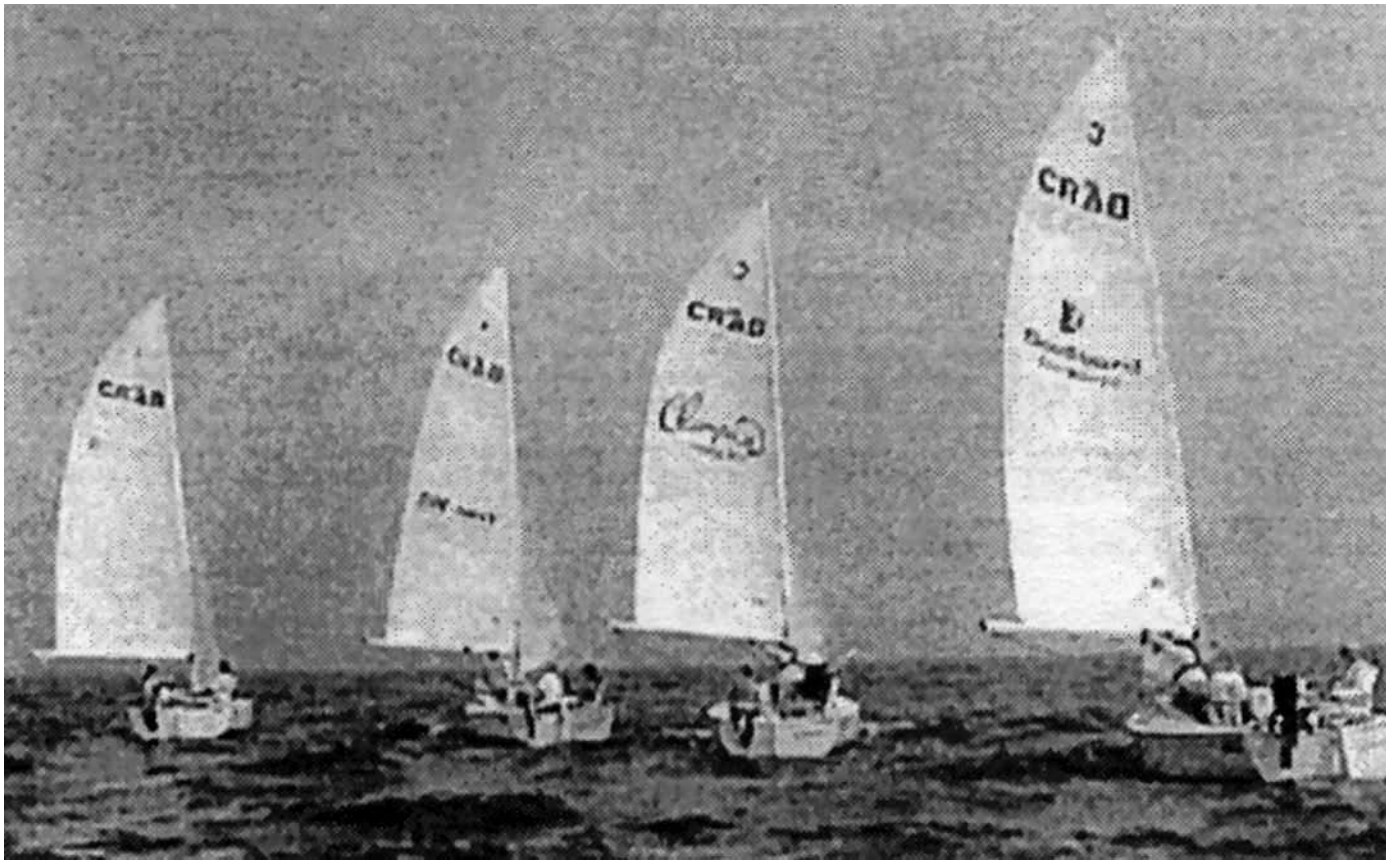
#### Odd Bits

Do you know where your copy of this magazine goes when you heave it? China's fifth largest import is wastepaper and scrap metal. This is important, maritime-wise, because the containers carrying scrap pay expenses on voyages heading back to China where much of a container ship's cargo is empties.

Twenty-two teams in the Woodvale Atlantic Rowing Race left the Canary Islands for Antigua. One team is composed of four women and they said they would finish the race naked if they met their goal of raising £100,000 for charity.

A vessel thought to be carrying more than 10,000 head of cattle sank in the Red Sea. The crew was saved.





## What Two Things Are Missing From This Picture?

**Rules-Rules-Rules:** Once again CRAB has been artificially held back from its goal of providing a full Chesapeake Bay sailing experience for our neighbors with disabilities by THE RULES. It wasn't deliberate and it wasn't done out of spite but the results are the same as if it were. And these rules have the effect of discriminating against all those sailors who have disabilities whom CRAB has put so much effort into ENABLING to fully enjoy the Chesapeake Bay as their more able-bodied neighbors have for years.

This time the problem is the rule that keeps us from officially establishing a CRAB one-design fleet (an officially recognized "Class" of identical boats on the Bay). If CRAB could gain this One-Design Class status we could have our own regattas and officially sanctioned trophies and allow our sailors to enjoy recognized standing of their competitive achievements among all others who race boats for the pure enjoyment of it. It's a shame that even though we now have four boats, because we lack two more boats we can't attain the status of a "One-Design Class."

So the answer to the question I posed to you in the title of this story, "What two things are missing from this picture?" is, this picture needs two more of the Independence 20s. Two more Independence 20s are needed to make our CRAB fleet a true "One-Design Class" for official racing on the Bay.

We were able, after a lot of detective work and phone calls, to trace down the quality boat builder who now owns the original molds and he has agreed to make a production run for us to produce the two additional boats we need. The price is fair but it's still far above our budget capability since CRAB

is a volunteer organization and we have traditionally only raised funds to pay for our actual operations. That cost will be \$31,000 for each boat.

So we are making a special appeal, to all our friends and supporters and other sailors who would like to see our special class for sailors with disabilities join the Chesapeake racing fleets, for the purchase funds for these two new boats and their equipment. If we are successful, with your help, we can have both boats added to our fleet in time for the next summer and fall racing schedule. Won't that be wonderful for those in wheelchairs who thought their world was reduced to a nylon seat, wheels, and a steel frame on the beach!

With these additional two boats CRAB becomes a national and international invitational site for Independence 20 one-design class racing for disabled sailors as does Chicago, Miami, and Newport. Those cities all have fleets of at least six boats, enough to give the proper rotations on different boats necessary for true team racing. If those cities can support fleets, so can we. Right here in Annapolis we are one of the sailing capitals of the country.

Here's what one of our sailors with a disability, Lance Hinrichs, has to say:

"I have been a lifelong sailor. My first experiences were taking day trips with my family, on charter boat vacations, and becoming a youth racer. This progressed over the years and continued to be an ever increasing part of my life as I went on to be a sailing instructor and more accomplished racer. However, it all changed when I broke my neck and suffered a spinal cord injury in 1982. That event changed my life in many ways

and led me to believe that I would never sail again. Fortunately, I was wrong.

"About five years later I got involved with a newly established program in Newport, Rhode Island, that got disabled people on the water, not as passengers but skippering the newly launched Freedom Independence sailboats. For myself and others this was a huge deal. I spent as much time as I could on the water and took many trips from my home in New York to Newport in order to sail.

"Over time I was able to get back into racing and found that my love for the racecourse was even stronger than before. Even though my injury had made me a quadriplegic, without the ability to walk or fully use my arms, I could go out and race against people of many abilities and win. Since then, I have raced all across the US, in Canada, and also in Europe. In short, it is one of the most important parts of my life.

"Four years ago I moved to Washington, DC, to work as a government economist and began sailing regularly with the CRAB program. It has become an important part of my life and is a great place to recreationally sail, race, and meet new friends. It has also allowed me to do something more important. I have three young kids and the CRAB Independence sailboats have allowed me to get my kids out on the water and introduce them to the sport I love so much, not from the sidelines as a disabled parent must so often do, but as a direct participant. It has certainly made me a proud father."

Here's what we'll get on the two new boats:

These boats will be equipped with the Honda four-stroke outboards just like our

other boats so we won't pollute the Bay with oily exhaust.

Safety and disability accommodations will be the same with stiff, beamy lines of the original, a stable platform for racing.

Lazy jacks will keep the fully battened mainsail that is piling into the cockpit when lowered.

Self tending jibs will ease tacking maneuvers.

Lap and shoulder belts on specially designed pivoting seats provide safety and support and efficient movement for sailors with even extreme disabilities.

Of course, winches, cleats, and lines all lead to easy reach.

We'll get a lot for our money, both in equipment and in the results as CRAB finally can reach the level of recreational and competitive sailing that is available to all others.

Dave Gendell, a member of CRAB's Board of Directors and editor of two leading Chesapeake Bay boating magazines, *Spin-Sheet* and *PropTalk*, has this to say about CRAB's programs:

"CRAB is a difference-maker in our community. Our magazines are approached by many interesting and worthwhile organizations and programs but, unfortunately, we are unable to work with all of them. That said, CRAB is always high on our list and we love working with the organization and its supporters. We stay connected with CRAB year after year and it is something we are very proud of.

We treasure our relationship with CRAB. I have seen how CRAB operates and this is an organization and a team with real impact. Overhead is low and results are high. CRAB reaches out and makes a difference in the lives of those who would otherwise have

no other opportunity to enjoy our sport and our Bay. The faces might be friendly and the tone humble but this is an organization on a mission and it is an organization that gets things done.

Anyone who has been touched by the water should visit a CRAB sailing (SailFree) day and see the empty wheelchairs left behind on the dock as the sailors head out onto the Bay. The very image brings a strong wave of emotion. Speaking with the sailors themselves further drives home the point. This is powerful stuff. This is important stuff.

CRAB makes it happen. The water has been good to us but not everyone has the same access and the same opportunities. I believe that as boaters we must do what we can to pay forward the gift we have been blessed with. We do what we can, financially, through volunteer time, and through other kinds of support. CRAB is the platform to deliver."

Since CRAB recently developed the informal racing that we now do (in addition to our SailFree program) we have seen a remarkable effect that was largely unanticipated.

First, racing has sparked interest among younger people with disabilities because of the high action and adrenaline rush of keen competition and it is a new program.

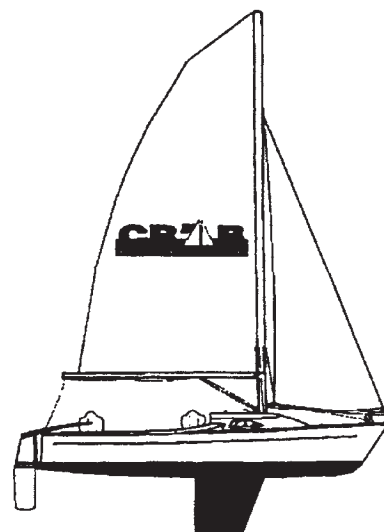
Second, even with our fledgling racing we are beginning to become integrated into the larger able bodied racing population, a goal CRAB has sought to obtain since our founding 16 years ago.

But we can gain even more. We will meet the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association requirement for one-design plus we will be able to expand our intramural racing and we will be able to handle larger crowds at our SailFree days. We can Win, Win, Win

against the Rules, Rules, Rules. With just these two new boats we can jump our sailing program to full parity with any other in the nation for sailors with disabilities.

For the blessings you have received in your life already and the challenges that you don't have to face that our sailors with disabilities must endure daily, won't you convert some of what you spend daily on "extras" into a check to CRAB today. We at CRAB thank you, in advance, for your generosity.

Don Backe, Executive Director  
(For further information about CRAB contact us at PO Box 6564, Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 626-0273, [www.crab-sailing.com](http://www.crab-sailing.com).)



## Here's what another of CRAB's racers with a disability, Rob Klein who is a real winner, has to say about CRAB:

I've had so much fun with my sailing experience with CRAB. When I first started sailing just after I became paralyzed (seven years ago) I had to learn everything new. The little sailing experience I had doesn't really translate when I had to make all my adjustments completely strapped to the cockpit. So Don Backe and his volunteers offered this incredible opportunity to learn how to crew and then skipper their Independence 20s. I have been matched with great volunteers every sail and have learned a ton of skills to use on the water.

I have worked my way from passenger to crew and now skipper and I'm winning some of the races so that's a real testament that this program is well designed and works. I know Don has some great ideas on developing the program further and I completely support his great efforts. CRAB really has an all inclusive program.

Rob Klein, C6/7 Quadriplegic, 2007 CRAB Cup First Place Winner and 2007 Boatyard Regatta First Place Winner

TO: Don Backe  
Executive Director, Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB)  
PO Box 6564  
Annapolis, MD 21401

**YES, Don, I want to help CRAB attain the status of an officially recognized "One-Design Class" so sailors with disabilities can compete and be recognized as equals!**

Count me in! Here's my check to help buy the two boats needed for class recognition payable to CRAB for:  
(Circle one) \$1000 \$500 \$250 \$50 \$25 Other \_\_\_\_\_

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Somehow the thought of cold bending chines and gun'ls into a whole fleet of 11' sailboats seems sacrilegious. It upsets the whole equilibrium of forces, it's just plain wrong. But Ray, who is planning to have six families build Mac's newly designed Midi-Mac, had never steamed wood. He saw no harm in forcing the chine and gun'l into a pretty drastic curve. But it made Mac wince to think of it. Something had to be done. A lesson in steaming seemed in order.

It has always been against Mac's better judgment to work with others. He works alone and that's probably why he continues to love every aspect of boat building. In addition, he hates the role of teacher, figuring that job is best left to someone else. Nevertheless, here he was, on his way to Ray's with a mysterious 13' long, skinny box with its protruding elephant trunk on the roof of the 1985 VW with the boat trailer in tow carrying the half-moon-shaped, 12' long bending form. The long awaited steambox demonstration could wait no longer, even though it was a cold and windy October day.

Unexpectedly Ray declared his tinderbox, 200-year-old barn off limits so we reluctantly set up outside... in the cold wind. Mac was thinking, "If this were not for such a good cause I'd never be doing this." But Ray's family boat building program is important and we all knew it.

Ray had cut two  $\frac{7}{8}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 12' chines from an unknown species of 2"x4". These we inserted into one end of the steambox. The other end featured an Electrolux vacuum cleaner hose which was clamped to the spout of the tea pot. The tea pot was filled with boiling water and placed on the propane burner.

The windblown orange flame extended way beyond the diameter of the pot and the wind changed the direction of the flame constantly so we requisitioned everything we could find to act as wind breaks around the burner; an upended wheel barrow, odd pan-

## What's Been Happening in Dover?

### Steambox 101

By Terry Picard

els of sheet rock, even a box of rolled garden edging. A second pot of boiling water stood ready for refilling the steaming pot. Slowly, very slowly, a meager wisp of steam drifted from the far end of the steambox.

We began to get impatient as we waited for that hearty head of steam and the sound of roaring fire so characteristic of these jobs. After 20 minutes we still couldn't feel that nice, penetrating heat on the outside of the steambox. Blankets! Yes, blankets would help! And every holey, mouse-house of an old blanket a 200-year-old barn can offer up got wrapped around that reluctant steambox. Ever so gradually the meager wisp intensified until there was a respectable plume of steam exiting the far end.

We added more boiling water to keep her going. On and on she cooked. We pulled out the test piece ( $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 1" x 3") and it was still stiff so we waited and propped up the windbreaks as they blew down, wishing we had chosen a cozy barn cellar to house this event. As the chill of the day crept into our bones our lawn chairs crept imperceptibly closer and closer to the steambox. Phyllis served tuna sandwiches and we sipped hot tea and waited... and waited... glancing at the old bending frame which had bent thousands of perfect curves. The C-clamps turned into question marks. Time dragged. There are seldom enough stories to help pass the time

on such occasions. Never did we suspect we might be creating one of our own.

Finally we decided to proceed with the bending, not necessarily because the steaming process was complete but because we were all chilled to the bone. With gloved hands we extracted one long piece and immediately clamped one end to the jig. Then we eased the far end in and around the radius, moving a second clamp from midpoint toward that end to help bring it in for a third clamp to fit on and secure it. Now for the second piece. The fourth clamp joined it to the first piece and the jig. Remove clamp #1. Bring the hot wood around and clamp. Oh, oh, there is a break starting at a knot. Quick work with a clamp eases that stress point and brings it back to a gentle bend.

We hammered both pieces down so they had full contact with the two surfaces of the jig, adjusted the clamps, and were beginning to admire the completed project just as the Electrolux hose caught fire. Ray ran and turned off the gas while Terry ran for the fire extinguisher (which had lost its activation button). The blaze succumbed to one of the battered (and now blackened) old blankets. The fire was out. So was the tea pot... out of water. The beloved old pot with the just right spout had acquired several sorry holes in its bottom during the melee. We three just stood there in disbelief and looked at the naked coil of wire that had been an Electrolux hose and at the useless, blackened hose clamp dangling from it. It confirmed that part about working alone being more satisfactory.

Did we manage to convert Ray into a steambox believer? Admittedly it had not been a flawless demonstration. Actually, it had been disastrous. However, in the weeks that followed the grapevine has yielded some possible encouraging news. Ray was recently seen scouring the dump for a big, old pressure cooker or similar pot to which he could connect a 2" pipe. He wouldn't say what it might be for.

## Report From the Village

By Philbrook Paine

Submitted by Ned McIntosh

Durham, NH, July 11: Let us today pay a visit to a modern, highly industrialized, and fully automated manufacturing plant.

The location is Dover. The proprietor is Ned McIntosh. The product is boats and masts.

As we step through the door we see the full effects of the industrial revolution. Time-study experts have left their mark. Running the whole length of the shop is a series of planks sustained in the air by ropes. The planks also extend through a window and some 12' beyond. This section of the apparent chaos is covered by what appears to be a mainsail from a boat.

The product coming through the assembly line is a 50' hollow mast destined to propel a 41' yacht. It is to be glued together in a shape roughly resembling a square.

At one end of the shop stands management, mixing glue in a coffee can. Labor has arranged itself at various intervals along the 50' length of the planks. This segment of the enterprise consists of Ned's wife Alice, his daughter Nancy, Col Edward Putney, a retired Army man, the village reporter, and Merl Wiggin, a brother-in-law.

Ned Barks out his orders directly to the workers, "Hey, Ma," he yells to his wife, "have we got any more cans?" She thinks she has and produces a couple from the kitchen.

As an efficiency expert, the proprietor likewise checks the brushes with which to spread the glue. After putting the figure through an IBM machine he receives the answer. Mrs McIntosh is dispatched to a hardware store for more.

In the meantime management gives his workers a lengthy instruction course. "Colonel," he says, "you stand about in the middle. Phil can take the section outdoors, Nancy can keep stirring the glue. Merl, you take the section down there by the clamps."

He goes on with his training course. Speed, he says, is essential before the glue dries. Everybody is given a brush.

"OK, start slapping it on," he orders. For the next six minutes we all apply the glue to various edges. "Any more cans?" he yells. The kitchen is re-visited.

When this is completed the hodge-podge of planks is cut down from its hangers and lowered into place. Now it begins to look like

a mast. Everything fits. Certain disbelieving comments are directed by labor to management about this miracle.

"Now the clamps," shouts the proprietor, upsetting a can of glue on his foot. We all jump for the clamps. There are 50 of these stashed behind old centerboards, on top of 1921 boat engines, and beside a band saw purchased in 1928.

"All boat builders are the same," Ned philosophizes, "Only some of us can get more clamps on than the others." This seems to be the truth. His trusty workers space them every foot. There are shouts for more washers and more bolts. Management locates them between an old spark coil and some fire crackers purchased prior to the war.

At last the job is done. The workers retire outside for the standard coffee break and a cigarette. Our task is finished. From then on, the final touches are put on by management.

Within four days, there will emerge from this chaos a beautiful, hand-worked piece of art that will grace a trim ocean racer. To anyone who loves craftsmanship a mast like this, wrought entirely of wood and glue, is more majestic and lovely than the finest piece of furniture.

But how does one get the glue off his hands?

## 25 Years Ago in MAIB

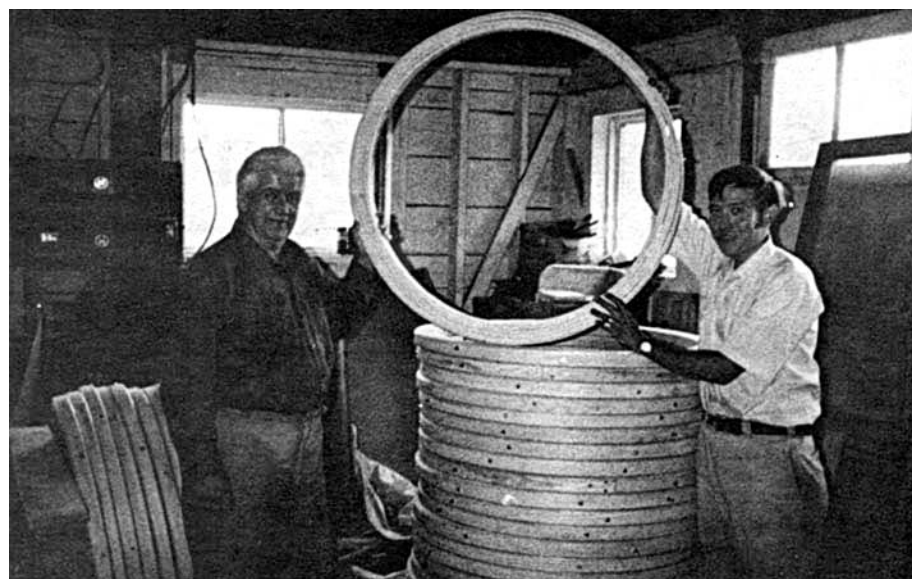
### Biggest Hoops Yet

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

The Pert Lowell Co consists of two men, Pert Lowell and his son-in-law Ralph Johnson. They work in a little shop on the shore of the Parker River in Newbury, Massachusetts. Mostly they make mast hoops, something Pert's been doing since World War II. They also now have begun building the famed Town Class sloop again in wood to order. Pert built the first of the Townies back in the '30s, working then for his father Marcus Lowell. Pert worked on the very first Townie just over 50 years ago, and today (1983-Ed) at 76 he's still at it.

In July just past Pert and Ralph have just completed the biggest order for the biggest mast hoops they have ever built, 50 hoops of 36" diameter to go on the west coast historic schooner, *C.A. Thayer*. The *Thayer* belongs to the San Francisco Maritime State Historical Monument and is on display there. She ended her days of commercial sail in 1950 and after a brief commercial venture as a "pirate" ship in the Northwest came into the possession of the state. The *Thayer* was built in 1895 as a lumber schooner, later worked as a fishing schooner in the Bering Sea, and continued to function hauling cargo until 1950, the very last of the West Coast sailing fleet, an anachronism by the time she was retired and the object of much press attention as a result.

The restorers came to Pert Lowell for the new mast hoops to fit on those towering spars because Pert's just about the only source for the real thing, red oak hoops wound up on forms after boiling in hot water to soften the wood. Pert's usual trade runs in the 6" to 15" size range, the largest previous hoops were 24" diameter. So these monsters required some improvisation to make.



The red oak was delivered from the sawmill in 30' lengths, sawn 1"x 2". Each of these strips would become a single hoop. Now there's a mathematical issue involved in a hoop of this scale. The inside diameter of 34" is 5" smaller than the outside diameter after the 1" thick stock is rolled around the form two and a half times. The circumference is thus about 15" longer on the outside than the inside. This means the oak has to compress on the inside and stretch on the outside a combined total of these 15". Well that just ain't possible, the wood fractures.

So before the boiling Pert saws the wood lengthwise on its 1" dimension into two 1/2"x2" strips, leaving one end still joined for a few inches. Now the wood can creep along itself as it is wound onto the form more easily. Next boiling Pert doesn't steam, he boils. It doesn't discolor the wood as much and the wood is easier to handle hot from the tank barehanded. Yes, barehanded. After 40 years...

Well, Pert's tank was 16' long. How to boil 30'? He made a shallow wooden trough,

attached it to one end of the stainless tank (itself a shallow trough) set up on a slight incline. A pump was installed to pump boiling water from the tank to the far end of the wooden trough where it would run down over the oak strip back into the main tank. A half hour of this and the wood was ready.

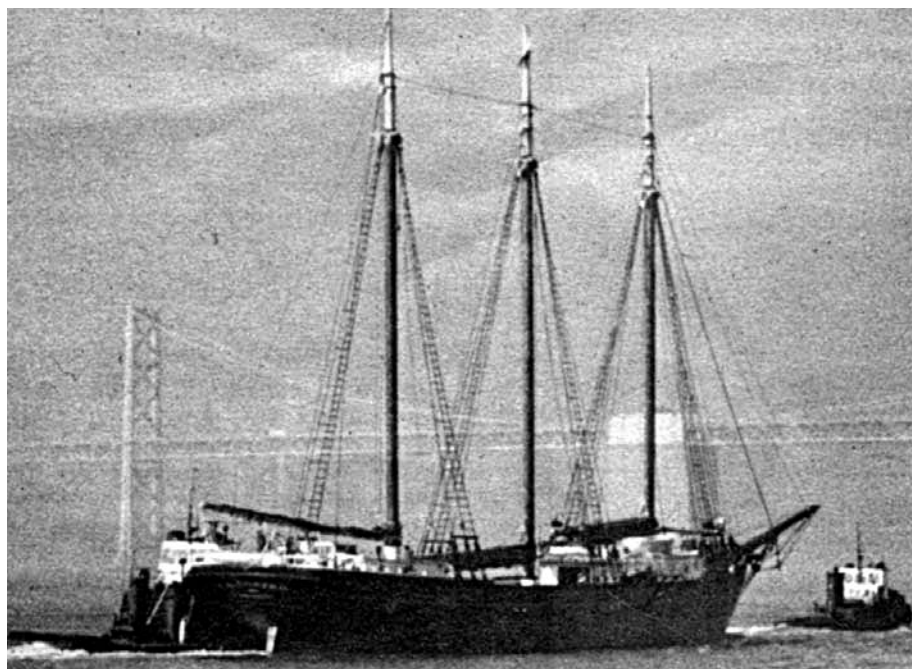
Now to bend the hoop. The uncut end of the split strip was fastened to the edge of the 34" diameter form. Just a wooden wheel actually. The far end was held by Pert on the floor to keep the two parts aligned in the 2" dimension. Ralph and another strong helper brought in for the occasion then "rolled" the form along the floor on top of the oak strip, rolling the oak onto the form as they went. It took all their might to keep it tight and in line. When they arrived at Pert a waiting screw was fastened through the oak to hold it. Of course the inner "section" of the split strip went on around the form further than the outer as the difference in circumference manifested itself.

The hoop was then removed from the form and set aside to dry. Later it would be through bolted permanently, sanded smooth, oiled, and readied for varnishing.

They did this 60 times, making extra hoops because sometimes the wood is just about all wound on when "crack," the oak lets go in a weak spot. Even though it was specially ordered clear stock, hidden flaws do exist in the wood.

So when the sails are hauled aloft on those three towering masts they'll be riding up on these hoops made right here in New England in what has got to be one of our most unique remaining "old ways" specialty workshops. If ever you are in need of real mast hoops, Pert Lowell's the man to see, he's made them from 3" on up in diameter, reasonably priced, just the way they used to be made. Pert Lowell Company is located at Lane's End in Newbury, MA, just off Rt 1A at the Parker River bridge. The phone number is (978) 462-7409.

*The Pert Lowell Co is still in business making mast hoops and Townie sloops in the same shop on Newbury's tidal Parker River (see their ad in the "Builders & Restorers" section). Pert is gone now but Ralph carries on. That phone number still works, we had only to update the area code.*





(One of the most enthusiastic dinghy sailors in the DCA gives his frank views on starting out and coping with the demands of cruising in small boats.)

As Len Wingfield pointed out in his proposed crew ability recommendations, most DCA members are established sailors with many years' experience. I do not believe the DCA has done enough to prepare new members for what is quite a demanding sport. My learning curve was steep. I have gone from non-sailor to rally host in just over five years. All my stupid mistakes are fairly recent memories. My first year with the DCA was awful. We live and learn. The dinghy cruiser has plenty of opportunity to become uncomfortable. This can ruin what should have been an enjoyable cruise.

Comfort comes in several forms. I call them freedoms:

- Freedom from fear.
- Freedom from disappointment.
- Freedom from interferences.
- Freedom from cold.
- Freedom from fatigue.
- Freedom from hunger.

### Psychological Comfort Tides

The sailing day starts at around 6am and ends when it gets dark. Buy a tidal atlas and plan your passage so that the water is going the same way as you are. If this means stopping for a few hours at a river mouth for the tide to change, then anchor or pick up a mooring. Cook a meal, turn on the radio, have a doze. On a crossing, aim to reach your destination well up tide from the harbour or river you intend to enter. Drifting down with the tide can be done quickly, you'll cover a mile in half an hour or less even under oars. It can be impossible to make progress against a tide. That mile could take six hours. By that time it may be dark. Failure to work tides seems to be the number one reason for people having bad passages.

### Getting Lost

The feeling of panic when this happens is quite overwhelming. This happened to me in Chichester Harbour. I was over Pilsey Sands. I did not recognize anything on shore. I started to doubt my compass and ended up going up Emsworth Channel. I got a position fix on Marker Point buoy but lost the tide. The three-mile journey from East Head took five hours. A GPS will give you a fix anywhere, day or night. Mine came from Millets, is waterproof, and does both longitude/latitude and O/S grid reference. You should not need to use it very often. Always use a paper chart as back-up.

### Getting Back

If I am attending a weekend rally on the Isle of Wight I normally book Monday and Tuesday off work. This takes a lot of pressure off getting back. If conditions still look bad by Monday night I will have to go and get the car and trailer on the ferry to rescue the boat. If conditions look really bad, seek shelter in a marina or, if you must, work the boat up a beach with the tide. You will have to be ready by the next high water to steady it. I did this one Saturday afternoon on the River Medina, Isle of Wight, and sailed back the following Monday. Sailing in really strong winds is no fun and not safe. Go home or spend the day ashore. Plan a new cruise next month.

## DINGHY CRUISING ASSOCIATION



*A number of years back the small boat adventuring of Britishers Frank and Margaret Dye in their Wayfarer open sailing dinghy chronicled in several books they wrote on their experiences alerted me to the nature of small boat cruising as practiced by hard core British enthusiasts. Their attitude is neatly summarized by a remark in this article, "The sailing day starts at around 6am and ends when it gets dark." I love this "total immersion" outlook when playing ones favorite game.*

*The Dye's books led me to the Dinghy Cruising Association and I have since exchanged subscriptions with them over many years. I have now concluded that I would like to share with you some of the outstanding articles published in their really interesting quarterly newsletter and they have graciously agreed to my request. And so we begin with this issue an ongoing series I feel you will find engrossing, entertaining and informative.—Ed*

## Comfort On a Dinghy Cruise

By Cliff Martin

Reprinted from the Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association

### Theft

Do your very best not to worry about people stealing gear out of your boat. The reality is you are far more likely to lose gear yourself than to have it pinched. Accept that you will have to buy replacements at times. Keep expensive items hidden and, while underway, important stuff tied to the boat.

### Other Sailors

The time will come when someone else decides you are in the wrong place in the wrong boat, or you shouldn't be there, and they want to give you a hard time over it. People like this can destroy your confidence and without this all else is lost. I have a favourite bit of music in my head that makes me feel very calm. I hum or sing it to myself then smile at the other sailor(s). There is rarely any need to say much. You may find

someone desperate to give you a tow, normally when you are rowing. If at all possible avoid getting in a situation where you need a tow and refuse any you don't need. Once you have picked up that tow line they may consider themselves heroes and try to make you feel very small.

### Personal Comfort Fatigue

It is vital that the sailor does not become too tired. Two factors that need to be addressed are limiting time underway to a realistic duration and having a decent bunk to sleep in. For me, I need to limit my time underway to a maximum of eight hours each day. During my 2006 summer cruise with David Jones I became tired and suggested a rest day during which we only sailed for about two hours. David later thanked me for this. He must have been getting tired, too. We were both single-handing our boats and had had quite a hard passage the day before.

My bunk is 7' long, 4' wide, flat plywood. I use an airbed, an inflatable pillow, a sleeping bag, and a hot water bottle. I cannot sleep with cold feet. I leave a very dim LED light on all night so that I can find things if I wake up.

### Hunger

My experience as a manual worker has shown how peoples' enthusiasm, alertness, energy, and humour fall if they fail to eat during the day. I like a coffee every two hours or so although this is not always possible. My minimum requirement while underway is a box of oatcakes and a bottle of water in the cockpit. I eat at least two big meals each day. Breakfast is always porridge. I use a pint of UHT milk and put in plenty of sultanas. If the porridge is too thick I add water. This is better than adding more oats to a runny porridge.

If I don't eat out in the evening I usually boil some pasta then add a tin of sweetcorn and a tine of sour chicken. I eat straight out of the saucepan and wash up in seawater. Barbecues are fun if there are several of you on a beach. I carry a barbecue mesh in my food box and a bag of instant lighting charcoal. To use, dig a hole in the beach, put the charcoal in, light it, and place the mesh on top. I carry tinned hot dog sausages and a bag of bread rolls. I also carry a lightweight camping stool which is much better than sitting in the mud or having to stand up for hours. Do make sure the barbecue site is left safe. Think of children with bare feet.

Oranges or grapefruit will quite happily roll around the bilges for the duration of the cruise. I think the salt water helps preserve them. Otherwise tinned fruit has to do.

### Hygiene

I use a bucket and chuck it. In some waters this is illegal so don't be seen. If I must use it dried out I leave it outside the boat, tied on with string so that it doesn't float away. Loo roll lives in a plastic box to keep it dry.

I like to shower at least every other day. My spongebag contains soap, deodorant, toothbrush, and electric razor but I don't bother with a towel. Learn where to shower. In the Solent try Ashlett SC, Calshot, Yarmouth, Newport Harbour Office, The Folly, Hayling Island SC, Northey Marina, Itchenor (Harbour Office), and Dellquay SC. If you need to use a marina, then do. They are expensive (ten pounds a night for my 11' boat at Northey) but sometimes they waive all

fees for a short stop. Take plenty of cash with you on a cruise. You can always take it home again afterwards. I usually take £100 with me plus a debit card for a long cruise.

#### **Cooker**

I started off with a Camping Gaz Bluet single burner. It's a good stove but unstable. I used to hold it between my feet when cooking. In the end it started to leak and I replaced it with a Coleman Alpine mountaineer's stove which doesn't fall over. Gas cookers don't work properly in the wind. I arrange to shelter it or put the tent up.

#### **Water Storage**

I use lemonade bottles. Each bottle holds two litres. Expect to use two bottles each day. They can also be used as hot water bottles in cold weather.

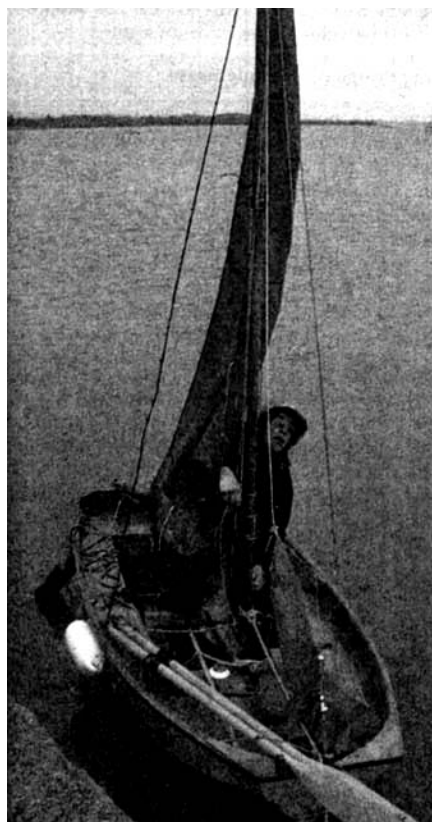
#### **Doing Things While Underway**

At times, on most passages, the boat must take care of itself while I attend to something else. I have fitted it with a bungee cord, the centre of which is clove hitched around the tiller, the hooks on each end fasten onto eyes inside the gunwales. In light or medium winds, if one side of the bungee is unhooked, I can steer with my foot. I can depower the boat yet keep moving by letting the mainsail out. I can then move into the middle of the boat. In all conditions I can heave to, head up into the wind. Tack, but do not release the jib from the old side. The weather side bungee hook is released so that the rudder pushes the boat up into the wind. Let the mainsail out and the boat should go to sleep. I have cooked a meal in the middle of the Solent in a F3 like this.

#### **Clothing**

I wear polyester jogging bottoms with a cotton shirt and a fleece jumper. I have high-fitting waterproof trousers with braces and a waterproof jacket. I wear neoprene dinghy boots and have a Tilley hat. I have given up on the drysuit. I keep shoes and socks for walking and wellies for mud and use sun-cream on my legs if wearing shorts. Bring at

least one full set of dry clothing stored so that it will stay dry. If you are very unlucky and go for a swim the salty clothes you were wearing will not dry properly until you have rinsed the salt out. Hanging clothes in the rigging with a hot water bottle inside usually dries them quite quickly. Bring some clothes for the evening at the pub. Avoid getting drunk in the evening. Falling into mud or water in the dark is not good.



Cliff lowers sail in *Daydream*, the familiar Mirror with the light blue hull. Langstone Harbour.

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There is some interest in fly fishing from kayaks. It is not easy to do because bodily mobility is constricted. The user cannot easily cast to the sides, especially on the dominant hand side, and must reposition the boat using the paddle. Then the paddle must be exchanged for the fly rod before casting. The main criteria for such a boat are excellent initial stability so the paddle is not needed to keep it from overturning and maneuverability for repositioning. Distances paddled are usually not long so paddling speed is not a concern. Here are some comments on the boat depicted on the plans.

### Design Objective

The design objective was to make an easily built kayak of moderate length and weight with excellent initial stability. The intended use is for fishing short distances offshore on saltwater beaches without surf, for fishing access on rivers, and for fishing in protected estuaries. The boat need not be fast but should be easily paddled.

### Features

The kayak is 12' long, 32" wide, and weighs an estimated 46 pounds. It has vertical sides so the deck and bottom are the same width. This gives the maximum amount of initial stability on a given width. The width of the boat is carried well towards the bow and there is a 24" wide transom to further add stability. The deck is dead flat from bow to stern and from side to side.

The dead flat deck facilitates construction using a technique which is described below. It also makes it easier to carry the boat upside down on car roof racks and to carry fly rods and a spare paddle on deck.

The cockpit coaming is extended down to the bottom. This feature and bulkheads at the cockpit ends make the boat essentially a large flotation chamber. In an upset only the cockpit can fill with water. The cockpit is entirely open and the user's legs and feet are not under a deck. With a cockpit partially

## Some Notes on a Fly Fishing Kayak

By Thomas Fulk

full of water, the boat can be paddled. Self rescue would most likely be by re-entry over the bow.

### Materials

The boat has no permanent fastenings. Epoxy glue is used throughout. Planking is 4mm occume plywood and bulkheads are 6mm plywood with no framing. The stem is 1"x3/4" Sitka spruce. Transom is 1/2" Sitka spruce. The outside of the boat is covered with 4oz fiberglass cloth set in low viscosity epoxy resin.

### Construction Notes

First the boat is lofted on a sheet of particle board which is 33" wide and 12' long. Join two pieces with a butt block, glue, and screws. The deck and cockpit shapes are lofted and the material cut to the exact shape of the deck outline, including the hole for the cockpit. The edges of this sheet are sanded smooth and it is mounted on two edgeways 2"x4"s. The ladder thus formed is placed to leave the cockpit hole unobstructed.

The deck sheet of 4mm occume ply is patterned from the particle board table, cut to shape including cockpit and deck plate holes, and temporarily clamped or fastened to the table. Next 1/2"x 1/2" Sitka spruce clamps are bent and glued in place allowing for a 4mm overhang of the deck panel over the sides of the hull. Framing members of the same material and dimensions are provided at the cockpit ends and sides. No permanent fastenings are used and temporary ones could be driven into the particle board table in lieu of clamping.

Framing for the deck plates are cut of 1/2" plywood, or double 6mm and glued in place around the deck holes (see section on fittings which follows).

Bulkheads are glued in place on the deck panel using well-thickened epoxy glue. They are 6mm occume ply and no framing is provided. Large cutouts are made to reduce weight and limber holes are provided. The two bulkheads at the ends of the cockpit extend 2 1/4" below the particle board panel to make a coaming 3" high above the deck when the hull is removed from the building bed.

Chines are glued in place in notches cut in the bulkhead members. At the stem a breasthook is provided to take fastenings for a metal strap eye on the deck top for a tie down and painter.

Sides are patterned and cut to shape and also the cockpit sides using the completed hull sides as patterns for them. The cockpit sides have an additional 3" added on top to form the coaming. Sides are bent in place and secured to stem, chines, transom, and bulkheads. Cockpit sides are also glued in place, making sure not to glue them to the building bed where they protrude through it.

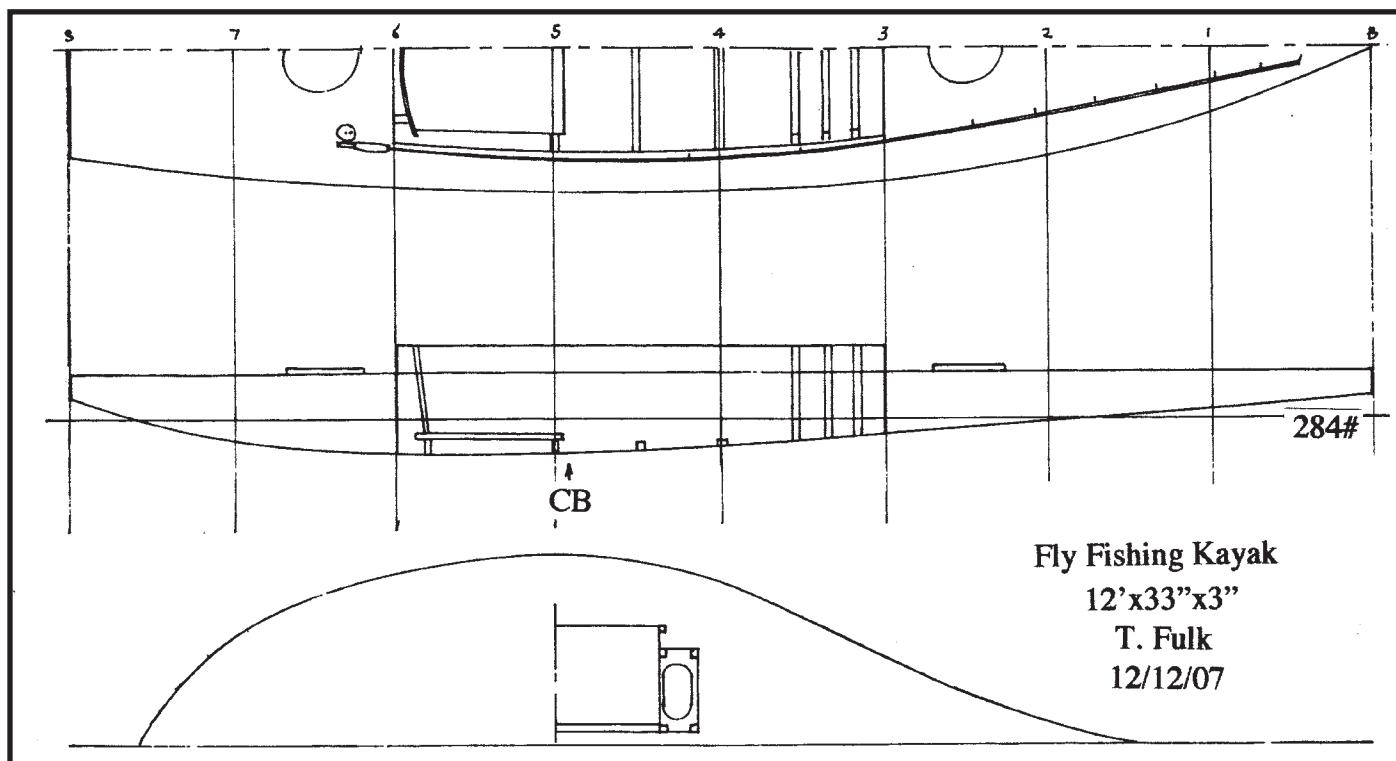
The bottom panel is patterned from the work and cut to shape.

The inside of the bottom panel, except for gluing surfaces, and all of the boat's inside are painted or varnished. No epoxy coating is used.

The bottom is glued to the hull.

The boat is removed from the building bed, all hull corners are rounded and covered with 2" wide strips of 4oz fiberglass cloth. Then the hull sides and bottom are covered with the same material. This gives two layers over all corners. Turn the boat and glass the deck, bringing the cloth 1" down the sides.

Add the coaming rim of three layers of 4mm ply about 1/2" wide. Add hull stiffeners, foot braces, and seat supports to the cockpit. Paint the exterior and varnish the cockpit interior. Add the seat bottom and back. Be sure not to extend the seat back above the coaming as this is a barrier to reentry in case of a wet self-rescue.



### Fittings

The boat is intended to be used with an 8' long double bladed paddle. As a backup a 4' single bladed paddle mounts on the centerline of the forward deck in chocks and is securely tied in place. This paddle serves as a backup in case the main paddle is lost and also as a secure gripping point if the boat is overturned. It functions in lieu of deck lines as a secure gripping place if the user is swimming alongside.

Chocks are provided to hold two fly rods, one on each side of the coaming. These consist of a pole clamp at the aft end of the cockpit to take the cork grip and two plastic chocks for the rod shaft. The rods are bent in place into these fixtures.

A leash is provided for the double paddle.

The seat and backrest secure with screws to minimal framing in the cockpit. These are two laminated layers of 4mm plywood. They are bent and glued together over a curved form.

There are three foot braces at the forward end of the cockpit and two bottom stiffeners in the central area of the cockpit on the inside of the bottom. The two seat supports also stiffen the bottom.

Plastic screw type deck plates are provided on deck for inspection of the interior spaces.

### Optional

If directional stability is a concern, a shallow keelson could be added full length and a skeg from about station six to the transom. This would increase the draft and make the boat less responsive to positioning with the paddle.

Two hip pads of closed cell foam can be glued in place to the cockpit sides at the hip position to fit the user's body snugly.

A tackle bag of approximately 4"x4"x2' with a zipper top can be carried between the legs or under the knees.

A pump for removing cockpit water is a good idea.

(Tom Fulk's other enthusiasm is making bamboo fly rods. He can be reached at 1904 Piper Cir, Anacortes, WA 98221)

### Offsets

Station spacing 18"  
Half breadths, inches, inside plank

Station	deck @ chine	cockpit
B	1/2	-
1	7%	-
2	12 1/4	-
3	14 3/4	10 1/4
4	15 7/8	11 1/8
5	16	11 3/4
6	15 1/4	10 3/4
7	14 1/4	-
S	11 3/4	-

Depths below deck as base line, inches  
Bottom

B	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	S
1	4 1/4	5 3/4	7	8 1/4	9	9	7 3/4	2 1/2

## Walter Walker Centenarian: A Wonder in His Own Right

By John Jennings



In the same year that the canoe was named one of Canada's "Seven Wonders," master craftsman Walter Walker is celebrating his 100th birthday with plans to build yet another canoe. To watch this man, considered by many to be the world's foremost canoe builder, work on a canoe or fashion a paddle, as he still does in his basement workshop in Lakefield, you would think he is a man at least a generation younger.

More than any other living canoe builder Walter Walker exemplifies the standards that made the Peterborough area Canada's leading canoe building center for the better part of a century. From the 1850s until the end of World War II when aluminum, then fiberglass, transformed canoe building, the canoe building companies of Peterborough, Lakefield, and Rice Lake set the global standard for non-native canoe building. The modern, or carpentered, canoe, built over a canoe form, was invented in this area and the "Peterborough" canoe took a prominent place in water-based recreation and sport around the world.

Walter Walker was born in Ancaster, Ontario, in 1907. His father was a Baptist minister who moved his family to the parish in Lakefield in 1931. Walter's first job building canoes was with the venerable Lakefield Canoe Company. Then, after a stint with

Lakefield Sailcraft, he got a job with the Peterborough Canoe Company which, following amalgamation with the Chestnut Canoe Company in the 1920s, had become the leading canoe company in the world. Walter Walker was to spend the next 20 years there, 1942-1961, becoming foreman in 1959 at the age of 52 with the responsibilities of overseeing the work of a hundred men and the quality of workmanship at the height of this company's long and distinguished history.

The Peterborough Canoe Company closed its doors in 1961 after a century of production. Fiberglass was replacing wood just as wood had replaced birch bark. Walter Walker said that the company had tried to build with fiberglass "but the stuff just didn't smell right." So he went back to Lakefield to build canoes at Rilco Industries, a company started by his manager at the Peterborough Canoe Company, Jack Richardson. Walter Walker was made plant manager, a position he held until 1967 when Rilco went out of business.

Walter Walker then moved on to Peel Marine, Lakefield, where he built canoes until he retired in 1986 at the age of 79. Many of the canoes Walter Walker built at Peel Marine are treasured by their owners to this day. One of them, built in 1978, can now be seen at the Canadian Canoe Museum, on loan from its owner, Prince Andrew, Duke of York, who has recently become the museum's Royal Patron.

The Canadian Canoe Museum has enjoyed a long and close relationship with Walter Walker. One of the new museum's important early decisions was to initiate a canoe builders' Hall of Honour and on May 7, 1994, Walter Walker was made the Canoe Museum's first Canoe Builder Emeritus. Three years later, in 1997 when he was 90, the museum commissioned him to build a canoe based on the Thomas Gordon form, one of the oldest in existence, and constructed in the original way, invented in the 1850s, with three basswood planks per side. This canoe was probably the first canoe to be built in this fashion for 50 to 75 years and Walter Walker was probably the only living craftsman who had an intimate knowledge of how to do it. He was assisted in the construction by three leading canoe builders of the area: Ted Moores, Ron Squires, and Fred Forster.

Walter Walker's unique knowledge has now been made available to the next generation of builders. The construction was filmed in detail and a DVD of the building is now available at the Canadian Canoe Museum. There is far more that could be said of Walter Walker's distinguished career as canoe builder. He is, for example, also a noted paddle maker and in 1999 he made and presented a paddle to Prince Andrew when he visited the Canadian Canoe Museum.

He has become an icon in his own time, representing one of Canada's most important national symbols. At 99 he is still fit, driving and fishing, and frequently takes walks for exercise, good health that he attributes to the fact that he neither smokes nor drinks; perhaps his daily bowl of porridge is just as important. And he just happens to have enough material in his basement for one more canoe. He has indicated that he just might build one more on his 16' Lakefield form. And it will go to the Canadian Canoe Museum.

(This article originally appeared in *Canoes*, the newsletter of the Canadian Canoe Museum and is reprinted here with permission. John Jennings is the author of *The Canoe: a Living History*).



Our house in Maine is about in the middle of a chain of lakes that stretches more than 20 miles from Kelleyland on the St Croix (Schoodic) River to Musquash Bay at southwest corner of Big Lake. My wife, Theo, and I would rather kayak than eat so we've covered all the waters within easy paddling distance many times over. But there are limits as to how far we can daytrip in people-powered boats (even in our Dyson double baidarka, which is really fast for a kayak) when we have to save enough energy to get back from wherever we paddle to. So this summer we decided to expand our range by adding a motorized boat to our fleet.

Actually, two motorized boats. I started construction on a plywood 18' skiff with a cabin just big enough for a porta-potty, but even though I've made pretty good progress it'll be a while before we get a usable boat out of that project. What we needed was something to mess about in now. After looking at a couple of used Grand Laker canoes, the good ones were too expensive and the bad ones were really bad, and a really nice Scott freighter, also too expensive for the current budget, we decided to check out the Old Town factory outlet. The outlet store is in a converted school building just outside the city of Old Town, Maine, on State Route 43 and well worth the trip for anybody looking to save a few bucks on a canoe or kayak. The salespeople are friendly and helpful and they've even got a great big pool set up indoors so you can test paddle your boat before you buy.

We settled on a discontinued and substantially discounted 15' model of the Osprey canoe. The Osprey is a fairly beamy boat, built for stability rather than speed. Its Royale hull promised, we thought, the best combination of light weight and durability. It was supposedly blemished in some way (hint: the last four letters of the serial number are B-L-E-M), but we couldn't see any meaningful defects.

Along with a couple of paddles and some backrests, we also picked up a Minn-Kota electric motor (Endura 55lb thrust) and mounting bracket right there at the outlet store. We could have gone with a small gas outboard but we'd had a lot of fun with a previous electric powered boat and we were eager to try one again. Little boats scoot right along under electric power and we don't have to raise our voices even a little to carry on a conversation with each other. It's kind of like kayaking without all that healthful exercise. Of course if we don't talk at all it's even quieter.

All we needed now was a power source. I did a little research and decided to try the Advanced Anglers AGM battery from Cabela's. This battery's greater capacity (than a traditional deep cycle battery) was attractive, along with the claim that being stored all winter in an unheated garage in Maine wouldn't hurt it. Experience so far has shown

Mounting ears let into bottom framing.



## Fitting Out An Electric Canoe

By Charlie Ewers

that the capacity claim is legitimate. We'll know more about the freeze-proofness this coming spring.

The only problem with the AGM batteries is that they're heavy, 63 pounds for the Group 27 one I bought. I would have gotten the even larger capacity Group 30 if not for its truly mind-boggling weight of 84 pounds. That's probably OK for a big boat where two of us can put the thing into place just once and leave it there, but not OK for taking in and out of a canoe, either standing in the water on slippery rocks or leaning out from a dock. Even the 63-pounder we wound up with, assuming I could lift it in and out of the boat (so far, so good on that score) would add substantially to the load in the canoe, about as much as a kid or a big dog.

And I was pretty sure that unlike a child or a dog, the battery couldn't swim in case of a capsizing. Unsecured, a hundred and fifty bucks worth of battery would very soon make its way to the bottom of the lake. If I managed to tie it down somehow, easier said than done because there's not much in the way of tie-down points on the Osprey, I still wasn't sure that the capsized or swamped canoe itself would float with that battery in it and two people hanging onto it without some kind of additional flotation other than that provided by the foam core of the Royale.

Don't get the wrong impression. We're not doom and gloom boaters who can't enjoy ourselves on the water for fear of what might go wrong. I tend, in fact, toward overconfidence. Theo is more cautious. Case in point: When we first started kayaking I was buying books with titles like *Alone Around Cape Horn!* She bought me one for Christmas called *Coping with Disasters at Sea*. But storms do come up quickly on our waters and we have our share of jet ski morons and hugely overpowered speedboats to contend with. So we take reasonable precautions, checking the weather forecast before we go out, always wearing our PFDs, making sure the battery will float if we get swamped, that kind of thing.

Which meant I had to build some sort of box to put the battery in, along with enough flotation to at least neutralize the battery's weight. I had some scrap lumber and plywood from the other boat project and the local lumberyard was having a sale on the styrofoam billets that are used for dock flotation, so I got to work.

First some calculations. I found a web site somewhere that told me a cubic foot of styrofoam would float about 22 pounds. That meant I needed about 3cf to float my battery.

Completed bottom, frame installed.



A chunk of billet about 3' long (what I needed to fit between the sides of the canoe) would be about 4cf. Once I cut a hole in it for the battery it should be about right. So I had my rough size. Then I took some measurements of the boat itself. I wanted the box to be a fairly snug fit so it wouldn't slide around, but I also wanted to be able to move it at least a little fore and aft so the boat could be trimmed for different combinations of passengers and gear. It looked like the best option was to take advantage somehow of the very firmly attached portage yoke in the middle of the boat.

I had bought a cheap battery tray with a strap from Cabela's when I got the battery. The first step was to fasten that to the bottom framing of my box-to-be, letting the mounting ears into the frame to assure a smooth surface (Photo 1).

The bottom framing was then attached to a piece of plywood cut to size. Twice, the first time I forgot the strap (Photo 2). Then a plywood shoe was attached underneath so that some of the weight of the assembly would be borne by the boat's bottom, not just the bilges. No point in adding more BLEMs to the Royale (Photo 3).

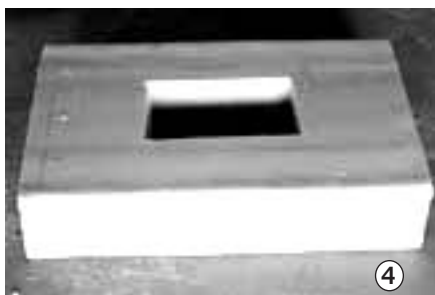
A hole was cut in the billet to make a snug fit for the battery (Photo 4) and end pieces were cut out and assembled, roughly following the contours of the bottom (Photo 5). The overall height of the end pieces, when attached to the bottom, brings them up just flush with the top of the yoke which means they fit snugly under the gunwales. End pieces were attached to the bottom framing with 1/4"-20 bolts, flat and lock washers, and wing nuts. If I were not so cheap, or if I were using the boat in saltwater, they would have been stainless (Photo 6). In practice the whole thing is put together with the billet in place and only one end piece attached. Then it is slid under the yoke and the other side attached (Photo 7). The battery doesn't go in until last (Photo 8).

The lid is a little tricky. Like everything else it's held in place with bolts (which come up through the end pieces) and wing nuts, but here the spacing had to be fairly precise so I could install it "backwards" if I wanted to. That way the cleat on the bottom of the lid can capture the yoke with the box slid either forward or aft within the range allowed by the yoke (Photo 9). Once the lid is fastened the assembly is firmly enough attached to stay in place in the event of a capsizing. I think. I don't plan on testing it (Photo 10). Looks nice, too, or it will when I get around to painting it (Photo 11).

We didn't get in enough testing this season to find out exactly how much the motor-battery combination has expanded our range. That's something to look forward to next summer. But we're already pleased with our new boat. There's something incredibly satisfying about humming along nicely with the loudest noise the gurgling of water around the motor shaft.

Underside of bottom showing shoe.





Styrofoam billet with hole cut for battery.



One of the ends.



Ends attached with bolts, washers and wing nuts.



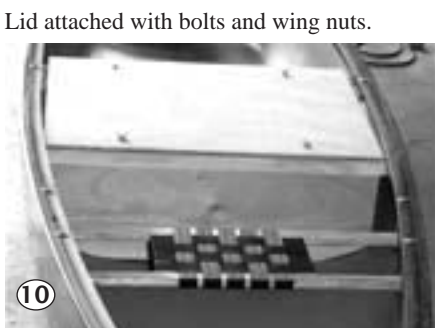
Box and billet as far forward as possible. Top boards of end pieces are flush with top of yoke.



Battery strapped in.



Lid is reversible so that the cleat can capture the yoke with the box slid forward or aft.

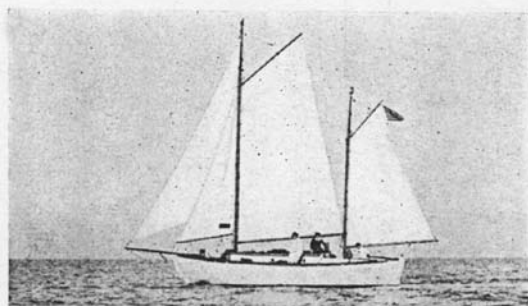


Lid attached with bolts and wing nuts.



The whole outfit ready to go. Motor connection is made with heavy-duty jumper cables.

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Hands-free propulsion, ideal for fishing

As a lot of kayakers do, I really enjoy using my kayak for fishing. Trolling works fine with a set of PVC rod holders at the front of the cockpit coaming, however, casting is a bit more of a problem. Having the usual limitation of one pair of hands, it is necessary to alternate between paddling and "chunking and winding." This makes it hard to maintain control of both the boat and the lure, go in circles a lot. I admired the Hobie pedal kayaks, but preferring dry butt kayaks (sit-in) and enjoying tinkering around with boats, I thought I'd try to rig up a system of pedal propulsion.

As most sailors know, it's not difficult to move a boat by swinging the rudder back and forth. I believe it's such common knowledge that it's specifically prohibited in racing rules. So the concept is not really original, I just needed to set up the rudder and pedal system in a way that would make it efficient enough to be useful without excessive modification (destruction) to my plastic kayak.

To skip to the bottom line, this turned out to be very successful. The pedals not only propel the kayak at a good speed for fishing, they also provide hands-free steering. I just stop pedaling with the rudder to one side to make a turn (the Hobie requires hand steering with a control line and tiller). The lift rudder will ride up in shallow water or over obstructions plus the rudder greatly enhances control in a crosswind for normal paddling. Drifting downwind the rudder allows the kayak direction to be controlled easily as the wind provides the propulsion. In light wind the kayak can be almost spun around in place by giving quick thrusts with one leg, then slowly moving the rudder back over with the other. The only negative so far has been that in reverse the rudder wants to swing to one side unless lifted, or held very firmly. Obviously not appropriate for white water use, but not a major nuisance. Here's how I put it together.

The rudder was the first order of business. I started with a lifting blade of 4mm okoume plywood (thin enough to have some flexibility). This pivots in a frame that is made of two cheek pieces of 8mm plywood with a spacer up the front edge about 5mm or 6mm thick, slightly thicker than the 4mm blade. This thicker spacer piece allows it all to be epoxied firmly together and still have the blade drop freely. Note the photo of the rudder assembly before the cheek pieces and spacers were glued together. The rudder pivots (gudgeons) are hardwood blocks, drilled for the  $\frac{3}{8}$ " pivot rod, attached to the cheek

## Kayak Pedal Propulsion

By Gary Gillespie

pieces with 4mm plywood and epoxy, then wrapped with fiberglass cloth and more epoxy for strength.

The pull ropes connect to a bell crank made of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood. In the first version I drilled several holes in the bell crank to vary the radius where the pull lines are attached. This allowed me to experiment and get the best mechanical ratio. I ended up with the lines attached 2" from the pivot point. I tried "hardening" the line holes by drilling the holes oversize ( $\frac{7}{8}$ "), filling them with epoxy, then drilling the final attachment hole ( $\frac{1}{4}$ "). This worked fine and I didn't notice any wear but I wanted the final version to be a metal to metal connection due to the almost continuous swinging action of the rudder. The final line attachment was made using  $\frac{1}{4}$ " aluminum plates in the shape of a triangle. The pull line snaps hook into the front holes. I wanted snaps to allow easy removal of the rudder without untying the knots and losing the line adjustment each time.

To enable lifting the rudder blade a small line runs up through a set of fairleads on the bell crank to pull the blade up. A length of shock cord pulls the blade down. I added a small cleat near the cockpit to cleat the rudder lift line. Just uncleat the line and the shock cord pulls the blade down, yet allows it to lift if it encounters an obstruction or shallow water (forgetting to keep the cleat end attached to the cleat will result in being unable to raise the rudder again). The fairleads really need to be as near centered on the bell crank as possible or the lift line will pull the rudder strongly to one side. Depending on how much of the rudder blade and mount assembly is under water, this might cause a tendency to steer to one side when paddling normally.

The hull gudgeons were fabricated from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " brass pipe bushings, drilled out to  $\frac{3}{8}$ ". These were then brazed into a piece of half round brass strap that had been bent to wrap around the bushing and match the hull stern contour. This took some care because the brass bushing, brass strap, and brass brazing rod all melt at about the same temperature (not pretty, but strong enough). These gudgeons were then screwed to the hull stern using #10 stainless screws into plywood back-

up blocks on the inside. The  $\frac{3}{8}$ " rudder pivot rod seems to rotate only in metal gudgeons, not the hardwood blocks on the rudder, apparently the metal (with a little white grease) offers less friction. So there doesn't appear to be a wear problem in the wood although the holes were hardened with epoxy just in case.

To mount the pedals, I cut a fir 1"x3" board that runs from the bow to under the kayak seat. The bow end is tapered to match the inside curve of the bow and jams under the bow flotation block. The seat end has a wood block that matches the bottom angle of the kayak seat. Two screws down into this block secure this assembly in place (no holes through the hull bottom!). It's also easy to remove when needed. The actual pedal mount board is an oak 1"x6" with two oak  $\frac{1}{4}$ " square pieces that run along each side of the 1"x3". The oak  $\frac{1}{4}$ " pieces are screwed and epoxied to the 1"x6" and help resist twisting forces of the pedals. Two #10 screws attach the pedal mount to the 1"x3" but allow it to be repositioned easily fore or aft if needed. The sounds overbuilt but the first revision using 1"x6" pine and without the  $\frac{1}{4}$ " oak side supports did not survive the twisting forces for very long (leg muscles can generate a lot of force).

Next came the pedals themselves. I made these from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood wrapped with fiberglass cloth and epoxy with a pair of old brass door hinges as the bottom pivot. The foot blocks are 2"x4" fir, each pivoting on a  $\frac{3}{8}$ " by 6" galvanized bolt that runs through two aluminum angle brackets bolted to the pedal. The bolt runs through a channel glued and screwed to the back (or is it the front) of the foot block, then extends out the outboard end for attachment of the rudder pull ropes snaps. All this put together with bolts since the screws in the first version proved to work loose in the wood.

Some homemade plastic washers between all the metal parts and a little white grease keep all this quiet during motion. The radius from the pedal pivot hinge to the line attachment bolt is 6.75". A piece of indoor/outdoor carpet glued to the pedals below the foot blocks cover the hinges and bolts to protect the heels when using the kayak barefoot (usual summer boating attire here). I included a picture of the pedal assembly out of the boat and with only the left side completed to show the foot block and bracket detail.

Now that we have the pullers and the pushers, let's connect them. At the pedal end a pair of large snaps clip over the  $\frac{3}{8}$ " bolts at each outboard end but allow easy disconnect

when desired (like when a pull line breaks). The double nuts keep the spacing and prevent the snaps riding on the bolt threads. Which leads us to the pull lines: 1/4" Dacron for low stretch. I used cheap poly line for the prototype but by the time one broke (I wasn't kidding, kind of hard to steer with only left rudder) I knew that this contraption was going to work so I sprung for a better grade of West Marine rope with a clear conscience.

The lines run through a pair of stainless steel fairleads on the cockpit coamings to guide them to the side of the paddler. A pair of turning blocks might be an improvement but so far don't seem necessary and I already had the fairleads. A bit of adjustment will get the pedals at a comfortable angle and equal side to side when the rudder is straight (use a bowline or the knots will be difficult again). The pedals do fall back toward the paddler when not being used, but this leaves them down out of the way. Or the line snaps can be disconnected and the pedals laid forward where the carpeted hinge part can work as a foot rest for normal paddling without the rudder.

After all the experimentation and revision I now have a dependable and useful pedal-powered fishing kayak at minimal cost (maybe \$35, \$20 of that was the rope). As I stated above, all this worked out great for the desired result. The speed can be maintained at about 1.5mph (GPS) with moderate effort, about perfect to work slowly along a shoreline fishing as you go. Catch a few fish and get a little exercise at the same time. It can be used as a traditional rudder when paddling.

One's arms can be given a break during normal paddling or maintaining forward motion while taking photos, snacking, or enjoying a favorite beverage. I experimented with larger rudder blade size, shaped more like a fish tail, but the top speed was the same. I think the blade does need to have some flexibility to allow the rearmost part of the blade to push back during more of the stroke rather than just to the side like a rigid rudder would do once the rudder is past center. I think that maybe more speed could be obtained if the pedals were higher (longer stroke) but kayak deck height on mine prevents this.

The disadvantages so far are the difficulty going in reverse, the rudder wants to flop to one side unless firmly restrained with foot pressure and takes a little getting used to, and the loss of cockpit space due to leg motion and the legs being positioned more in the middle. For the leg room reason the cockpit can't be too short unless one has small feet or a taller deck. Also, due to room for the pedals and foot motion I'm not sure this would work with a kayak shorter than mine, which is 12'.

I bet a version would work great in a sit-on-top also if that's one's choice of butt moisture condition, personally I selected "dry" since I use mine in the winter, too. I know the sit-on-tops are much better for warm weather wade fishing along the coastal waters. It would only take a few screws or bolts to mount the pedal assembly and rudder. Maybe one of the plastic screw-in access covers could be installed to allow installation of the bolts and backup blocks inside the hull. If a rudder, is already in hand all that is needed a bigger blade.

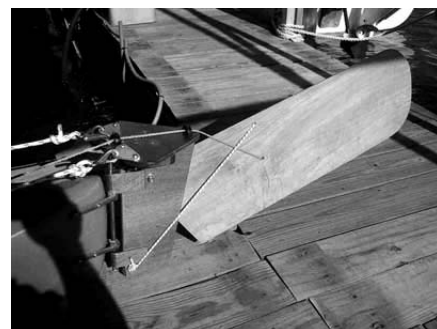


Foot pedals ready to go to work.

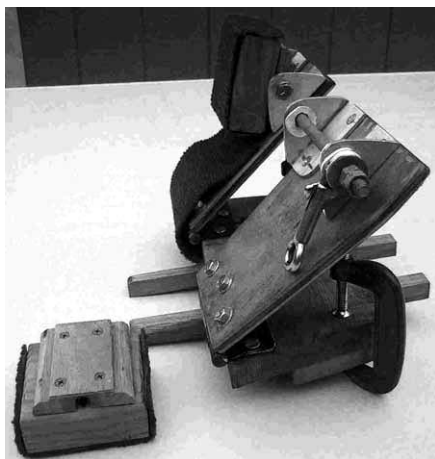
Details of the foot pedals.



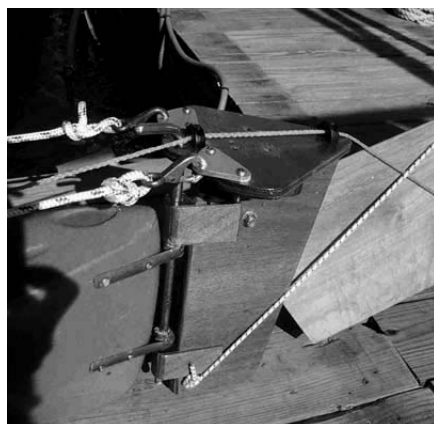
Rudder blade and cheek plates details before assembly.



Rudder in the raised position.



Details of the pivot mount assembly.



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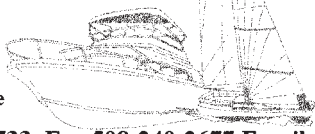


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Rescued from the dumpster. "You only want me for my bottom."



From messed-up to dressed-up. The *Dump Star* makes its debut.

The hull planes nicely behind the mother ship. Under oars, she handles with great agility and the ample shape of the hull has proven stable and dry in rough water.



## The *Dump Star*

By Bruce Bidwell

The story and photo of a discarded runabout that appeared in the November 15 issue by Boyd Mefferd entitled "When Should You Junk a Boat?" spurred thoughts of a project involving a boat I salvaged from the dumpster. You could say this picks up where Boyd leaves off and if you consider Hugh Groth's prequel "When Should You Build a Boat?" may form a sort of trilogy in the life cycle of boat and owner.

I'm no psychologist so I can't explain why all people don't own at least one boat. Those of us who do, do so for a variety of reasons, not all of them entirely virtuous. Consider the jet ski owner buzzing around an otherwise quiet anchorage like some annoying housefly. Anyway, many reasons for boat owning are fairly obvious but when it comes to that percentage of us who not only yearn to be on the water, but wish to do so in a craft that we have personally built or restored, the reasons become a bit more convoluted.

Just consider the hours, months, or years in some cases that messers labor away with only the promise of being on the water eventually. To me, being on the water is an aesthetic experience and when married with a beautiful craft designed both for function as well as to please the eye, the experience reaches synergy. It is fulfilling in a way that makes the effort a labor of love and frequently has me on the lookout for new projects. One such project had its roots at the Town of Cape Vincent transfer station.

My only foray into fiberglass boats until this time was a Catalina 25 cruising sailboat, most others having been wood. My wife April and I kept a tidy ship of her and she got us out cruising in reasonable comfort, mostly in Northern New York in the St Lawrence River's Thousand Island area. There are many park islands to explore and spend the night, assuming space can be found at the docks.

There are many more places to drop the hook but, of course, the island exploring would require a dinghy, something we lacked.

On one of our weekly trips to the dump there she was, sitting atop a pile of rubble and looking very much at home there. Perhaps she had escaped someone's yacht while caught in a storm on Lake Ontario, then washed ashore and crushed by the ice pack. Her fiberglass hull was split open in two places, the seats were gone, and what little wood trim remained was battered and rotted. But in this corpse of a boat I saw potential, thus beginning the process by which more than a few messers have rationalized even the unrealistic.

Looking past the carnage, the form of a seaworthy hull could be envisioned if the splits could be repaired. Inwales, rubrails, breasthook, seats, skeg, and transom board could all be made of wood once the hull was coated with more resin and faired out. And so off the pile she came with dreams of her resurrection rowing across the fertile sea of my imagination.

Those who desire to save old boats range from the fine antique collector to the frugal bargain hunter. For me, this particular boat represented an opportunity to acquire something we needed at a price we could afford at the time, that being free plus labor. If I could give her a personal character distinct from the many manufactured dinghies out there it would be an added bonus. The challenge and reward of creating has always played a role in our lives so it's only natural that it reflect in our boating interests. Beyond the utility of the project there can be tremendous satisfaction in the completion of a beautiful object. Some builders, after all, rarely leave their shops. For them, the process of creating may be their ultimate reward.

Months passed and as the dinghy neared completion in the basement April made a suggestion that was to give the boat its unique character, one that would connect with both its owners and with the boat it would tend. As I began painting that famous Van Gogh sky on the entire interior of the hull I could hardly contain my amusement. Now our Catalina, christened *Starry Night*, had a proper dinghy.

A proper dinghy at last, no longer a tired castaway.



The creation of this tri means a lot to me, I've got seven summers' work in it. Its story has touches of humor and pain, that's life. *WoodenBoat* would not put it in their "Launchings" or "Re-launchings" sections because no known boat builder/designer had anything to do with its creation except me and CLC. From CLC I purchased leeboard adjusting knobs and "L" bolts to hold akas to the canoe and plastic jam cleats. CLC products and ideas helped me through your magazine and will help anyone else who might want to build this tri.

August 13, 2000: First day in camp with old canoe.

August 14, 2000: Transom cut to fit the good 12' left after cutting off the damaged end (see photo).



August 8, 2000: I cut 5' of the damaged part off and made a new transom to fit. They stopped making the closed gunwale canoes in 1910. The new 12-footer weighs 35 pounds.

August 17, 2000: Got outer gunwales on with  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $\frac{3}{4}$ "x15' pine and cut knees to hold transom that was epoxied in.

August 30, 2000: Put 4oz fiberglass on with poly resin.

September 29, 2000: Tested for leaks, found six. Put more resin on and tested again and found seven!

2001: A very bad year. Head gasket blew and took four months for mechanic to fix it.

2002: Made sewn sails, mast step that was no good, gave way under pressure. So I made a solid support and a teak mast thwart with a brass compass rose to protect the teak (see diagram).

2003: A productive year. Made rudder (kick up) with bronze pintles and gudgeons, a better seat with foam flotation inside. Melted lead for rudder and leeboards, three pounds in rudder, four pounds in leeboards. Sealed up with resin and painted it. It sailed well but needed outriggers.

2004: Built outriggers floats, cut ply and drilled for wires, made baffles for floats, filled with foam flotation. Made two teak jib clew blocks plus epoxied in "L" bolts and supports (CLC products).

## Seven Summers' Work

By Ron Mulloy



September 24, 2004: Plain and simple float design, 5'8" length x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".



October 7, 2004: Epoxied and varnished floats and decks with foam flotation in the hulls.



October 23, 2004: Ready for the water.

By November 1 I got the tri into Swartwood Lake, New Jersey. It sailed exceptionally well but needed more pulling power so I sewed 2.4sf into the jib giving it 8.7sf area with 25.4sf in main, total is 34.1sf. Calculated wind pressure at the following wind speeds to be 8.371lbs at 5mph, 16.7lbs at 10mph, 25.11lbs at 15mph, 33.5lbs at 20mph. This tri can handle these winds.

2005: Epoxied floats and 12' canoe four to five good coats each. Only amine blush was painted over with Sunburst Yellow to match the yellow on the sails. Also painted beautiful yellow arrows on bow of canoe. This taught me not to epoxy late in the day. Got yellow on rudder and leeboards, it is strikingly beautiful with varnished cedar inside and out and

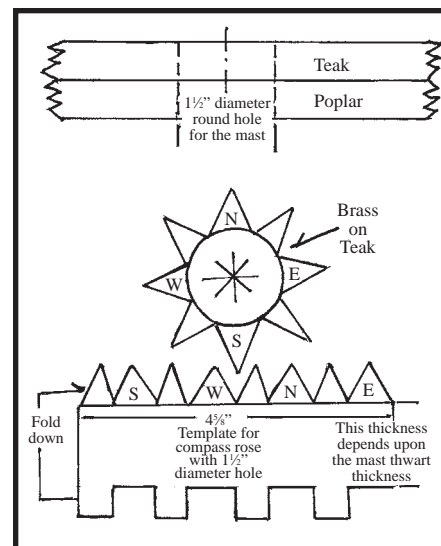
on new bottom to teak mast thwart stained cherry and epoxied for strength.

To save my back I bought an old but good trailer to transport the tri. It (the canoe) weighs 75 pounds with 50 pounds more for everything else.

2006: Strengthened akas with same wood, epoxied and varnished with three coats while getting over 11 wolf spider bites and seven dental appointments, even two dozen mice I had to deal with. Plus fixing up a new old shed to store my stuff took time. Rain, pain, but progress. Epoxied my brass builder's plaques in place.

2007: Epoxied aluminum channels to the keels, 10' on canoe, 2' on floats. Made sliding seats and supports to hike out on with webbing sewn and fastened on to help me keep my balance when hiking out. Got four more spider bites but finally got that critter.

Under sail at last but only downwind, I forgot the leeboards. But on October 8 it tested OK, tacked upwind, only more lateral resistance would help. So I will lower my leeboards and pray for the best.



Mast step compass rose: So you won't be confused, I doubled the thickness of my mast thwart of teak with poplar stained cherry to match the teak.

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Besides the paddling and sailing canoe, there are canoes propelled by other means. Amongst these are steam canoes, screw and paddle canoes, in which the motive power is supplied by the occupant through an arrangement of cranks and cog-wheels, something after the principle of a tricycle, and canoes driven by electricity or galvanic batteries.

A friend of mine a short time ago amused himself during the "long" (he was a University man) in fitting a canoe with steam-power. The boat he bought very cheaply, I think it cost about four pounds. It was fitted with a screw and screw shaft and was then arranged for propulsion by the working powers of the occupant.

My friend removed all this gear and made a very neat engine, the cylinder turned by himself and all the parts cast from moulds made from his wooden patterns. These castings he afterwards filed down as requisite. When he showed me the engine it was complete and screwed down to its bedplate ready for use.

Now in these small steamboats and indeed in most contrivances propelled by steam, large or small, much more depends on the boiler than on the cylinder. Of course, the cylinder must be strong enough to carry steam and tight enough to hold it fairly well, but a very ordinary engine with a first-class boiler able to supply and keep plenty of steam is far better than a second-rate boiler and a first-class engine, though to be sure, as is related in the legend with regard to the bishops of Bath and Wells, "Bauth is best."

The difficulty with my friend, as indeed with many others, was how to get a boiler light enough, strong enough, and lastly, and by no means leastly, cheap enough. This riddle he solved by making his boiler of hydraulic tube, having ends cast and fitted while a number of small internal tubes enormously increased the heating surface and at the same time acting as stays greatly strengthened the boiler.

After several preliminary cruises in the Thames he sent the canoe by boat to France (Havre) and steamed up the Seine for some distance.

To construct such a canoe as this would be above the ability and resources of most amateurs and, indeed, after it is constructed it is a constant source of worry and expense. Still the fitting of an existing canoe with screw or paddles for manual propulsion is not very difficult and indeed is within the capability of any person handy with his tools. But it must be remembered that for speed nothing of the kind is as good as the oar and for handiness nothing beats the paddle.

## Mechanical Contrivances for Canoes

By C Stansfeld Hicks

*Yachts, Boats & Canoes 1887*

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, The Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

It was on the upper waters of the Thames, some years ago, that the writer saw the canoe depicted. It was one of the first of that type ever produced and created rather a sensation at the time, for with no sail set and with the owner sitting with his arms folded across his chest it went through the water at some three knots. It looked very pretty and would be useful on a crowded river for dodging in and out of a multitude of craft but the work would probably be tiring and too much confined to one set of muscles, in rowing both legs and arms are used. The paddle wheel is a simpler contrivance and would do very well on a private pond but the best application of it is for the double canoe where the worker is able to sit as on a bicycle over his work and thus economize power.

All such arrangements are only fancy ones (except the latter) as the power gained by the leverage of the oar is far greater than that obtained in any other known way of utilizing one's strength for the purposes of propulsion of water-borne vessels.

This diagram represents a section of a double-keeled canoe with a hollow bottom that was on view at the Fisheries Exhibition. It was claimed in its favour that by the form of the bottom an enormously increased stability was obtained and it certainly was a fact that you could sit on one side of the gunwale without greatly affecting the canoe in the way of heeling it, and for certain purposes, such as fishing, etc., where a stable platform is desirable, there is no doubt that this form of canoe might be found very useful, while in external appearance it does not differ from an ordinary canoe.

It appears to me that the principle might be still further extended and the sides and ends being separated from the well portion by water-tight partitions, a well might be left each side, top, and bottom, the seat being common to both wells. In this way if the canoe capsized it would only offer itself in a new form and just as comfortable as the old one.

Such a principle was shown in some of the lifeboats at the late Fisheries Exhibition

which were something after the style of an enormous oval lifebuoy with a perforated flooring filling the space inside and so placed that if capsized it would offer the same facility and convenience to the crew.

As the paddle is a very important element in a canoe it is as well to give some attention to it. A light, short paddle is best for all-round use but for racing a long paddle is used. The feathering paddle, as shown in the sketch, will be found most useful for long and continued use as one of the greatest forms of fatigue is obviated, viz. . . the action of a headwind on the elevated blade of the paddle. This may appear a small matter but if you try half an hour's paddling against a strong headwind you will find it offers a very perceptible resistance to your progress. In the feathering paddle the paddle is cut in two amidships, and one blade being turned at right angles to the other, the handle is fixed in that position by means of a metal tube joining the two ends where cut.

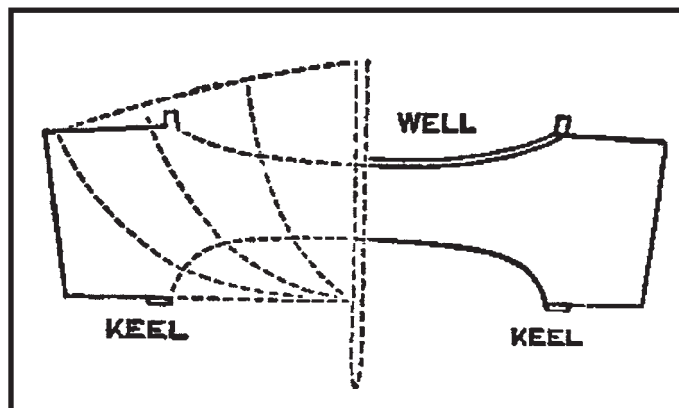
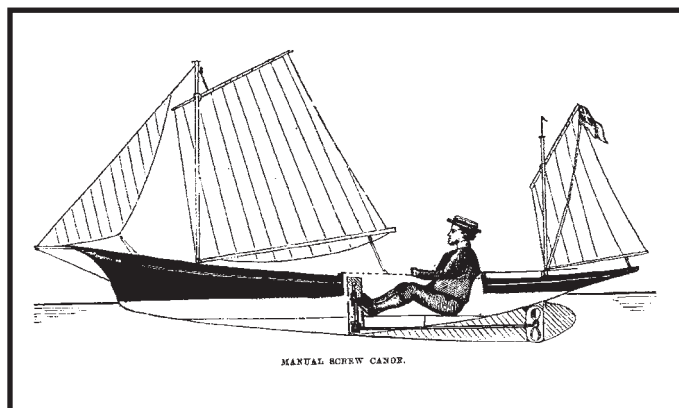
It is as well, if making such a paddle oneself, to make it from one 6" longer than you require. In this case you can halve the handles at the joint for 6" and then when put together by the metal tube it will be almost impossible for the handle to shift and alter the position of the blades, which otherwise might be the case; or, if this is not done, a square tube will make the joint less likely to shift.

## Alfred Heurich's Hinged Paddle

By Tony Ford, Editor, *Paddles Past*

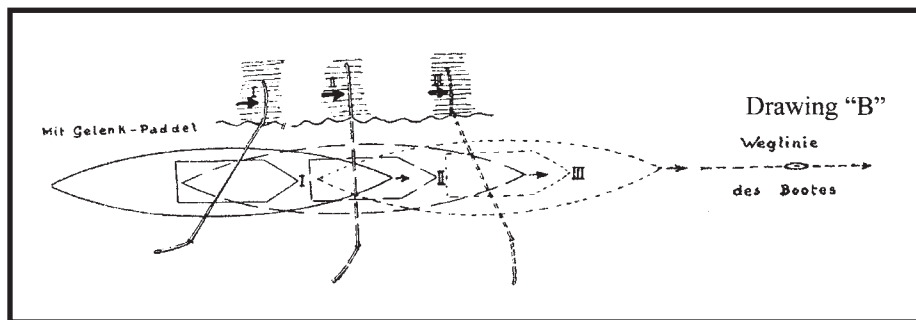
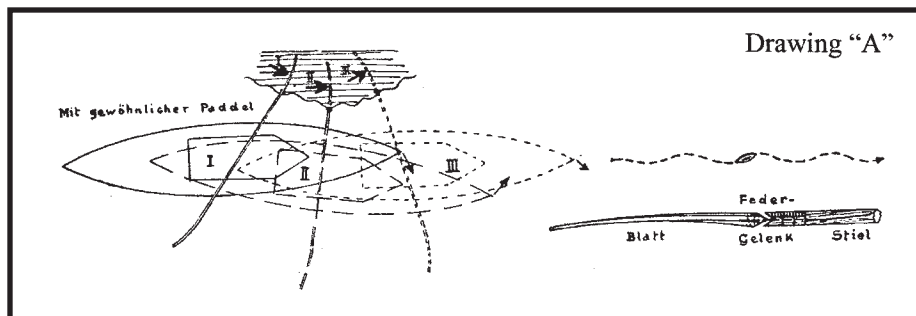
Alfred Heurich, who invented the folding kayak in 1905 and sold the rights to produce kayaks to his design to Johann Klepper when a student, continued with his interest in canoeing for a number of years and in 1925 published his book *Das Kajak-Faltboot*, published by Grethlein & Co, Leipzig and Zuerich. The book was one of the *Miniatur-Bibliothek fuer Sport und Spiel* series.

There are some interesting details within the book on maps for water users, in particular canoeists. Here we concern ourselves with another of Heurich's inventions, the hinged paddle. According to Heurich, a kayak will weave from side to side using a normal fixed loom and bladed double paddle as shown in Drawing "A" taken from Heurich's book. The insert in Drawing A refers to Drawing "B", where "Blatt" is the blade, "Feder-gelenk" is the join in the paddle, and "Stiel" is the loom.



If, however, as Heurich contends, the blade is hinged at the extremities of the loom, the blade when it enters the water, enters at 90 degrees from the line of travel and continues in this position throughout the stroke. In this way, the force of the blade through the water is constant in direction and therefore the boat will travel in a straight line and not deviate from side to side in the normal process of propelling the boat forward. It is an interesting conception but one which did not catch the canoeing public's imagination.

Paddles remained much the same until the 1980s when wing paddles and ergonomic looms (modified cranks) became the standard, first in sprint circles and marathon, and are now used in general touring and white-water use. I do recall that it was said that due to the shape of the blade a wing paddle could not be used when performing the Eskimo roll, but this is not true. My first use of an ergonomic paddle was in the late 1980s when two of us in a Valley Aleut II paddled 136km during the Weser Marathon. It was quite a revelation how little stress and strain was placed on the wrist and there was very little sign of fatigue afterwards.



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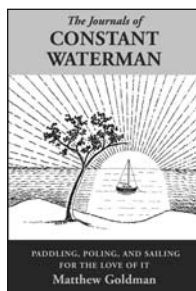
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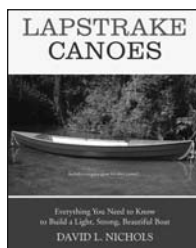
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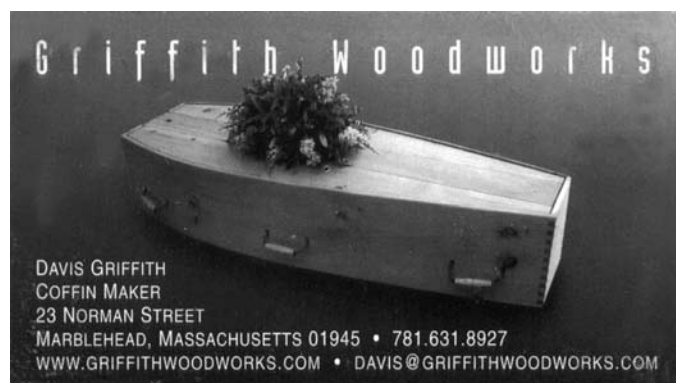
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### Cardboard Boxes

With the completion of the design and building of our solar home up here in north central Vermont, we were able to move the furniture and the endless cardboard boxes out of the wee barn into the house and move the power tools out of the house into the barn. Once the tools were set up I could start to think about future projects (although there is still a lot left to do on the house and will be for years to come, no doubt).

I designed the Green Mountain Skiff as a warm-up for later, more complex, perhaps bigger, boats. It has all the elements of a simple and enjoyable boat building experience; it's easy to loft and is built from local, readily available and inexpensive materials. I'll build mine out of pine and oak cut by the sawmill down the road. They did all the lumber and timbers for our house. This method of construction is straightforward and time tested. Thousands of good boats have been built just like this over the past 100 years.

### No Unpleasant Goos

If you've not built a boat with traditional materials and techniques before you're in for a treat. Everything is logical and proceeds step by step. No mistake is so serious that you can't easily fix or redo it. A big plus for me is the absence of unpleasant (and seriously toxic) goos. If you're totally new to this type of construction, a good book such as *Building Small Boats* by Greg Rossel will get you started. There are also many excellent weekend and longer workshops available. That said, the Green Mountain Skiff would build easily in plywood, too.

### George Kelley Doesn't Tip

This is a lightly built, sharp skiff with lots of flare, low freeboard, and pretty curves in the stem and sternpost. A nice looking little pulling boat indeed. About 25 years ago I built a similar boat (the Adirondack Batteau) which also looked good and which, despite a short waterline (long overhangs),

## The Green Mountain Skiff

By Daniel Marcus



was very fast. This skiff should be just as quick. She's set up to be comfortably rowed by one or two (my wife is also a keen rower) and can easily accommodate a passenger as well without overloading.

Like most traditional pulling boats a boat of this form is tippy. Treat her as you would a canoe as you get in and out and you won't have any problems. I remember bringing the Adirondack Batteau to the Wooden Boat Show as part of the TSCA gathering. We had a whole bunch of classic wooden boats at a floating dock for the visitors to try out. One fellow went over to the Batteau and stepped onto the seat instead of into the bottom. The Batteau neatly tipped him overboard into the water and returned upright grinning without shipping a drop of water.

After that I cautioned everyone that she was tender and to step carefully. This earned me a dirty look. I didn't realize until I looked up that the next old fellow I was warning was TSCA luminary George Kelley who hardly needed small craft advice from me. I remember George rowing off into the haze of a summer afternoon in the Batteau relaxed and puffing on his pipe.

### Bring Lunch

We have a good friend who lives over on the west coast of Vermont, a short walk to

Lake Champlain. Although I don't (yet) know much about the lake (I've spent all my adult life within sight of the sea until our recent move to inland Vermont) it looks beautiful and varied. Lots of mountains in view along with lovely little islands and lots of nooks and crannies to explore with a good pulling boat, hopefully loaded with an ample lunch.

### Soaking Oil Formula

If built with pine (or cedar) over oak with bronze and copper she should last for many generations. I like good quality yacht paint (yes, it costs more but we're only talking about a quart or so) because of its ease of application and appearance. For the interior of open boats of this type I like the old soaking oil mix; 1/2 gal boiled linseed oil, 1/2 gal good turpentine and one cup of pine tar. Soak it in good after construction and it's an excellent wood preservative. Some of the old timers used to heat it to drive it into the wood, I've never thought it was necessary but I imagine it works. Sounds dangerous, too. The oil finish will turn the wood dark in time.

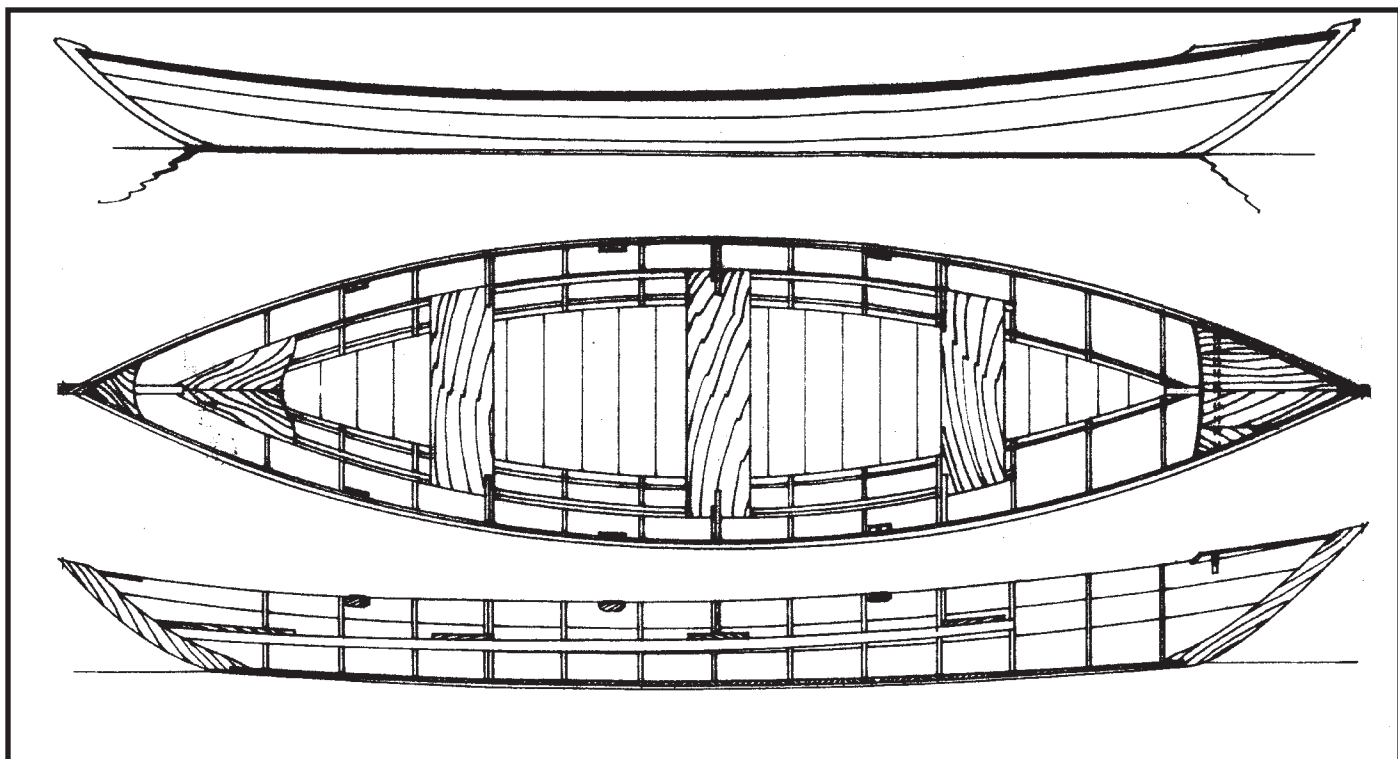
### Tractor Sheds

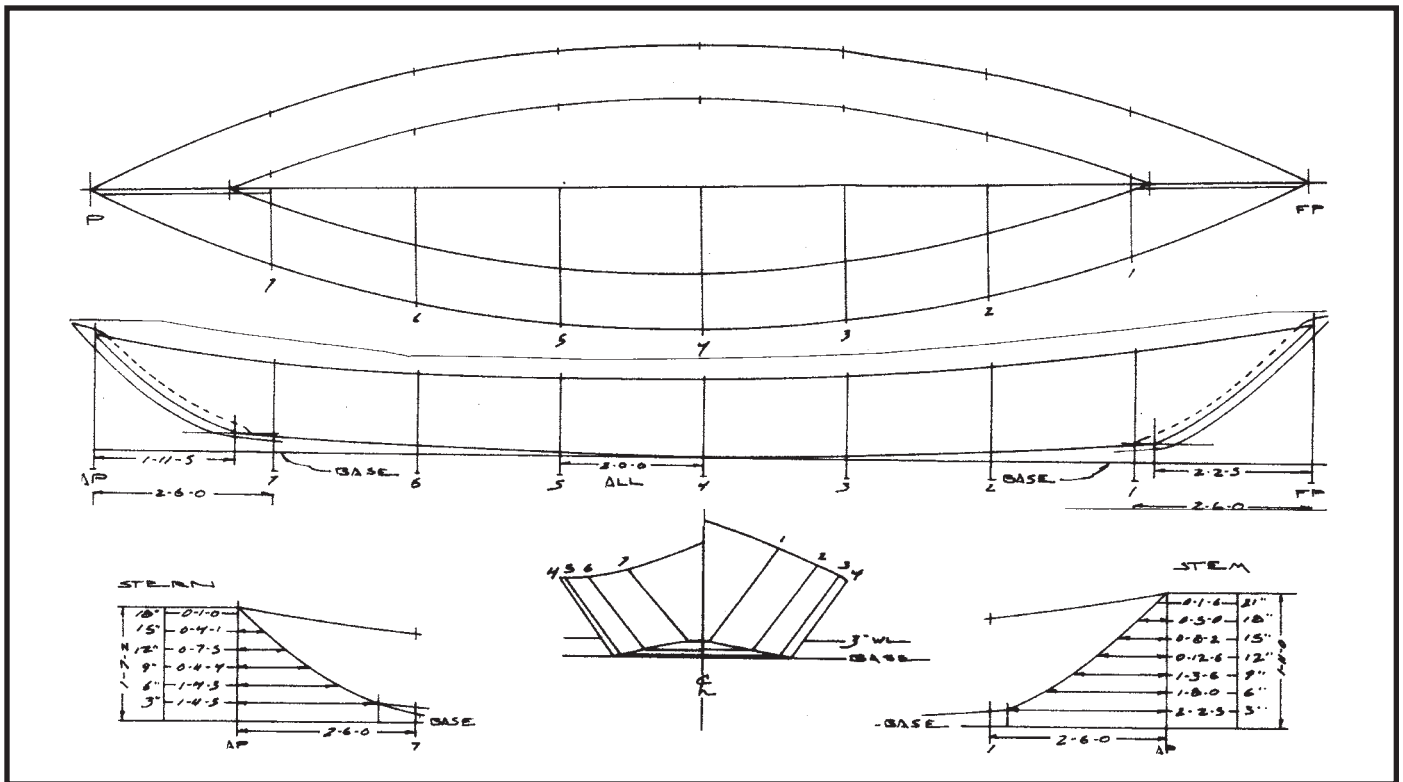
A boat well built, painted, and oiled will live forever if properly taken care of. Hose off any dirt or grime after use and store her in a clean, dry place sitting on her trailer with a nicely fitted canvas cover. In the off season an unheated garage or a simple pole building with a tin roof (like folks up here in Vermont store their tractors under) will work fine.

### Winter Wonderland

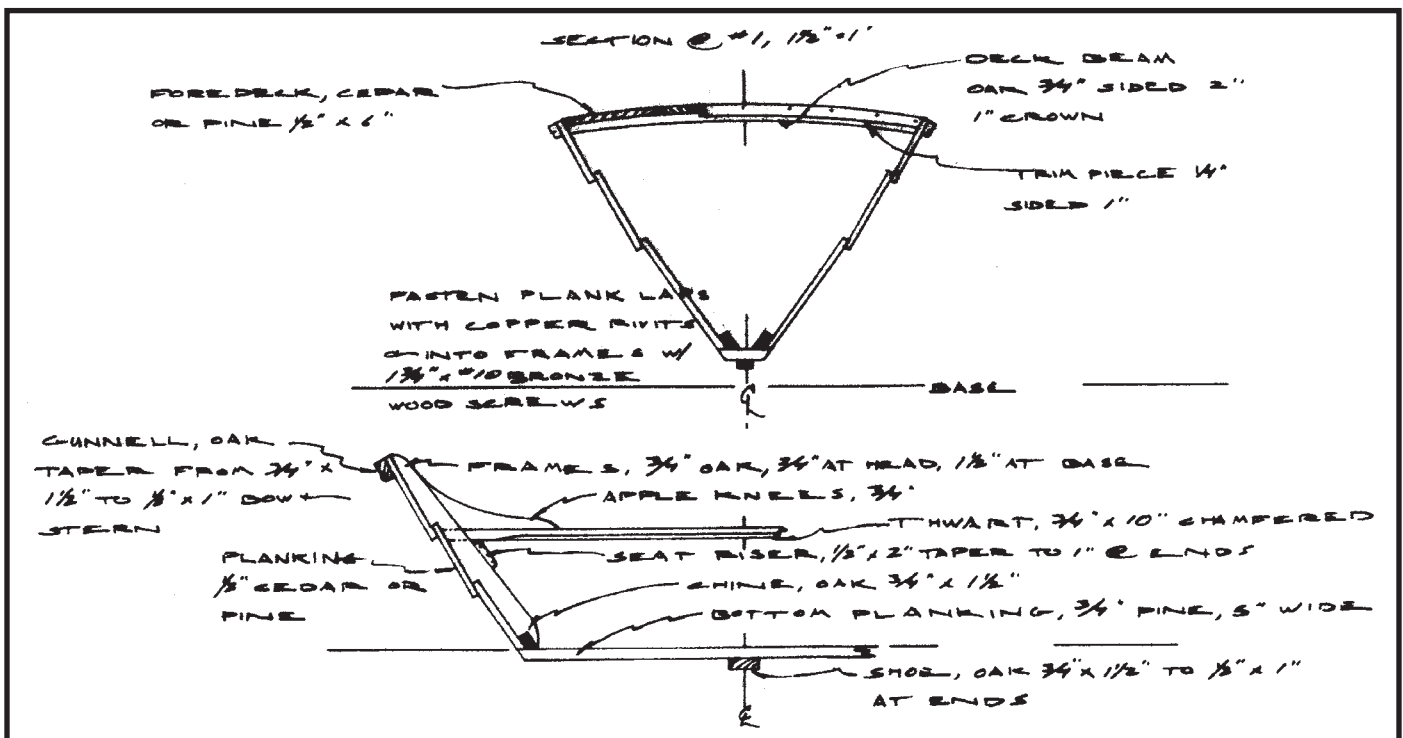
As I write this in early December we're experiencing our first blizzard of the season and I'm trying hard to imagine pulling along on a warm summer day, wearing a cap to keep off the sun and dressed in only a T-shirt and shorts. The grim reality, I have to suit up and put on snowshoes just to get to the barn.

(Plans are \$50 from Daniel Marcus, PO Box 191, Plainfield, VT 05667)





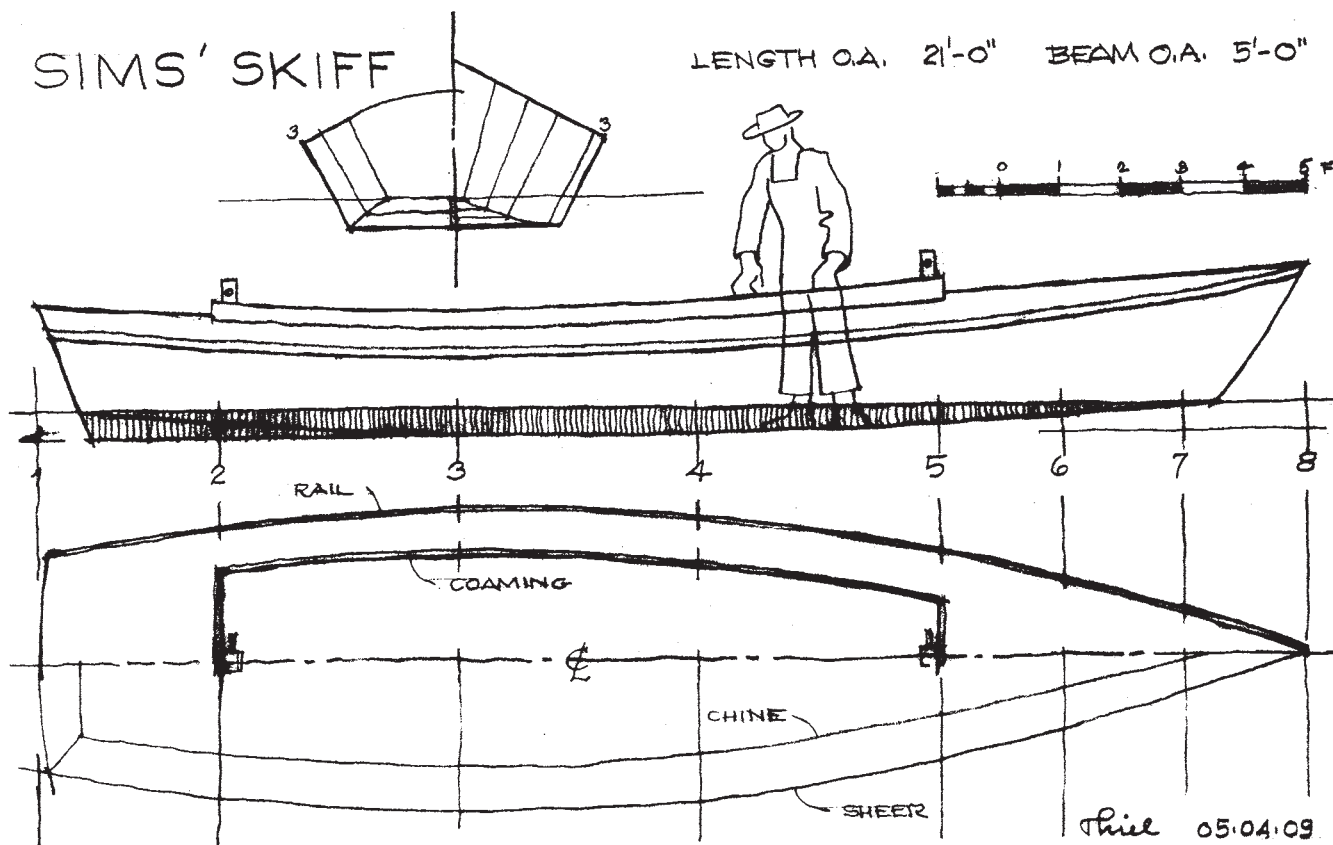
An early ancestor of the Green Mountain Skiff, the Adirondack Batteau was designed to be rowed on the lakes and paddled up the marshy creeks of northern New York State.





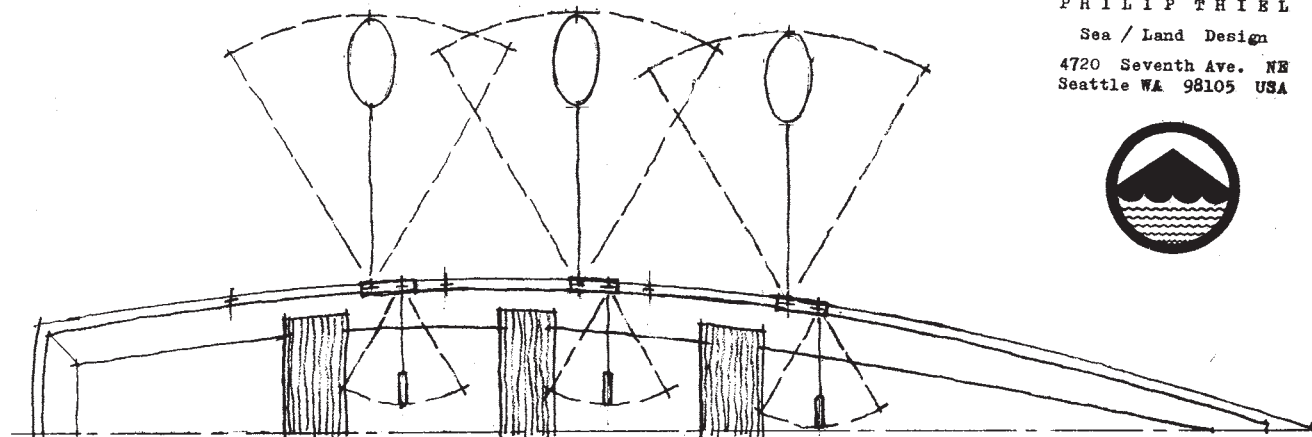
# SIMS' SKIFF

LENGTH O.A. 21'-0" BEAM O.A. 5'-0"



Thiel 05.04.09

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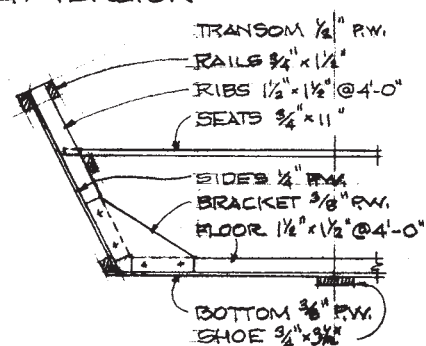
## Three Wo/men In A Boat

By Phil Thiel

In a casual moment an English friend requested my thoughts on a three-person dayboat, to be built and used by amateurs at his local sailing and rowing club. Thus, with fond reference to Jerome K. Jerome's classic 1889 *Three Men in a Boat*, I worked up these 2007 sketches for "Sims' Skiff."

In the backyard boat builder's open boat economy version using Douglas fir marine plywood, fir and pine framing with brass screws and carpenter's glue (no epoxy!) this 21'x5' (overall) hull would weigh about 250 pounds.

An upgraded alternative shown here includes decks forward and aft enclosing buoyancy voids and coamings. And, to challenge the Brits, also shown is an application of the EZ Row forward-facing rowing system for a new approach to amateur pleasure on the water.



### Storage

Storage under cover with the boat right-side-up on bare ground is best with 2" blocks under the keel, one just ahead of the centerboard box and the other approximately under the middle of the skeg and something checked under the bilges to keep her upright.

If a boat must be left outside, turn her over, keeping high off the ground and in the shade. Cover with canvas or perhaps a simple tar paper roof. Before the hot spring sun open the seams, she should be turned right-side-up.

Centerboards will stay straighter if left in position in the boat. Rudders should not be stored in a hot or dry place. It is best if they are stored in a cool, moist place so the air reaches them from each side.

Spars can be placed on racks or blocking on the floor so as to be supported in two or three places. It is best if the sun does not beat directly on them.

### Commissioning

**Topsides:** An extremely good sanding is necessary for a smooth job. Putty bulging from the seams should be sanded off with sandpaper over a block. 1/0 sandpaper is perhaps best. Any loose putty in seams or screw holes should be removed. Don't be afraid to sand. Flat paint can now be applied or, if a different color is desired, a thinner coat of the new paint can be applied. After a prime coat any holes can be filled either with a seam compound which will not harden solid or a trowel cement which will. If the seams of a boat are open due to drying out, the seam compound should be used since it will squeeze out when swelling occurs. If a boat is in fairly good shape and the

How many manifolds do you have on your boat? My boat has three: the fuel manifold that allows me to use either (or both) fuel tanks to provide diesel fuel to the engine; the cooling water manifold that starts with the raw water intake and ends with the expulsion of this water via the exhaust manifold and overflow vent; and the internal, fresh water cooling system for the engine that utilizes the heat exchanger. Each of these systems has a variety of piping, hoses, clamps, and valves that allow them to work properly. Some boats have an additional plumbing arrangement from the galley and head to the holding tank (and the outlet thereof).

On my boat the fuel flow system has an intake and return line to each tank. I have a manual set of valves that allows me to determine from which tank fuel is taken and to which tank fuel is returned. This arrangement allows me to "balance" the fuel in the tanks and thus the trim of the boat. There are two three-way valves in the arrangement with one taking fuel from either the port or starboard tank and sending the fuel on to the engine while the other takes the fuel back from the engine's return line and puts in back in the chosen tank. Both valves can be set to "off" to discourage a siphon of fuel in either direction. It is a very effective system as long as one remembers to turn both valves on before starting the engine and leaving the dock. There is enough fuel in the lines to get the boat quite a ways before the engine shuts down from a lack of fuel.

A neighbor's boat had a "self-leveling" arrangement where the engine pulled off of one tank and the other tank refilled the first tank as needed via a one-way valve between the tanks. This valve failed in the closed position and the tank feeding the engine went dry.

## Care of a Beetle Cat

By Leo J. Telesmanic  
From 1978-1981 N.E.B.C.B.A. Yearbook  
Reprinted Courtesy of the *Beetle Sheet*  
Newsletter of the New England  
Beetle Cat Boat Association

few bare spots are spot painted, one full coat of the flat and one coat of semi-gloss will look good. If not, two coats of the flat will be required under the semi-gloss. A full gloss paint is not desirable.

**Bottom:** Preparation is the same as above. The same compound or cement can be used, even if a different color. Two coats will be best with the last applied very close to the launching time. The centerboard should be removed and the box well painted at least 8" up using a rag or sponge on a stick. The new standard Beetle has an International anti-fouling copper paint which is not a hard finish paint. There are the hard finish copper paints which can be applied and buffed. One paint being used by many is Woolsey's Vin-elast which can be polished smooth. However, in many cases it should be applied directly to the bare wood since it acts as a paint remover, although we have found that where the original paint has aged enough there is no unfavorable result when Vinelast is applied.

**Deck:** As little paint as possible should be applied here since repeated coats of paint cause the canvas to crack. Give the deck a light sanding with 2/0 paper and apply a coat of deck paint perhaps thinned down a little.

**Cockpit:** Give a good sanding with 1/0 sandpaper and paint one coat.

**Bilge:** Many owners paint the bilge forward under the deck and it is a practiced idea, although not necessary every year or even two.

**Brightwork:** An extremely good sanding with 2/0 sandpaper is necessary to get the top surface clean and smooth. The worn spots should perhaps be sanded down to wood and spot varnished twice applying at least two coats of good spar varnish. Sand lightly between coats.

**Spars:** These should have a good sanding and have at least two coats of varnish each year. Don't be afraid to sand for the first coat, but lightly thereafter.

**Rigging:** Manila running rigging should be renewed each spring using 1/4" diameter rope. The bronze turnbuckle and rigging blocks should be oiled. To renew lines the following information is helpful:

Throat	40'
Peak	45'
Sheet Line	46'
Bridle	42"
Two-block peak rig	55'

At the boatyard we do spars usually in the late fall. During the winter we paint the deck and cockpit one coat and varnish the brightwork two coats, leaving the topsides and bottom until nearer the launching time. However, in some yards they complete the topsides and all but the final coat on the bottom since they have ideal conditions where the boat neither swells or dries out while in storage.

## From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

There was sufficient fuel in the other tank to complete the trip, but with no feasible way to get the gasoline from the full tank to the empty tank he had to call for a tow. I suggested a bypass arrangement with an on-off valve the next time he worked on the fuel system.

Most raw water cooling systems have an intake (with a valve), an in-line filter, and a pump, connected by hoses with clamps. The arrangement is straightforward and all goes well until there is a failure or a clogged line. Since the usual failure is the raw water pump, many people carry a spare impeller and the tools to remove the pump cover and replace the impeller.

What is usually not on board is a way to get the failed impeller pieces out of the cooling system. In most cases, the pieces are small enough that they go through to the exhaust and are expelled. If they are not small enough to be expelled they build up at a choke point and cause overheating. If the impeller fails and the engine does not go back to running at the proper temperature once you have replaced the impeller you may have to search for the point of clogging. If you have one or more heat exchangers in the raw water system you may need to remove each heat exchanger, take it apart, and clean out the system therein.

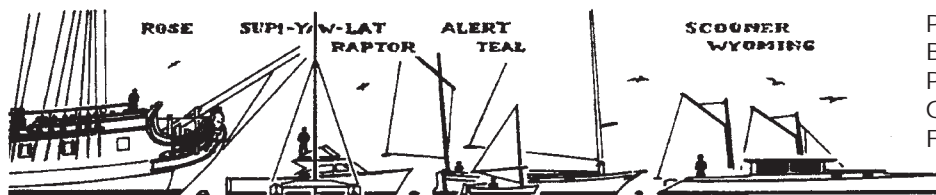
If the raw water exits through the exhaust there is the connection between the cooling system and the exhaust to be examined from time to time. I was on a twin engine boat when the starboard engine started to run hot above a certain rpm. The owner also had the hose to the exhaust fitting swell

as if under pressure. A tear-down of the exhaust connection point showed that the jets in the fitting were corroded and partly closed. Once the replacement fitting was installed the engine ran quite well within its normal temperature range.

The fresh water cooling side of the system has advantages and disadvantages. First, there is the advantage of less corrosion within the engine while there is the disadvantage of needing the raw water cooling system and the heat exchanger(s). My boat has a fresh water system and two heat exchangers. One heat exchanger is for the engine and the other is for the transmission oil. Thus, when the raw water impeller decides to start fraying I have two places to open and clean out the debris. With the two systems there is also the additional hoses and clamps that need inspection and maintenance.

Some people do not consider their boat's electrical system in the same manner as they do the fuel and water systems. Yet the electrical system has wires of various sizes (designed to carry the load), connections, and switches. And, like the fuel and water system hoses, the wires are designed for the marine environment. The SAE (Society of Automotive Engineering) wire you see in some boats is not the same diameter nor is the insulation as good as AWG (American Wire Gauge). If you purchase your boat's wiring from an automotive store you should be aware that the SAE wire is about 12% smaller than AWG boat wire. Hence, you need to purchase a larger diameter wire to meet the voltage drop requirements called for in the boat wiring tables since the tables were created for use with AWG wire. Also, boat wiring insulation is designed to resist the corrosive marine environment including moisture and oil.





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In the fall of 2003 Scott Landis of Greenwood, a non-profit in South Berwick, Maine, approached us with an urgently worded request for assistance on a community development project to help preserve the largest remaining contiguous mahogany rain forest preserve in Honduras. He mentioned previous projects of locally sponsoring/incubating individual sustainable business initiatives based on the careful harvesting of selected wood species to build, for instance, furniture for the local market or retrieve and export selected pieces of mahogany trees.

The Reserva de la Biosfera del Rio Platano in eastern Honduras is at the heart of the region of his concern, Mosquitia, that reaches deep into western Nicaragua as well. The densely wooded tropical rainforest wilderness features dramatic topography ranging from steep valleys and fast-running rivers between 5,000' + mountains to seemingly impenetrable swampland in the coastal plain. Between the stark geography and the dense flora and fauna that thrives under intense cycles of rainy seasons and drought, reaching into this area of Central America continues to prove difficult after some 500 years of successive attempts by outsiders to control the region.

Folks with all sorts of motivations have come and mostly gone or died from the rigors of that environment. This has resulted to this day in just a very scant level of development consisting of a few dry season usable dirt roads, settlements connected mostly by small riverine craft, along with a number of airstrips here and there that serve as an expensive but reasonable reliable year round means of access for people and light loads.

It is home to a group of tribes that have learned to be leery of outsiders who, for centuries, have come to attempt to conquer the geography, initially for a distant king or queen and later for boards of directors or the periodic dictator, usually with the casual assumption and harsh practice of exploiting the locals and their resources. They also have seen successive waves of missionaries driven by the need to subject them to alien religions to make them more submissive to far-away authorities. And more recently yet there are those enlightened folks who choose to see them as exotic enough to visit and study them, but to then classify them as subjects for benevolent neglect as savages in their natural setting, keeping them at their given reality of development, of course surrounded by and in intermittent but unavoidable contact with a likely less than benevolent outside world.

The outside world keeps on coming with a range of agendas and likely designs on the fate of the locals. The question is how the locals are prepared to cope with these challenges. We thought, as yet another bunch of outsiders(!) that a few tools in their hands might allow evolution of skills and mindsets that could enhance their economic and thus political wherewithal to structure their own future along lines of their particular choosing and detailing.

## Bolger on Design

### "Ca Yuco Cargo 15"

Design# 670

A 'Sustainable' Wooden Riverine and Coastal 9kt Cargo/Passenger Carrier  
15.25m x 2.7m x .75m x 45hp x  
4tons Cargo Capacity

The Biosfera measures some 815,000 hectares in area. Landis emphasized how this last large body of wilderness is under attack by slash and burn tree cutting, progressively developing into spearheading usually ranching and plantation operations. Unsustainable cutting of essentially prime tropical forest wilderness is leveling the ground for cowboys and farmers to move in. Honduras has adequate farming and ranching capacities to feed itself with no episodes of starvation reported due to lack of arable land.

Certain areas of Honduras are designated National Parks and several Biosfera reserves are shown on maps, all suggesting reasonably advanced policymaking in the capital Tegucigalpa to leverage these unique wilderness assets as sustainable tools for ecotourism, watershed stabilization, natural diversity of species kept in reserve to maximize on for medical purposes or other as yet unthought of uses. But best intentions are compromised by the realities of political instabilities and insufficient capability to enforce the protection of these national assets with people and vehicles in these territories.

One way to help cover this need is for locals to see their socio-economic interest in these assets. Locals with a deep historic stake in the natural environment of their village and tribe to which they have found unique means of adaptation would seem likely to be amongst the most stubborn defenders of what has always been theirs. Living in the middle of it, walking its paths, aware of its attributes, they would naturally closely watch approaching strangers arriving with aggressive notions of laying the groundwork towards exploitation under the cover of a seemingly impenetrable canopy of ancient trees and insufficient law enforcement from regional and national authorities far out of sight.

On the one hand there is the recruit deployed from faraway showing up intermittently to check on illegal clearing of forest with whatever level of actual motivation influenced by strong economic interests against protection. On the other hand there is the pervasive local presence with hundreds and thousands of eyes and ears, that is if they see these economic opportunities and thus sustainability as communities in the protection and careful tending to these assets against this mostly destructive onslaught from without.

Tribes that did not learn how to live within the rigors and offerings of their sur-

roundings did plausibly not survive the challenges of this wilderness. Those who ruined their immediate environment either learned from that cost to them or eventually disappeared as a community. Those who did succeed developed means and ideas on how cutting selected trees for construction of housing and boats, for instance, would leave the forest well intact to provide for bush meat and gathering food and medicinal plants. Skill sets evolved to support survival across uncounted generations, including notions of careful tending to their backyard, precision in the crafts of hunting, cutting, building tools and shelter, determined investigation and balancing of nutritional and medicinal assets. It does not seem farfetched to assume that key concepts, prime principles of environmental protection of their surroundings are already in place, indigenously developed by those who prospered in the wilderness.

So again we thought (Caucasians/out-siders all right, living in Gloucester, Massachusetts, USA, mind you...) that offering grassroots level capabilities to capitalize on the at least nominal legal status of the region as nationally protected land would enhance the role and standing of these folks to protect their personal stake in the status quo of their environment while likely thriving beyond previous levels of health, relative affluence, and relative political relevance in their part of what someone, somewhere, a long time ago called Honduras, covering rather discreet tribal societies in very varied territories.

While the concept of Honduras may not mean much to folks who traditionally traveled to see relatives in what is now called Nicaragua with nary a thought of passports and customs papers, having a say in structuring their future within their choice of traditions while doing better may seem a promising prospect to those who by natural context and perhaps mindset did and do their own thing far away from well and ill intentioned outsiders.

Landis referred to a local base of his organization in La Ceiba some 150 miles west along the northern coast of Honduras. But he'd personally been much closer, flying into Palacios and going up the Rio Sico Grande and the Rio Paulaya. He implied that the Mosquito Coast with its rivers reaching into the uplands towards the south would be the area in which our work might be able to do some good. He conveyed vividly the inferiority of the watercraft currently in use for human travel and transport of livestock and agricultural products. Dugouts were the original basic form of transportation with, more recently, some examples of cross-planked bottom types introduced along with some fiberglass craft, all mostly powered by two-stroke outboards.

He mentioned how livestock was knocked unconscious to be rolled, dragged, and otherwise dumped upside down/legs up into the skinny low sided craft. Human transport is somewhat more civilized but still limited in capacity, sea keeping capability, and thus ability to travel longer distances with

profitable cargo towards larger centers of trade. The exceedingly sensible careful practice one-tree-at-a-time exploitation of the virgin mahogany trees is limited by the incapacity of transporting towards the water and then downstream anything much bigger than could be dragged or carried by oxen, described by Landis as usually 3'-4' sections only, thus immediately limiting the value of the harvested resource to such short lengths.

Equipment such as a Woodmizer minimalist sawmill set-up can at best be brought in pieces. Even small four-wheeled or tracked vehicles can only be brought in at great wear and risk via the rare dry season usable dirt roads with many upriver communities not connected to roadways at all. Overall, capability to transport and thus engage in any type of commerce above this minimal level under the control of locals is not routinely available. No riverine liner service seems to be common, no floating clinics that show up predictably, no floating metal working shop to build and repair durable tools reflecting local needs.

And, again, there is no means to carefully pick out a fine specimen of a tree, take it down with least destructiveness and injury potential, move it towards the riverbanks, load it onto a transport craft to take to the market and see the highest bidder for a 30' continuous trunk pay for the village's needs of many weeks or longer, taking it to North America, for instance, with the seal of Biosfera sustainable harvesting practice affixed, to be auctioned off to either the discerning yachtsman who wants to see his boat planked out of this one tree or the interior decorator who specifies matching veneers throughout the corner office from one tree.

We studied maps, field guides, etc, to bone up on the subject in more context and between Landis' perspective, these sources, and our reflection on the subject, our task became clearer in its purpose, approach, and key technical details. In-house we boiled down the purpose of this mission to the following logic:

1. Accept the sovereign rationale of Honduras to protect the area of the Biosfera in question.

2. Focus on local capability and traditions on the one hand but not dismiss opportunities to count on entrepreneurial spirit amongst the locals to pursue additional skills and capabilities with an eye on the enhancing the future of the community's capability to self-define its fate as it is inextricably surrounded by intruding forces.

3. Maximize the stake of locals in their Biosfera surroundings by enhancing their capacity to thrive within its sustainability under carefully controlled selective logging for indigenous commercial and communal gain. If each mature tree can cover the village's needs for weeks and more if tended to and then conscientiously harvested and sold, for instance, via a wooden boat sponsored certified agent, protecting them becomes a matter of village security of long term perspective. Income would allow acquisition of communications gear, surveillance systems, etc, to protect their stake against irresponsible trespassers into the protected region.

4. Key to this approach, in our heads that is, was a riverine and coastal capable craft that could carry a 30' tree out of the region to market and bring into it specialized, small scale, wheeled/tracked self-propelled logging equipment that reduces impact on the site and injury potential for the woodland stewards while preserving the prime condition of the trees targeted.

5. This craft should not be built out of these valuable species but rather out of junk wood that stands in the way of access to the high value specimens. Junk wood could be everything from unfavorably placed saplings to some abundant but much less desirable type that can be readily cut into planks of short length and is available more or less for free. If, by design, the craft does not require autumn felled lumber of premium boat building characteristics and in long lengths, the least amount of sacrifice of valuable species is dictated by boat building pursuits.

Instead we propose to recycle less desirable sticks that would be a nuisance in the way towards access to prime pieces. We neither care about exceptional rot and borer resistance or fine grain structure! Rather we propose a bolted construction of the hull allowing casual but perpetual replacement of nasty pieces as they go soft or get damaged. Thus departing from typical design and construction practices that emphasize long term health of a hull, man hours intensive construction, premium skills and tools, we propose this "Stick-on-Frame" construction based on an unusual combination of immortal bronze bolts holding together casually replaceable structural bits and pieces.

6. If boat building is fast and cheap, readily repairable with cheap pieces, building a fleet will not result in either loss of community income nor in growing bald patches in the woods from the growing temptation to cut too much of the good stuff. It might a good concept to never consider mahogany for local boatbuilding as each tree is just too valuable for such purposes.

Thus people carriers might grow in numbers, smelly livestock/poultry transport will offer scheduled service to the nearest market, clinic boats will be conceivable using castoff '80s era equipment from the US and Europe to do fine service until actual decrepitude suggests retirement (rather than changes in decor or minor upgrades in standard of care technology) improving local levels of health and thus communal strength to insist on rights and the legal protection from the ravages of slash and burn and what follows it, noisy, sparky, and smoky mechanical services craft will announce their presence and, of course, ecotourism cruises on the same hulls, built somewhat neater but on the same principles, will leverage mostly benevolent outside interests to protect against the destructive pressures of less well-intentioned forces.

7. With a well established system of local movements on the rivers and regional trade inside and outside the north coast barrier islands, the native populations of the Biosfera should have a better chance to acquire self protective capabilities to preserve both their way of life and nature's way of supporting life of flora and fauna in this preserve. Once they see their traditions within this wilderness as useful and indeed vital to the sustainable existence of the Biosfera for the state of Honduras, a significant foundation for long term care for, and defense of, this asset to and by these communities seems assured.

With international support from tree specialists and medics, benevolent trading agreements to control the limited flow of prime lumber will keep the system reasonably viable against various sources of potential imbalances and threats such as uncontrolled graft from within, violent variability in political stability in the country, or just diseases of human and nature that might need tending to maintain the

equilibrium. Of course, none are required to stay put and play their part. But many likely will see a desirable future in this evolution of their traditions towards greater capability to profit from both personal and commerce mobility between neighbors within the Biosfera and between adjoining provinces.

The following text is the slightly edited pitch we offered to Landis. Just before he had contacted us he had met with a group of folks at Mystic Seaport to define a list of desirables. So we took the issue seriously to push this project to this level of development presented here. Of course, anybody who has kept track of our work over the years here in *MAIB* knows that this request to us was yet another intrusion into a schedule that was way too dense already and did contribute indeed to an unsustainable overload on us and untended paying clients. As of now, late December '07, we are done with more do-good impulses until we've cleaned up our backlog of work. But back then in late '03 Landis sounded serious enough and under some time constraints for us to take the bait and push hard. Cayuco is apparently the local term for a larger transport craft. Here at last is the proposal submitted:

### Project Purpose

Construction of a prototype of a modest 9kt cargo carrier for local assembly and regional operation under principles of sustainability, in concept, assembly, operating economics, and long term durability.

### Definition of Sustainability

"A wooden craft should last as long as it takes to grow the stock used for its hull." (Bolger)

1. Maximization of available wood resources.
2. Maximization of vessel durability by concept and construction.
3. Minimization of oil consumption in concept, construction, and operation.
4. Maximization of local and regional economic and political development.

### Maximization of Available Wood Resources

By minimizing total use of premium woods per given built transport capability; ie, shifting from log canoes to plank-on-frame construction of hulls and now to even more economic "Stick-on-Frame" construction.

"Stick-On-Frame" further minimization of premium lumber consumption. This hull assembly method is dominated by usage of short length narrowish stock, allowing usage of (de facto) sapling stock for much of the lumber per hull, harvested to clear space between more desirable specimen to allow more growth of the latter and, of course, also growable in dedicated stick groves. This leaves long and wide lengths to just a few structural members overall per hull in order to allow export of as much of a premium wood as possible under sustainable annual quota;

### Maximization of Vessel Durability by Concept and Construction

Usage of bronze fasteners throughout will allow hull fasteners to survive long term exposure to brackish and seawater conditions apart from daily rain. This should allow dramatic reduction in wood degradation around fasteners due to nailsickness frequently associated with decaying ferrous fasteners, thus extending the hull's lifetime. Bronze bolts and screws will also offer chance for non-de-



structive removal and recycling of fasteners during repairs of stove-in planks (non-peening of fastener ends!) or recycling of fasteners during complete rebuild of sections or all of hull upon wood decay.

Bronze fasteners also allow the use of copper sheathing for antifouling and anti-borer protection, generously bedded in roofing tar and ring nailed in fish scale sequence. Copper sheathing can readily last at least seven to eight years on a hull frequently underway, with more years well possible, all the while requiring no bottom paint. Below the frequently beached bow and along the chine the soft copper would be protected by through bolted wear shoes of inferior lumber ready to absorb grinding on sandy or rocky landings and glancing blows of fast passage in under charted waters, and is readily replaced.

Costwise, copper should be competitive with toxic bottom paints, haulout down times, borer damage repair, and is a most natural barrier to protect the hull. A lot of the world's copper comes from Chile, Bolivia, (others?), implying a modest trade connection for both copper sheets and bronze fasteners.

### **Minimization of Oil Consumption in Concept, Construction, and Operation**

The proposal's hull shape is both rapid to assemble (and repair) and offers a superior combination of hull strength and performance through the water. The modest horsepower from a very durable industrial diesel engine and rugged propulsion assembly should offer full hull-speed of around 9kts and good economic cruise below that at around 8½kts. Ergo, a 12-hour day at cruise would equal about 100 nautical miles or around 115 land miles of progress through the water. We propose using the Deutz 2011 series of advanced oil/air-cooled engines which as a particular engine family offers the reliability of about 20 years of development and upgrades represented in over 150 countries in the world, including Honduras.

Air cooling of the diesel eliminates any raw water pumping hardware and constant wear/replacement/reliability issues in naturally dirty water, particularly important during commercial liner service and critical services such as ambulance and other emergency service such as a post-hurricane assistance.

Apart from energy used during the production of engine, gearbox, propeller drive, copper and bronze fasteners, and the cutting of wood, the only fossil fuel-based materials are roofing tar and likely oil-based above waterline paints. Engine oil, gear oil, fuel oil are constant consumables but not much else during the lifetime of the boat since the coppered hull can be kept clean underwater and thus running efficiently.

Unlike two-stroke outboards, no fuel and oil are constantly dumped unburned into the water.

Strategic applications of bronze and copper as outlined above will extend the life of the craft tremendously and thus the utility of every drop of chainsaw and Woodmizer saw fuel, indeed every drop of fuel burnt during any aspect of the project.

### **Maximization of Local and Regional Economic and Political Development**

Growth of local boat building and support services along with stewardship of local wood resources to support long term boat building trade and thus the value of the woods in general if selectively exploited under prin-

ciples of sustainability as, for instance, one tree auctioned off by a Green Wood/Wooden Boat-sponsored auction on eBay to great profit will signal the unprecedented local income and thus community development that could be had long term/sustainably with very selective extraction of only certain mature trees using advanced equipment brought in with locally built craft;

Development of passenger/cargo liner service inland and coastal at least between La Ceiba and Puerto Lempira to compete with air traffic and offer regular/reliable/economic transportation generally.

Indigenous craft for Honduran governmental service providers such as a traveling district court, undercover patrol to scan for violations of Biosphere regulations, cartographic missions (GIS), etc.

Regional clinic ships for various specialties; ie, dental, general, ob/gyn, eye and ear.

General floating service providers, civic and commercial, such as library, machine shop, education/training shops.

Indigenous craft for Honduran and foreign NGOS, UN-fleet, etc.

Indigenous craft for carefully managed ecotourism, adding more value to the land than any slash and burn cattle range or logging operation ever could.

### **Basic Attributes**

Single screw diesel powered wooden cargo/passenger carrier of indigenous construction and operation.

American sharpie derived hull shape, construction, and operation economies.

"Stick-on-frame" structural principles with ready repair/replaceability of nearly all hull parts.

Open configuration with just the engine and drive unit under after deck and behind full bulkhead with helm station on afterdeck for forward vision with bulky load.

Thwartless structural concept to allow most flexibility for cargo type, bulk, and location. Should practical experience suggest otherwise a temporary thwart could be installed for coastwise travel along a row of possible hard points on the gunwale/side deck to match vertical signature of given cargo.

Stout bottom structure for frequent purposeful beachings/groundings as a matter of routine landing and cargo handling in unimproved locations.

Lighter weight per piece cargo handling facilitated by use of modest lift capable mast and boom geometries (hand-powered tackle or worm gear winch based hoisting) when alongside Piantes, other Cayucos, or the rare float/pier.

Heavier weight cargo handling through the bow gate using built-in ramp and boom deployed gangplanks that can form a 3'8" wide ramp over which people, barrels, pushcarts, livestock, bicycles can be rolled, assisted if need be by a 12volt truck winch on the after deck powered by engine.

Stern hung balanced rudder with tiller for least complexity/most reliability/least cost with engine controls right over engine and gearbox.

Water independent engine and drive operation to allow reliable operation independent of water quality leaving just physical impact as a daily hazard through inland, estuary, and coastal waters. Ergo, no underwater throughhulls of any sort.

Water independent engine operation allows use of engine on land for illumination of the boat building job site or supplying power for power tools

DC power: Apart from stock 60amps engine alternator (for starter, battery, nav lights, etc) additional belt-driven 140 amp automotive alternator = 1600w DC current availability to power electric winch, very generous cargo bay and cargo ramp illumination along with a wide angle array of automotive type sealed beam cheapo headlights both for more plausible night time operation.

Air power: Belt driven air compressor to drive non-electric power tools during assembly of hull; ie, mounting of engine on pallet with compressor attached would allow using the new engine to generate air pressure which, via hoses, drives multiple air tools such as drills, rasps, rotary, and jigsaws, accelerating the construction process correspondingly without resorting to more efficient but more expensive and much more dangerous (electrocution!) AC power tools in a barely improved rain forest setting. Permanently integrated compressor aboard would allow instant usage of same tools while repairing craft off home base and would offer business opportunities requiring a short burst of power tool usage along the way as they arise.

AC power: 5-10kw 110/220AC generator on demand driven off engine crankshaft mounted on transverse sled to allow uncoupling when not needed, able to power welder, intermittent village needs, etc, plus onboard needs in case of hospital ship duty, ecotourism cruiser, etc.

Water pump(s): High and/or low pressure water pump mounted on same sled (no simultaneous use intended here but possible with additional mechanics if deemed absolutely necessary on one craft, either for fire fighting or temporary irrigation type transfer of river water up to higher elevations.

Car/4x4 vehicle carrying capability such as Jeep/modest SUV with due preparation of craft at transfer point using dedicated modular ramps driving the car over the highest hard point of the craft and down and aft to rest like all other cargo on her floorboards. Since small 4x4s such as Suzuki are quite short and narrow, the craft could carry two four to five-seaters as cargo.

Capability to carry at least one small 20-30hp backhoe or Bobcat (two to five tons each) to assist in least destructive forestry activities.

Maximum overload is seven tons of carefully placed and secured cargo (low and centered!).

### **Options**

Addition of solid wall/roof crew quarters. Addition of full length hard shelter for regular passenger liner service.

Various types of shelter to match specific purpose such as clinic vessel, research vessel, etc.

### **Prospects**

Stretching/lengthening (proportional/disproportional).

Scale up.

Scale down(?)

### **Assembly**

"Stick-on-Frame" equals further minimization of premium lumber consumption. This hull assembly method is dominated by usage of short length narrowish stock, allowing usage of (de facto) sapling stock for up to 90% of the lumber per hull.

"Stick-on-frame" structural principles allow ready repair/replaceability of nearly all hull parts.

Short length planking and most structural stock (always <8' length!) cut to approximate number.

Fully bolted construction, with very few exceptions.

### Assembly Sequence

1. Permanent bulkheads and temporary framing assembled flat on the ground.

2. Laminated (bolt and tar) chine logs, clamps, and keelsons are assembled flat on the ground with approximate curvature built in via assembly around stakes in ground and careful sequencing of lamination schedule per given radius and feel of freshly cut lumber.

3. Upside down frame up around chine logs, clamps, permanent bulkheads, and temporary framing.

4. Upside down bottom assembly and surface finish, the latter as far as possible to prevent chicken-and-egg problems later; ie, installation of keelsons during/right after planking to keep drying warp of planks to minimum.

5. Turn over of bottom assembly and measure and block up to final bottom rocker and zero hull twist.

6. Install bow ramp structure.

7. Commence topsides planking right side up, both sides simultaneously from bow to stern.

8. Installation/assembly in place of diagonals over planking, thus locking in her fore and aft profile permanently after one more round of careful measurements, sightings, and final adjustments.

9. Installation of topsides internal stringers and rubrail.

10. Afterdeck cross planking.

11. Afterdeck railings and companion-way ladder

12. Painting, surface treatment (oiling?).

13. Hanging of completed leeboards, rudder, bow doors, beach ramp, ramp boards in rack, etc.

14. Installation of engine, drive, controls, and electricals through permanent deck hatches and dry run.

15. Launching.

### Specifications

#### Hull Size:

15.25m hull length

15.75m length overall

2.70m beam over rubrail

2.32m beam at full load waterline (LWL)

0.44m hull draft amidship at LWL

0.75m maximum draft at skeg at LWL

...or...

0.59m hull draft at overload

0.90m draft at skeg with overload

#### Weights of Hull and Cargo

3.20tonnes estimated empty weight wet and crewed (one man, one boy, one dog)

7.20tonnes approx. displacement at LWL in freshwater

4.00tonnes approximate normal cargo weight capacity

7.5 tonnes of overload: 50 passengers @ 75kg/person; 19x55gal oil barrel @ 210kg/barrel gross for an overload of 10.7 tonnes displacement/weight in freshwater. In saltwater she would have slightly less draft.

#### Power, Speed and Range

45hp cont rating (3-cyl 2.0 liter) through conventional gearbox and bronze sail drive to turn 0.43m (17") x 30 (12") pitch three-bladed bronze prop.

9kts approx. maximum speed = 10mph carrying at least 4-tonnes/50 passengers of load @ 8-1/4kts economic cruise.

Range at full continuous engine output (speculated) fuel burn of 16.4lbs/hour at 2800rpm = 2.259gal/hr = 3.66mpg pushing a full cargo load for a range with 2x55gal barrels of diesel of 46hrs running time at 9kts = 400+nm of range, and more with same load at less speed. Ergo, with 4 x 55gal drums of diesel fuel an economic speed range of around 1,000nm/150 land miles appears plausible for extended independent riverine operation between required fillup at fuel depots. That is equal to well over one week of daylight operation between fuel stops. These guesstimates are subject to deeper examination and real world experience on the actual craft running.

### So What Has Happened to the Project?

Four years is a long time. After submitting this pro bono effort for what we hoped to be serious consideration, we were invited in February '04 to see David Snediker at his wood-working shop of Taylor and Snediker in Pawcatuck, Connecticut. He and others had been at that Mystic meeting before Landis approached us. Other folks joined him and us in the office and we assumed that we'd discuss the unusual construction method or other technical matters. But we heard a lot about their rebuilding project of some old boat, got no feedback on either the technical issues nor the overall approach to the project. In fact, we never understood the purpose of our travel to this meeting.

Rather we were exposed to a philosophically rather pungent mix of peculiar blanket statements apparently not open for discussion either. To recall the rather disorienting cross-fire of unexpected rhetoric from memory:

"You've got to understand that these people are woodlands people, they will never be captains of cayucos trading around the rivers..."

"Profit, what do you mean by profit? These people need to be protected as they are where they are. Profiting from selling long tree trunks is not what they need. Profit is a typically western hang-up..."

"We have decided that we will rather build 16' two-stroke powered skiffs to go fishing in the surf zone off the inlet. We'll use mahogany and then fiberglass the bottom to make it more durable..."

"Or we may import fiberglass outboard skiffs from Jamaica to haul stuff..."

None of this did make much sense in the context of the project as we had understood it over many hours of talking to Landis and reading dozens of sheets of supporting print-out on the matter, never mind traveling 600+ miles between Maine and Connecticut to talk with all these good folks. It was a pungent mix of strong opinions.

And obviously nobody in the room had read the proposal. There was no curiosity about the unusual construction method. Proposing "junk" wood for a good cause should have sparked some discussion amongst daily practitioners of 19th century wooden boat building. Nobody nagged about the initial problem of readily procuring bronze fasteners in the specified sizes in Honduras. We would have underscored the obvious opportunity of initially just sending a carefully packed box of all fasteners required (plus spares) from 'El Norte' via the checkbook of a donor eager to help a sensible initiative. The wooden boat universe alone is sizable in range and depth of such assets.

Nobody took us to task about too much draft for riverine conditions during the dry season. We would have countered with the option of a Briggs & Stratton powered dragon tail hung off her stern platform with a reversing gearbox, though. We've done sternwheelers, as shown on our 20' "Becky Thatcher."

The diesel engine was obviously "too much" as well, despite its fewer parts, or the two-stroke outboard's liabilities of raw water pump life expectancy in silty riverine conditions, the fate of the ignition system in perpetual hot and humid conditions, the two-stroke fuel-burn characteristics, or the small prop minimal thrust.

Modest power take-off capability for instant electricity and compressed air use was of no interest either. And there was no interest in bringing in badly needed services via this larger transport. They thought nothing of needing a twin prop aircraft to get an abscessed tooth fixed. And these guys clearly would have no need of an ob/gyn during nine months of pregnancy... ah, those hardy jungle souls. Etc, etc. Mind you, some of them had actually been in the region on a smaller outboard project.

To summarize that day's experience, we still can taste the gagging mix of undercooked white guys philosophising as would-be utopians perkily deciding darker folks fate (yet again) without remotely discussing any in-depth grasp of the basics and the greater picture of the proposal. It was likely their first such project. That disjointed torrent of unexamined assumptions, incoherently pessimistic and do-gooding-hopeful at the same time, was neither liberal nor conservative, other labels might apply.

It reminded both of us of the inevitably sort of silly but very heady college days when quicky obvious solutions to fix the world's ailments could be cavalierly popped off over a beer at the frat house without ever spending much on reading background, sweating seminars, or even remotely acquiring the intellectual muscle to really "knead that dough." Put bluntly, why would you choose to spend a good part of your working life knee deep in wood dust of an 80-year-old nondescript hull financed by well off collectors of antiques if you feel the strong impulse to tinker in distant people's future prospects.

We'd book a few audit credits on developmental issues, or just a few books on post colonial diversity in the early 21st century. One hopes that the casual nature of thinking on this sideline project does not get carried back out on to the shop floor.

It took us days to just get that atmosphere out of our clothes... It clearly is still in our heads. This was the casually under-examined, and thus destructive, dark quadrant of the do-gooders' universe, one we try via pedantically detailed explanatory verbiage (see all of above) to stay away from if at all possible. We've been burned before on a sad number of similar projects, typically by variations of the same reflexive casual judgement of the fate of those less fortunate. This was another case of a few white guys deciding against opportunities for women and men of color before they even asked the locals via a demo project, "How about this?"

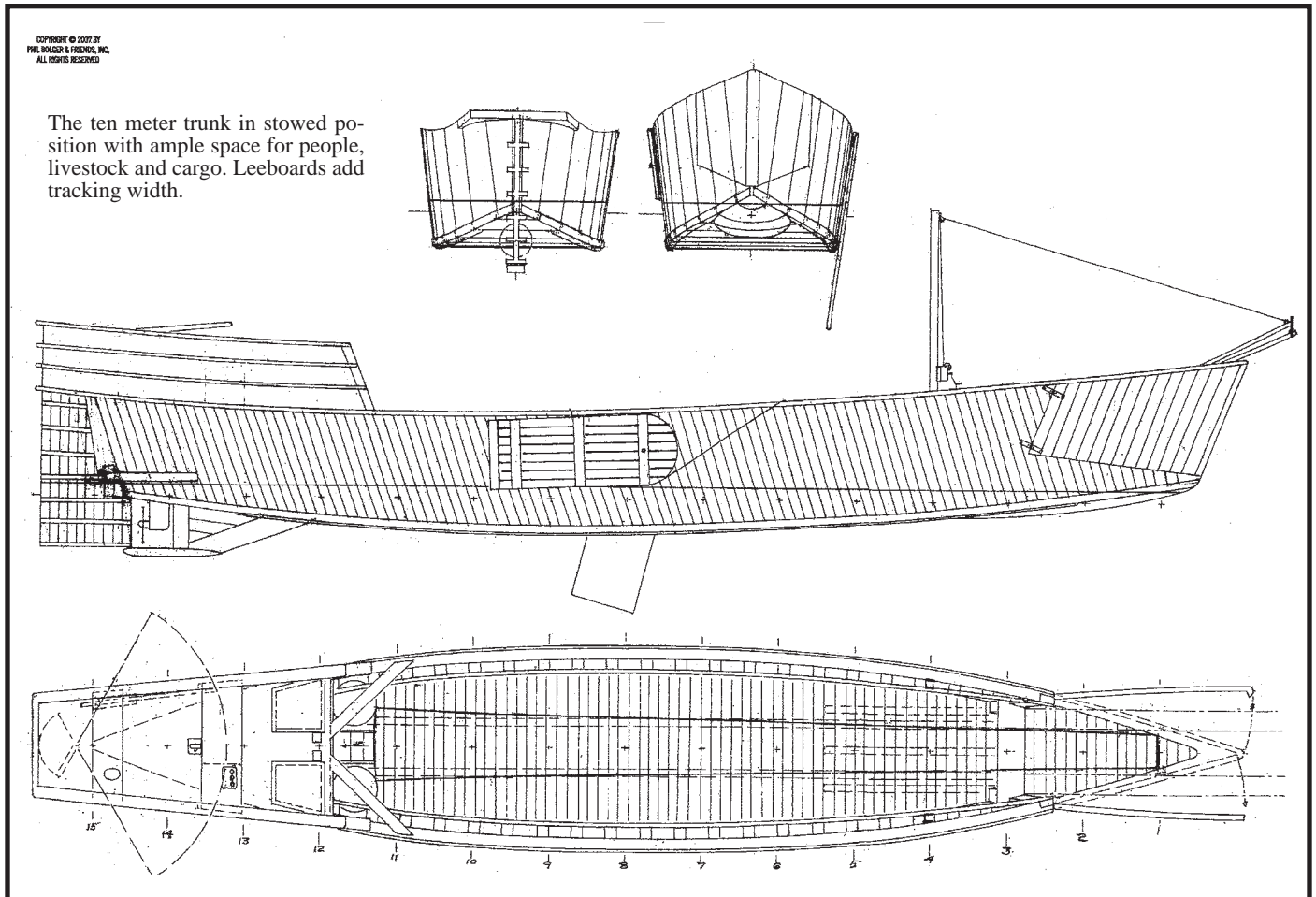
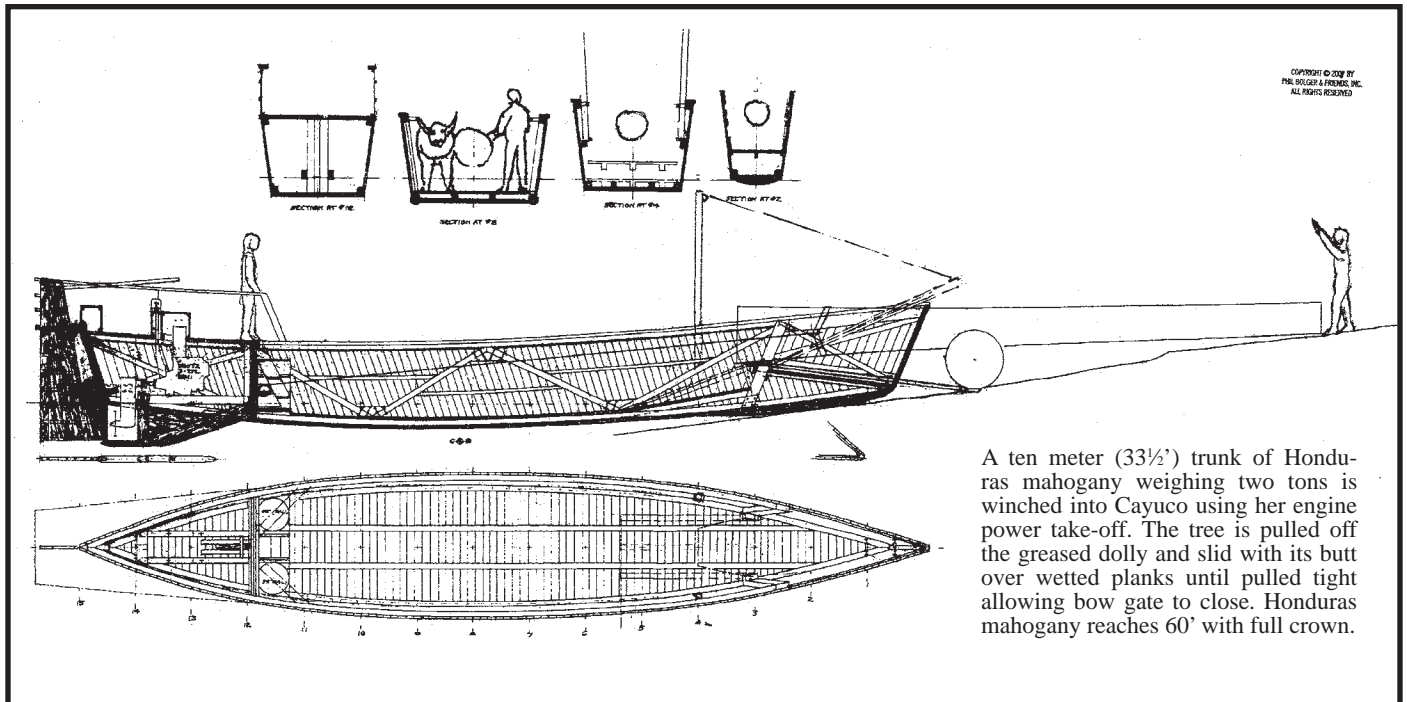
We dropped by in a surprise visit with Landis later to fathom what had happened in Connecticut, a few more hours and miles. But we found little more than squirming and hand wringing of the unpleasantness of it all rather than any answer as to why we were asked to



spend our time and energy with folks of that mindset. After pained equivocations we eventually detected subliminal messages that he'd rather see us leave soon, now, an hour ago. No notice since. On the way back we decided it would be good to not talk or write about this for a few years to let us cool off. We've just got 20"+ in several snowstorms. Did it help?

We know there are serious people out there open to a serious exchange about opportunities that may have a lot to them. Go ahead and reread the text and think about it. Just skip the last few ranting paragraphs. That need there (and elsewhere!) persists, as far as we know, likely worse with oil prices and climate change.

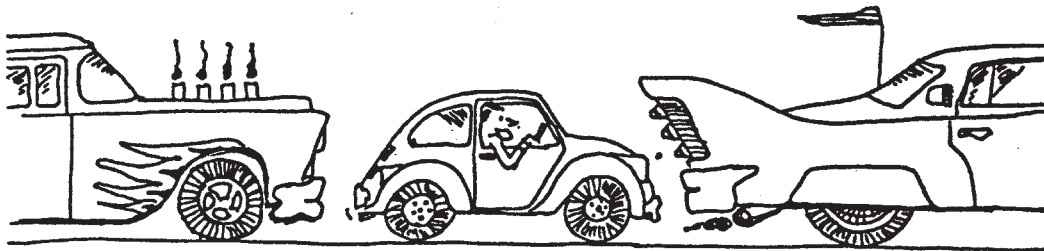
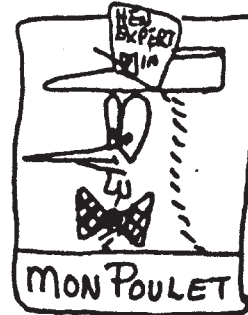
Plans for Design #670 "Cayuco Cargo 15" are \$300 to recover some of the hole in our budget, with a case-by-case adjustment towards zero to support actual good deeds potential.



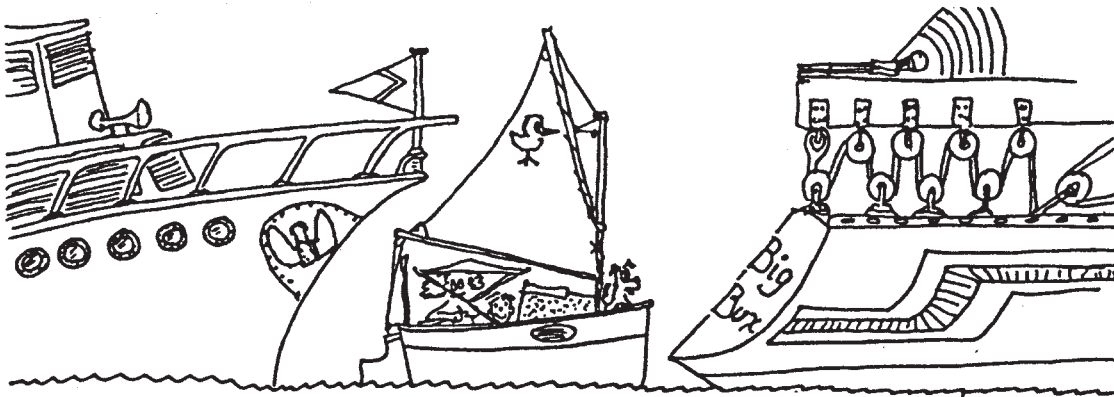
## Entertainment in Advertising

Twenty years ago Reuben Trane's Florida Bay Boat Company ran a series of cartoon ads in *Small Boat Journal* extolling the merits of his line of Hens: Peep Hen, Mud Hen, Bay Hen, and Sand Hen, sharpie styled compact cruising sailboats that had all the charms of a Volkswagen camper. A couple of years ago reader Harry Hershey sent me a collection of the ads clipped from *SBJ* stating, "This crazy stuff has been in my files for years... maybe you can use it?" They just turned up in a file clean-up here and I thought I'd share some of them with you from time to time. Sadly Reuben is no longer with us and his company no longer exists as far as I know, but his little boats continue to be enjoyed by those who fell for his whimsy as a designer and ad copywriter.

# 1987~The Year of the HEN!



In the 1950's, a curious little vehicle started appearing on our nation's highways. It offered an economical transportation alternative to Detroit's gas guzzlers. Enough people gave it a second look, that 3 decades later, over half the cars on the road are descendants of the kind of thinking that went into that car.

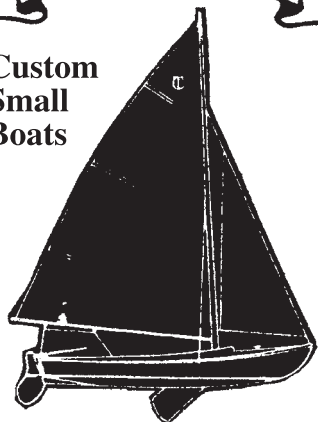


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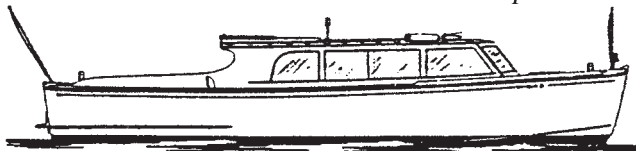
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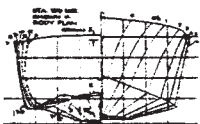
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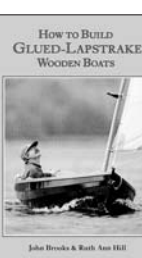
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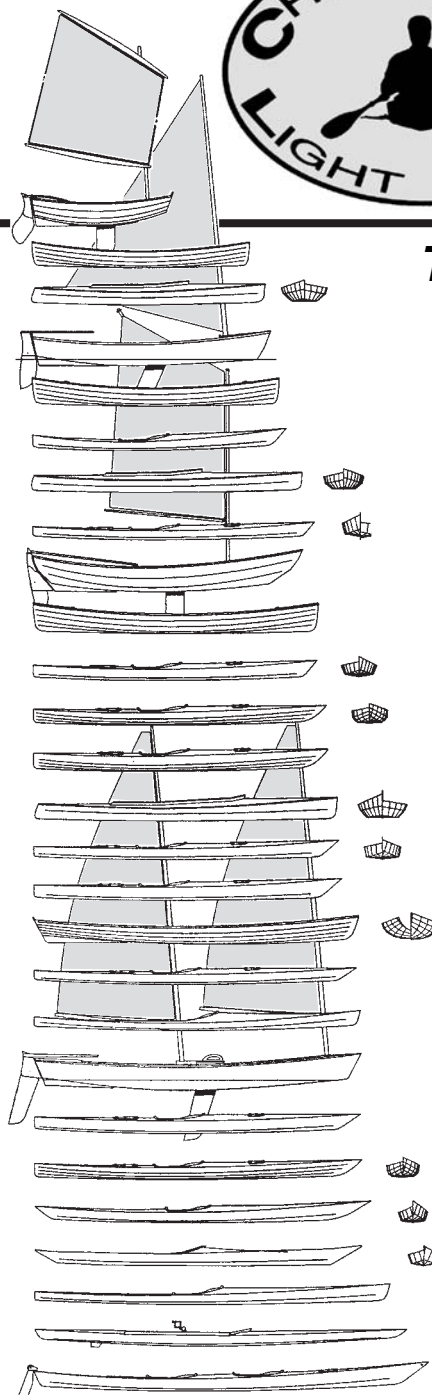
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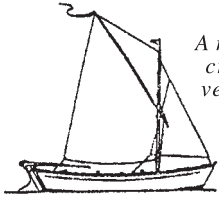
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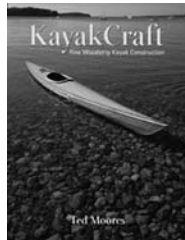
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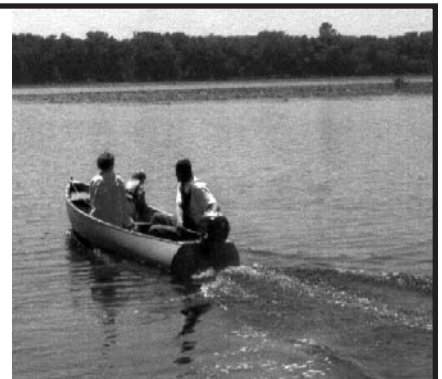
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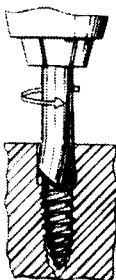
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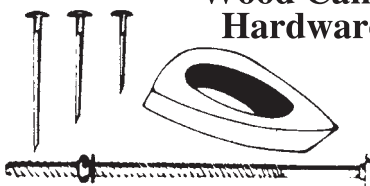
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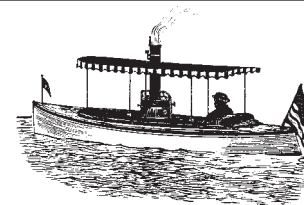


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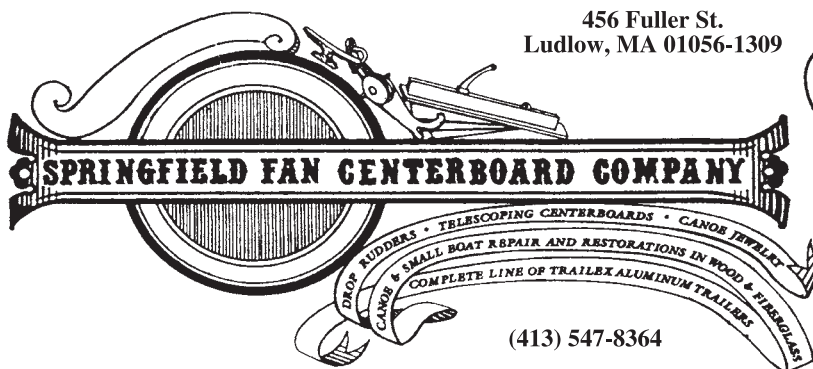
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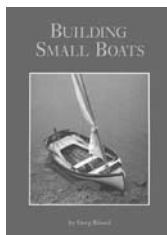
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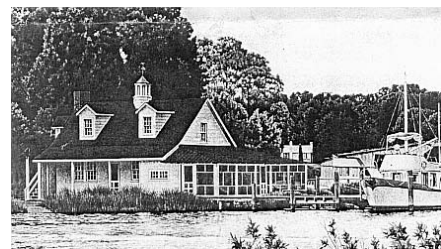


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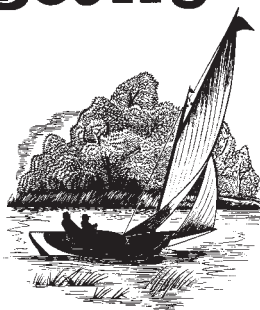
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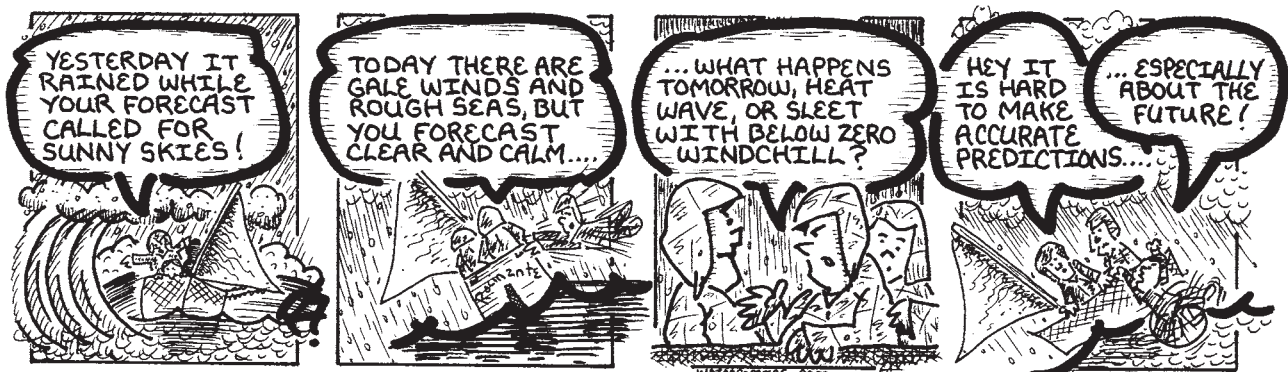
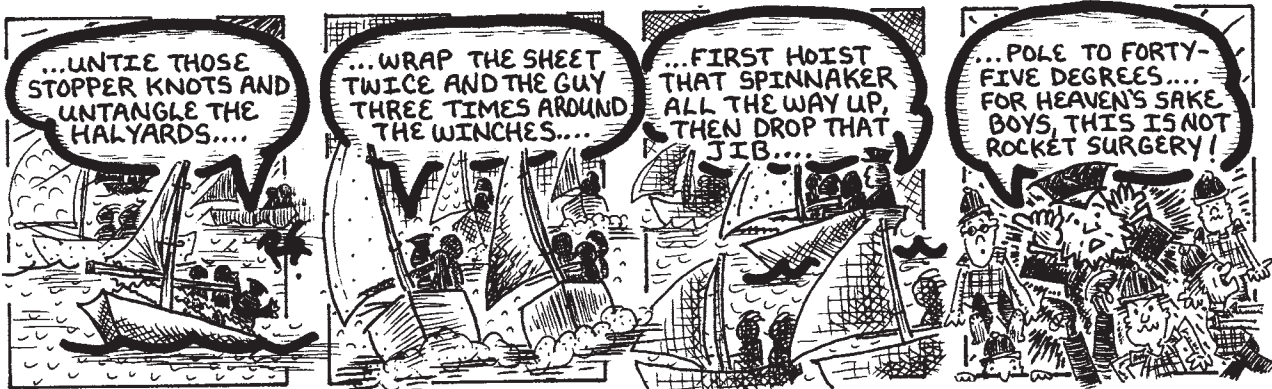
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